

Special Issue: COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 21, 1964

30 CENTS

THE YEAR OF
THE RUNNING BACK

JIMMY SIDLE OF AUBURN

W. W. Hurt

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toast the day's success with Old Forester
"there is nothing better in the market"

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This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.

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projector will make them look practically new. (You can even run them in slow motion. But if your 16-year-old objects to his baby pictures being in slow motion, don't say we didn't warn you.) You don't have to shout to make yourself heard, either. This projector is very quiet. (We hate noise ourselves.) It's self-threading too. But it's not so automatic that you can't push some buttons and click some levers and things, if you want something special to happen. After all, the projectionist needs something to do once in a while. (*Give or take a few dollars)

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Assured style and easy comfort meet in this handsome pinch front. It has a soft, pliant kerry finish and is given added dash by a narrow self-toned band of suede, smartly

saddle-stitched. A colorful feather contributes flair, as does an antique silver replica of the Remington 1100 automatic shotgun. Very smart, very Stetson, very you.

Styled and Crafted by

STETSON

Which in 1965 will observe its 100th Anniversary as hatmakers to America and to the world

Contents

SEPTEMBER 21, 1964 Volume 21, No. 12

Cover picture by Frank Mullins

18 To Tokyo by Inches

U.S. track men, sparkling in their final Olympic trials, will be overwhelming favorites in Tokyo

22 Shining Hour for Golden Boy

In his first start in two years, Paul Hornung led Green Bay to victory and his own vindication

26 A Sad Day for Baseball

The full account of the Boston inning that approved the American League's sell-out to show business

28 A Leg Up on a Good Heart

An international group of experts agrees that running is the best exercise for young—and old

College Football 1964

- 36 *A Runner's Year: a portfolio of the best in color*
- 41 *... And Auburn Runs the Most, plus the 11 Best Clowns*
- 46 *The Snake: Eagle Over All*
- 52 *The West: A Hasty Reign*
- 56 *The Southwestern: A Royal Place*
- 60 *The East: High on the Hill*
- 66 *The Midwest: Hard to the Blue*
- 72 *Small Colleges: Ring that Bell*
- 78 *The Mad Hatter in Phoenicia: a master of the cliché*
- 107 *Saturday's Tough Ones: picks of the week's games*
- 108 *The Tackle: A short story by John O'Hara*

The departments

- | | |
|--------------|---------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 96 Motors |
| 88 People | 98 Baseball |
| 90 Bridge | 115 Baseball's Week |
| 93 Tennis | 116 For the Record |

118 19th Hole



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A knowledge on page 116

Next week

SAILING FOR GLORY and a battered "oldsmag," Carol Anne and American report off Newport to contest for the America's Cup. Sports Illustrated will report every tack.

WAR IN THE SOUTH is declared next Saturday when Ole Miss meets Memphis State in the first big college football game of the year. Dan Jenkins reports on these bitter rivals.

A SATIETY OF RABBITS awaits the hunter who dares visit San Juan Island. The hunting technique is out of this world, and a hunter has trouble keeping his feet on the ground.

HANG YOUR HAT ON AVRIL RAYON



Dickies does.

You'll want to wear socks designed for Campus Tigers to get the lion's share of attention. Precise fitting socks for the lean, active look. Tailored from fabrics made with the wonder fiber—Avril® rayon. Super strong, luxuriously smooth, a snap to care for, these Avril fabrics never relax in their effort to keep you looking your level best.

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**This car is 44 mph slower than the rest of the cars in its class.
It's also \$6000 cheaper.**

The Volvo 1800S costs \$3995.* Who puts it in a class with cars costing \$6000 more? Road & Track magazine for one: "The 1800S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."

That's all true. But don't get the idea that any corners were cut to keep this car \$6000 cheaper than its look-alikes. The 1800S is built like a Volvo. If you don't know how Volvos are built, this quotation from Sports Car Graphic about the Volvo engine will give you an idea:

"Project Volvo came off the dynamometer at the Autolite Test Facility after one of the most severe tests we have ever put a Project engine through. Perhaps the foremost bit of education we acquired was learning that the Volvo B-18 engine is one of the most, if not THE most, reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today."

But, as we said, there is one thing the Volvo 1800S won't do. It won't go 150 mph like those \$10,000 cars. However, it will do an honest 106 mph, and at 70 mph it uses less gas than a Volkswagen does at the same speed.*

Of course, if you've got your heart set on doing 150 mph, go man. It just seems like \$6000 is a lot of money for an extra 44 mph.

*Monthly loan cost: \$100.00. \$1000 down. 48 months. 12% interest. F.T.D. tax, title, license, dealer fees, and optional equipment extra. †Volvo 1800S. *1965 Road & Track magazine. **1965 Sports Car Graphic.

VOLVO 1800S

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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Editors and Assistant: Janet Lockhart, Theodore Sappone

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Canada: Montreal, Arthur Jergel; Ottawa, Gordon
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Whitford

Foreign Bureau: (401), Richard M. Charnas, in Pe-
ric, John Doyle

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Associate Publisher: Garry Vail

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Previewing a season of college football is always difficult, for the sport is both massive and utterly emotional. This year more than 25 million ticket-buying enthusiasts will deal out their loyalties among the 600-odd colleges that play the game. While the fortunes of a few teams will be of national interest, most fevers and arguments will be of the sectional and parish kind: Ivy League, East, West, South, Midwest, Independents and Old Swash.

Work on this week's special college football issue began in March when Senior Editor Andrew Crichton huddled with his staff to plan coverage of spring training and the succession of eyewitness reports and interviews with coaches that were to be the raw material of our 48 pages of general forecast, illustration and regional scouting reports. Then came evaluation of all the information—with the same healthy debates that last year led to our forecast of Texas as the No. 1 college. The pick this time is Auburn, a team with superb running backs in a year of excellent runners (see page 36). If Auburn has as hard a time winning in the Southeastern Conference as it did in our office the race should be a chiller.

For the short story that caps this issue we have turned to that onetime sportswriter—for *TIME* and *The New Yorker*—John O'Hara, better known

for the shelf of American literature that begins with *Appointment in Samarra* and *Barterfield 8* and goes on through *Pol Joey* and *Pipe Night* and *From the Terrace* and *The Hut on the Hill* to whatever John O'Hara decides to do next.

O'Hara came by his football interests early and in one of the game's sounder and more rugged districts, eastern Pennsylvania. As a boy he whooped for Penn at Penn-Cornell games and for Pottsville High against Minersville until, O'Hara remembers, "the games became a threat to the peace of Schuylkill County and were terminated." After prep school he went to work for the *Pottsville Journal* and covered those forerunners of today's Bears and Packers, the *Pottsville Maroons*, "disputed champions [in 1925] of the National Football League."

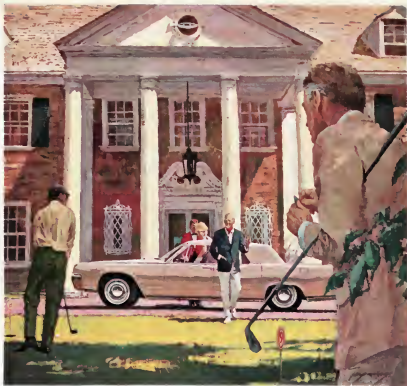
"I have not seen them all," John O'Hara tells us, "but as a boy I saw Jim Thorpe and as a creaking senior citizen I have seen Paul Hornum. In between I have paid and been paid to watch so many of the good ones and great ones (and a few sour ones) that I could fill pages with just their names. I am inclined to think my all-time favorite was Charley Berry. All-America end at Lafayette and on the Pottsville Ma-rooms, and until recently the American League umpire. He was great, and he always came up laughing."

"It is not true, by the way, that I know the name and year of every Yale captain, or the name and year of every Kentucky Derby winner. But I do know that Zev Graham, the onetime Fordham captain, got his nickname from the horse that beat Papyrus. I am speaking of the old Papyrus, not the one that's running now. Even the names have begun to double up on me. Why, here, for the second time around, comes Malicious! And after 35 years I am once again taking money from Mr. Luce for something I like to do."

We think you will like reading *The Tackle* as much as John O'Hara liked writing it. It begins on page 108.



DATE TIME REPORTED BY JOHN CRAMER



For the world's finest cars...
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The highest octane, highest quality gasoline available anywhere!

...that's Sunoco's superb Custom Blend 260. And it's typical of the quality built into Sunoco Custom-Blending's 8 great gasolines. Whether you drive a Mustang or Mercedes, a Chevy or Cadillac, Sunoco Custom-Blending, with 8 different prices, has the right gasoline for your car at the fairest price.



Stop at a Sunoco, go with confidence



THE BIG GAMES

College football teams across the nation are poised for the first big weekend of action. Here are the 128 key games from September 19 through December 1 that will decide the national national title as well as the best teams in America.

SEPTEMBER 19

Navy at Penn State
Houston at Auburn
SMU at Florida
Texas A&M at LSU
Oklahoma at Maryland
Memphis State at Mississippi
Duke at North Carolina
TCU at Kansas
Missouri at California
Air Force at Washington

SEPTEMBER 26

Kansas at Syracuse
Tennessee vs. Auburn in Birmingham
Virginia at Duke
Florida vs. Mississippi State in Jackson
Kentucky vs. Mississippi in Jackson
Michigan State at North Carolina
Nebraska at Minnesota*
SMU at Ohio State
Notre Dame at Wisconsin
USC at Oklahoma
FSU at Rice
Texas at Texas Tech
Illinois at California
Purdue vs. Oregon in Portland
Penn State at UC LA
 Baylor at Washington

OCTOBER 3

Oregon at Penn State
Columbia at Princeton
Clemson at Georgia Tech
Auburn at Kentucky
Florida at LSU
Virginia Tech at Virginia
Nebraska at Iowa State
USC at Michigan State
Navy at Michigan
Purdue at Notre Dame
Army at Texas
Arkansas at TCU

OCTOBER 10

Navy vs. Georgia Tech in Jacksonville

OCTOBER 17

Penn State at Army
Pennsylvania at Cornell
Princeton at Dartmouth
West Virginia at Pittsburgh
Mississippi at Florida
North Carolina at LSU
Ohio State at Illinois
Michigan at Michigan State
Wisconsin at Purdue
Baylor vs. Arkansas in Little Rock
Oklahoma vs. Texas in Dallas*
Notre Dame at Air Force
Washington vs. Oregon State in Portland
Texas A&M at USC

OCTOBER 24

Syracuse at Penn State
Illinois at Villanova
Georgia Tech vs. Auburn in Birmingham
LSU at Kentucky
West Virginia at Virginia Tech
Michigan State at Indiana
Oklahoma at Kansas
Purdue at Michigan
USC at Ohio State*
Bowling Green at Toledo

OCTOBER 31

Georgia Tech vs. Auburn in Birmingham
LSU at Kentucky
West Virginia at Virginia Tech
Michigan State at Indiana
Oklahoma at Kansas
Purdue at Michigan
USC at Ohio State*
Bowling Green at Toledo

FABRICS WITH THE CHARACTER OF QUALITY BY GREENWOOD



Greenwood makes the fabric Eagle Shirtmakers makes the flap pocket

Why does Eagle Shirtmakers select Greenwood's Combed Oxford Cloth for its "Framble" shirt? Because Eagle knows that back of every yard of Greenwood* fabric is that dedication to the finest quality...the best performance. Greenwood's Oxford is a superior combed cotton with a soft hand, rich appearance, a natural lustre...and it always adds up to 100% Greenwood quality.

GREENWOOD
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Greenwood Mills, Inc. 411 West 10th Street, N.Y. 18. For stores nearest you write to Eagle Shirtmakers, Chalkstone, Pennsylvania. "Framble" has a handsome new button-down flap pocket, the classic button-down collar with Eagle's distinctive shaggy hedge, and a tapered body. About \$65.00.

continued



Be suspicious!

Don't ask. Look.

Look for it on the label or tag.

If it's not there, you're risking your money.

You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see **SANFORIZED**.

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Right there. On the label.

Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."

If it is, why doesn't it say so?

You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".

Get them.

A black and white photograph of a man sitting on a stone step. He is wearing a light-colored shirt, a dark vest, and dark trousers. He is holding a briefcase with the number '8' on it. A dog is lying on the step in front of him.

as long as you're up
get me a Grant's®

Would you please. That's right. The bottle with the 8 on it. Because it's 8 years old. And that's how long I think it takes to smooth out a Scotch. As long as you're at it why not join me? Thanks. Cheers love.

The light and legendary eight-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Bottled in Scotland. 85 proof. Imported to the United States by Austan, Nichols & Co., New York. © 1984



E-5



Sam Huff wears a Brookfield Suit of Orlon® & worsted

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*DuPont registered

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ON WEST COAST)

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fly your way around the world with Qantas. Every day from San Francisco to the South Pacific. Same plane service from New York. From San Francisco and New York to London. For information about Qantas tours most anywhere in the world, write Qantas Tours, Union Square, San Francisco. Offices in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Detroit, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Dallas, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Honolulu. (BNA) General Sales Agent in major cities.

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BIG GAMES - continued

Rice at SMU
Arkansas at Texas
Navy at California
Washington at Stanford

OCTOBER 24

Duke at Army
Dartmouth at Harvard
Navy at Pittsburgh
Florida at Alabama
UCLA at Illinois
Minnesota at Michigan
Wisconsin at Ohio State
Texas at Rice
California at USC
Oregon at Washington

OCTOBER 31

Princeton at Brown
Notre Dame vs. Navy in Philadelphia
Pittsburgh at Syracuse
Dartmouth at Yale
Georgia Tech at Duke
Auburn at Florida
Mississippi at LSU
Missouri at Nebraska
Illinois at Purdue
Michigan State at Wisconsin
SMU at Texas
Washington at USC

NOVEMBER 7

Syracuse vs. Army in Yankee Stadium, N. Y.
Notre Dame at Pittsburgh
Harvard at Princeton
LSU vs. Alabama in Birmingham
Mississippi State at Auburn
North Carolina at Clemson
Nebraska at Kansas
Illinois at Michigan*
Penn State at Ohio State
Rice at Arkansas
Texas at Baylor
Iowa State at Oklahoma
Memphis State at Tulsa
California at Washington

NOVEMBER 14

Pittsburgh at Army
Duke at Navy
Virginia Tech at Syracuse
Alabama at Georgia Tech
Mississippi State at LSU
Wisconsin at Illinois
Michigan State at Notre Dame*
SMU at Arkansas
Missouri at Oklahoma
Texas at TCU

NOVEMBER 21

Yale at Harvard
Pittsburgh at Penn State
Duke at North Carolina
Michigan State at Illinois
Kansas at Missouri
Michigan at Ohio State
Nebraska at Oklahoma
USC at UCLA

NOVEMBER 28

Auburn vs. Alabama in Birmingham*
Texas A&M at Texas

NOVEMBER 28

Navy vs. Army in Philadelphia*
Arizona State at Arizona
Rice at Baylor
Notre Dame at USC

NOVEMBER 5

Mississippi State at Mississippi*

*Annually televised games

continued

TAMAE

A well-bred young lady of Japan studies classic calligraphy... ikebana, flower arranging... chanoya, the centuries old tea ceremony. Through these she learns that the simplest of tasks can be endowed with a special beauty and serenity. You will discover this when Japan Air Lines hostess Tamae Nagashima offers you a scented o-shibori hot towel... a happi coat to relax in... warmed sake to bid you welcome. The kimono-clad grace of Tamae is delightfully complemented by the classic Japanese atmosphere aboard your DC-8 Jet Courier.

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Illustration by Peter J. Schuchman

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THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

Head Office • Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, New York 10005



Mobil Service



Mrs. Robert F. Young learns about finely performance from her club scouts—and from her Mobil dealer in Philadelphia, Pa.

Better all-round performance...one reason to depend on your Mobil dealer and his High Energy Gasoline

How Mobil Makes High Energy Gasoline



The story inside the drop. Mobil takes straight-run gasoline—the basic product all refiners start with—and further refines it so light, low-energy atom groups are replaced by heavier, high-energy atom groups. This basic gasoline is built up, cushioned, filled with energy to give more power for long mileage in every gallon.

Mrs. Robert F. Young found that her Mobil dealer's good advice—and good products like Mobil's High Energy Gasoline—can give her station wagon better all-round performance. She learned that a trained Mobil dealer can:

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- Keep your tires at safe pressure
- Check the oil, keep crankcase filled with quality Mobiloil.
- Inspect your cooling system.

- Lubricate regularly and thoroughly with the high-grade Mobil lubricants just right for your car.
- Fill your tank with Mobil's High Energy Gasoline—regular or premium—for dependable power, and long mileage.
- Recommend a Mobil Credit Card for your traveling convenience.

Like millions of motorists, you can depend on your Mobil dealer to help get better all-round performance.

For good advice...and good products...depend on your Mobil dealer



Who needs rear wheels?



The *front* wheels on the MG Sports Sedan do all the work. They pull. They steer. They cling to the road like cleats. They serve up fast, safe, disc-brake stops.

The *front* wheels are where the power is. MG's front wheel drive takes the Sports Sedan straight as a string to where you direct it. The *front* wheels are where the weight is. MG's competition-proved engine is up forward where it ought to be...and where its pound-age delivers extra traction, even

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What does it add up to? Simply this: *no car is more roadworthy than the Sports Sedan.* It holds steady and true, in spite of slick, snow, breeze and bumps. Most re-

assuring, whether you drive for the sport or for the family (of five).

Incidentally, the modest price includes all five wheels.



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the fastest scooter that
money can buy.



SCOUT[®]
FOR SPORTSMEN
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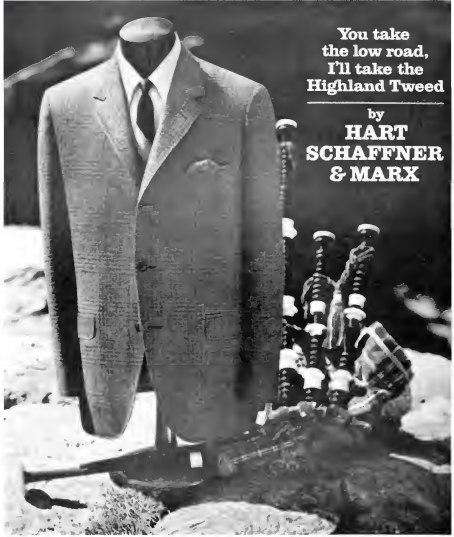
*Suggested Retail: F.O.B. Milwaukee

New Harley-Davidson M-50 only \$225*



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the low road,
I'll take the
Highland Tweed**

**by
HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

HS&M Highland Tweed Sport Coat, \$209.50. Other HS&M sport coats, \$90.

There's no mistaking the Scottish accent of this bonnie sportcoat. Loomed in the bold and brawny way you like. Rests light as heather on your shoulders.

Aye, and tailored to endure—like the very Highland's it's named for.

Notice, for example, how the patterns match at the seams and sleeves. Depends largely on skillful "underbasting." All parts first joined with soft white thread for exact placement.

Then finally sewn with hundreds of tiny

stitches. Later, the soft white thread is removed. On the outside it seems like there is no seam at all.

Worn over slacks—or kilts—the HS&M Highland Tweed sportcoat is a canny buy.





8:00 A.M.



9:00 A.M.



10:00 A.M.

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8:00 A.M.



9:00 A.M.



10:00 A.M.

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8:00 A.M.



9:00 A.M.



10:00 A.M.

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SCORECARD

NEVER ON SUNDAY?

Ford ("It's news to me") Frick, the non-commissioner of baseball, has decided something, and that's news right there. The substance of it is that the World Series shall unquestionably and unconditionally begin in a National League park on Wednesday, October 7—weather, anyhow, permitting. Furthermore, decrees Frick, there will be no travel day after the first two games (when the Series moves to an American League park) if neighboring teams are involved. The commissioner may have meant, for instance, the Orioles and the Phillies, but he did not spell it out.

In the event of a four-game Series, therefore, it will all be over on Saturday, and the NBC network will have no ball game to show on Sunday. Last year the fourth and final game of the Series—because of an intervening travel day—was telecast on a Sunday, and it drew the largest sports TV audience since the world was young. Naturally, dreadful rumors that the CBS Yankees have taken over the commissioner's office are beginning to take form. "Oh, stuff and nonsense," laughs NBC Vice-president Carl Lindemann with undetectable mirth. "We sell the Series as a package, not game by game. The only losers would be the sponsors and the guys who have to work on Saturday."

Still, the guy who works on Saturday need not be entirely crestfallen. With no distracting World Series on Sunday, he can watch NFL football—on CBS.

SMOKE IN SUN VALLEY

For several years it has been a smoldering secret that the Union Pacific Railroad wanted to unload its posh—and impoverished—ski resort in Sun Valley, Idaho. Somewhat out of the way, the country's oldest and most lavishly operated ski area has never paid U.P. an avalanche of profits since it was built in 1936. Now the hot tip is that U.P. has found an itchy buyer for the 46,000-acre property. And when the railroad directors meet in Omaha next week, they probably will approve an offer made by Janss Corp., a

California real-estate development firm.

The Sun Valley rumor mongers also say that Janss will lease the valley lines to a hotel-motel company (perhaps Western International) and will subdivide the lands bordering the ski lifts. One observer has noted new survey stakes around Averell Harriman's lodge. Harriman, who planned the picturesque resort as a publicity stunt for his railroad in the first place, may be going to stay on to see if change means progress and profit.

EN GARDE

How the French love to shoot! Whether they shoot at rabbits, at deer or at one another does not seem to matter. Last year, for example, French hunters sent 1,172 of their number to first-aid stations or hospitals and 165 to their graves. This year, say insurance experts dolefully adjusting their rates, 200 more will die.

With more leisure and more money to spend on it, the French hunter is indomitable if not indestructible. Almost 2 million licenses were sold last year for \$5 and, despite a \$3 rise, 6½¢ more will be sold this year. And when open season was declared last week in 57 of the country's northern departments—including the woodland boulevards and courtyards of Paris itself—sporting-goods stores were jammed with gadget-minded shoppers, ordinary farmlands became hunting preserves and the newspapers stopped denouncing the slaughter on the highways only to attack the slaughter of the fields.

Certainly French officials are not totally oblivious to this aimless carnage. On the contrary. The opening of the season in three pastoral departments was postponed until France's largest moving target, President Charles de Gaulle, left them for the relative safety of the capital.

CLEAN BILL

Boxing and television, entwined with one another for the past 20 years, called it off last week, both reeling. It had come to the point where Jack Paar warmed over was outdewning the lights, and

continued



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SCORECARD - continued

neighborhood-club boxing, the root system supposed to nourish the whole thing, was all but withered and dead.

One man who will be affected by the breakup is Don Dunphy, which is a pity. A fine announcer, Dunphy began calling fights for radio 23 years ago. One man, recalling those radio days, said, "You could sit home in your Morris chair and his blow-by-blow accounts were so precise you could score the fight perfectly."

"The low ratings that knocked boxing off television," Dunphy said the other day, "were unfair. They never took any surveys of neighborhood bars, and TV fights surely rated 100% in those." Then, wishing his TV friends goodbye and good luck, and making a bow to the game he obviously loves, Don Dunphy declared that boxing is clean. In fact, he said, going Ivory Soap one one-hundredth of a percent better, "99 and 45/100% of all the boxers I have known are great people."

YANKEE DOODLE-DOO

When that American League meeting in Boston broke up (see page 26), one of our agents disguised as a janitor slunk into the room to sweep up a handful of doodles left on the table. He emerged clutching six sheets of Hotel Somerset stationery with doodles that appear to make as little sense as the result of the meeting itself. Disguised as a psychiatrist, he produced this report:

"The sheets, doodled by divers hands, are unsigned. One doodle is of a Chinese mandarin. Is a Hong Kong franchise in the back of someone's mind? Another sheet, rather deftly done, shows a half-player, a jackass and, possible redundancy, a portrait of a smiling club owner. 'Oracles, Oracles,' is scrawled in a child-like hand on two sheets, and another sheet bears the baffling figures, '2-0-4-6-4-8-10-8-12-14-12-1-3-7-13-7-1-6-6-6-9-666-9-666,' which could stand for either the numbers of homers hit in recent games off Kansas City pitching or the room measurements in a new Del Webb hotel. The most significant doodle of all is a circle with an unequivocal 'No!' in the middle of it. The No!, on a second thought, was penciled out."

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SPIRITED SURVIVAL

In the days when 170-foot J boats raced for the America's Cup, the only medicine professional deckhands knew was a quick hair of the dog as the sun got up. But boats have changed and so have crews. The amateur tastes of the latter are exemplified by the 22 "survival kits" which have been given to the men aboard defender *Constellation* and challenger *Sovereign*. Each kit holds a collapsible tin cup, a pint bottle of French cognac "to be administered for seasickness and exposure" and 12 Bayer aspirin for everything else.

The downcast crewmen of the defeated cup candidate, *American Fudge*, were naturally given neither brandy nor aspirin, but they devised a survival method of their own. At a Newport bar one recent morning, 13 *Fudge* hands quaffed, in a little under two hours, 153 Bloody Marys. This works out to one drink per man every 10 minutes. One wonders if that many Bloody Marys were necessary to quench the morning after, what kind of inferno had been lighted the night before?

SIGHT FOR SORE EYES

From the start to the finish of every race, a competitive swimmer is half deaf and half blind. The cheers of the crowd come to him only faintly through the turmoil of rushing water and, since his eyes do not focus properly under water, there is always his fear that he will miff the next turn or that a rival in a distant lane is stealing ahead.

At the Olympic Games in Tokyo next month, thanks to an invention borrowed from skin-diving (SI, Dec. 16), male swimmers of the U.S. will, at least, be able to see. Two dozen of the American men have been fitted out with what are known as "several contact air lenses," a special type of contact lens that, like a tiny face mask on each eyeball, brings the underwater world into sharp definition.

No one can say how much performances will be improved, but the U.S. Olympic coach, Dr. James Counsellman,

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

thinks the experiment worth pursuing. One of Counselman's butterfly swimmers at Indiana University—a chronically nearsighted freshman named Johnny Collins—wore the new lenses last winter and took seven seconds off his 200-meter time. “I don’t know how much of this can be credited to lenses,” Dr. Counselman reports, “but I can tell you this: Collins is no longer butting into the wall at the end of every lap.”

I’LL WALK ALONE

You may not like it—he doesn’t even like it—but Chicago’s Chris McCarthy is the best long-distance walker in America. Just the other day, matter of fact, he won the 50-kilometer (about 31 miles) race in the Olympic trials in Seattle. Yet his unsizzling time was 4:45:31, or about 30 minutes longer than the world record, held by an Italian.

Can a red-blooded American boy really be all that bad? Sure, says McCarthy, and for a number of reasons. On the one hand, McCarthy is a preoccupied scholar (he is studying for his doctorate in political science at the University of Chicago) and a house painter, this being his means of keeping his lean body and soul together. On the other hand, he says, this nation’s walkers start from too small a group, the administration of the sport is badly handled and “frankly, there are no good coaches.” On top of all that, U.S. walkers are discouraged because people snicker when they see them.

Chris McCarthy, so self-assured that he predicted his Olympic trials victory last winter, has no illusions about the Olympic Games themselves, and says he may not even bother to go. “It would be like stepping into a ring with Sonny Liston,” he believes. But there is an elevating corollary to that thought which McCarthy might mull over. Cissus Clay is another young man people used to laugh at—until he stepped out of a ring with Sonny Liston.

PROMISES, PROMISES

Early last week Jockey Milo Valenzuela was asked to ride Sadair, one of the favorites in Saturday’s Arlington-Washington Futurity. A few days later Les Lear, Sadair’s trainer, sent word to Valenzuela to forget it—he was putting Willie Shoemaker on the horse instead. Forget it, my foot, said Milo, and as Shoemaker and Sadair won a \$134,925 purse he announced he was filing suit

continued



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After sourly observing four jockeys switch horses willy-nilly last spring just before the Kentucky Derby, we now are equally disturbed to see Valenzuela's plight, in which the situation is reversed. But it is patent that racing needs rules to control agreements between riders and trainers. To both it seems that business is business while ethics go by the board.

DON'T GO WAY MAD

Home in Puerto Rico last week, Golfer Juan (Chi Chi) Rodriguez was talking up a hurricane, claiming the PGA had "barred" him from the U.S. Ryder Cup team because he was not born in the U.S. "I was hurt," said Chi Chi, hinting discrimination. "If they don't want me, there is no sense in my trying."

The fact is America's PGA wants Chi Chi—just as much as Great Britain's PGA wants South African Gary Player. But the PGAs do not make the Ryder Cup rules. Samuel Ryder did, in 1927, when he set up the trust establishing the biennial British-American competition. To be eligible, Ryder said, players must be "natives and residents of the U.S." (or Great Britain). And this, according to legal judgment, does not include such commonwealths as Chi Chi's Puerto Rico or Player's South Africa.

FAN

As greatly loved as any man in sport was Walter Augustine Brown, who died last week of a heart attack in Cape Cod Hospital. This love was but the echo of that which he gave to sport himself, for Walter Brown was passionately fond of every form of athletics in which man engages. He was most happily situated, therefore, in his positions as president of Boston Garden, the Boston Athletic Association, basketball's Celtics and hockey's Bruins. He had helped found the National Basketball Association and keep it afloat. For services to hockey, he was elected to the Hockey Hall of Fame.

His ownership of sports teams was secondary to his fandom. When the Celtics or Bruins played at the Garden, Brown preferred to climb to one of the cheaper seats and lose himself in the crowd. There, without being conspicuous, he could cheer and rant and yell as he wished. That was why he was in sport—not for prestige, or money, or any other reason but the pure joy of it. **END**



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TO TOKYO BY INCHES

The length of a toe sometimes was the only difference between success or failure as the U.S.'s best track men strove last week for places on the 1964 Olympic team

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

In its final makeup, the U.S. Olympic track and field team is a curious patchwork. It has men the breadth of Discus Thrower Al Crier, who weighs 270 pounds and looks as if he could stop the 5:18 express with a stiff arm, and man-children like 120-pound Gerry Lindgren and 130-pound Tom O'Hara, who if they were not competing as qualified distance runners probably could make a strong case for half price at the ticket window. It is a team of soldiers, students, teachers, marines, engineers, bankers, mechanics, loners, extroverts, hypochondriacs and gastritis sufferers. It is made up of large, earthy veterans like Parry O'Brien, 32, who has won medals in Rome, Melbourne and Helsinki, and pink-eared rookies like 17-year-old Jim Ryun, who just recently discovered that if he runs 1,500 meters fast enough he can lam right out of Kansas on the weekend.

It is a patchwork of styles. Bob Hayes runs 100 meters like a man trying to punch an invisible opponent. Distance Runner Bob Schul and Sprinter Henry Carr are the perfect runners one illustrates how-to textbooks with. And it represents a variety of training habits. Rex Cawley runs the 400-meter hurdles faster than any other man in the world but just now found out about it, because he never self-trained more than 300 yards at a clip, and if he even gets near a hurdle more than once every two weeks he feels overworked. For this he has been accused of being singularly lazy by his friend Mike Larabee, but Larabee has since adapted Cawley's low-key approach to his 400-meter run with astonishing results. Gerry Lindgren, on the other hand, ran 210 miles a week, a total of 1,680 miles in the eight weeks preceding the final trials.

For these three, anyway, their systems

continued



BOB CLARSON



Schoolboy Ryus (4), his left foot flying over line, takes third place from stumbling Gralle (6) as Burlington beats O'Hara in dramatic 1,500 meters.

are precisely O.K. They and others not much like them became the 1964 U.S. Olympic track and field team last weekend, our representatives to Tokyo in October. Trials that began in red-hot New York in July and cut the field to little more than a hundred were completed in cooled-off Los Angeles, where the two-day finals drew only 37,536 to the Coliseum. They were almost anticlimactic, though they should not have been, and they fell short of being entirely satisfying entertainment. Assured the Tokyo trip, not all those who had won in New York were eager to put out. The meet consequently lacked general excellence. The self-assured Schul, for example, cooked up a dead heat with Bill Dellinger as the two sped down the straightaway ahead of the pack at the finish of the 5,000 meters.

But there was also the quadrennial display of emotions by exhilarated men who had wondered if they could make the team and did and by heartbroken men who had figured to and did not. Probably the most heartsick of all was Jim Grelle, the old campaigner and former Olympian, who has done as much as any runner to raise American standards in the distances. Reaching desperately for the finish in the 1,500 meters, the most the most exciting event of the meet, he apparently had salvaged third, when on his outside came 17-year-old Jim Ryan, his head rolling as if ready to topple off onto the track. But it was Grelle who toppled. Abruptly aware of the danger, he lunged at the finish and sprawled headlong—a futile fall, for Ryan had edged him out.

When all the sadness and joy had been taken care of, a coach with half an eye for track could look on it and say that it was a good team, so good that the rejects and left-outs would have made almost any of the other 92 teams that will be in Tokyo. This is the best collection of track men the U.S. has ever brought together—which should not be news either, because it figured to be.

There were few surprises in the final trial, except that Ralph Boston did not land on Laguna Beach on one of his soaring long jumps. The 1960 gold medal winner landed instead 27 feet 10½ inches from point of departure on one jump, or seven inches better than the world record of archival Igor Ter-Ovanesyan of Russia. Because of the wind at his back—"I saw that little fan

twirling in the wind gauge and knew it was going too fast," said Boston—no record could be claimed, but Boston, who twice before had lost record leaps because of wind, got one anyway in Los Angeles. With that fan twirling just a bit slower, he did 27 feet 4½ inches, one inch farther than Ter.

Larrabee, who is 30, and teaches algebra (and should be home in bed right now watching over the ruptured pancreas a playful judo wrestler rendered him), tied the world record for 400 meters. "Dying" halfway through the race, Larrabee suddenly found life and said he felt as though he were floating as he first passed Ollan Cassell, then caught Ullis Williams on the last turn and held him off to win in 44.9 seconds. Larrabee's wife, Margaret, laughed and cried and said she was so happy because Mike's mother promised she would take them both to Japan if Mike won.

Cawley, 24, made the last impressive contribution to the meet when he won the 400-meter hurdles in 49.1 seconds, beating Glenn Davis' old world record. Afterward he said he had a "very definite feeling" that he could pace it down to 48.5 if he could continue working hard at not working too hard.

Not all favorites won

Surprises otherwise were more or less limited to Willie Davenport, who beat—and therefore qualified with—Hayes Jones and Blaine Lindgren in a rather slow 110-meter high hurdle; Jay Silvester, who beat Al Oerter in the discus (both under 200 feet); and Paul Drayton and Dick Stebbins, who outstripped Hayes and Carr in the 200 meters.

In a meet like this there is enough heartbreak to register on a seismograph. Every contestant cherishes the belief that he will, if his start is good and the tides are right, qualify as an Olympian. Opinion is divided as to how the thought affects the candidate. "There is more pressure here than there is in the Olympics," says Boston. Hayes, who could not sleep for thinking about the trucks going by on the freeway outside his dormitory window the night before the meet, admitted he had "the worst butterflies ever." On the other hand, there was Schul: "You can't get too excited about this meet when you've already been assured the trip to Tokyo."

Major upsets, nevertheless, were at a minimum. The most prominent victims

other than Grelle were Jim Beatty, once the most feared long distance runner in America but now 29 and too busy with his government work in North Carolina to train seriously, and Peter McArdle, recently the country's best 10,000-meter runner. Beatty was given a special dispensation to compete in the 5,000 meters in Los Angeles after dropping out of the New York race—he was still recovering from an injury then—but he finished fifth in L.A. "You cannot," said Schul of Beatty, "expect to do in a month or two what others need a year for, not in this kind of competition."

McArdle, the New York huskiness who at 34 can count the possibilities for future Olympic participation on his right forefinger, if that, developed stomach cramps after a mile of the 10,000 meters. "When you get a stitch like that," he said, "it goes right down to your leg and all you can do is slow down." Gripping his side, his eyes sunk back in his head, McArdle continued on, bobbing along beneath his absurd German bicycle cap, which protects his bald top. Ultimately he was lapped by the marvelous Lindgren, the young upstart with the happy grin and a voice that sounds like a leak in a steam pipe. But McArdle finished. He always finishes. A writer asked him if, when the pain was severe, he did not feel the urge to quit the race. "I don't quit," said McArdle. Fortunately, he added, he had a premonition about something like this and had the foresight to qualify in the marathon, which gets him to Tokyo but does little for his chances to win a medal. He does better in the 10,000.

Another no-quitter was 25-year-old Air Force Sergeant Darrell Horn, who jumped against Boston despite a muscle knot on his left leg the size of a pound of mozzarella. "The greatest show of courage I've ever seen," Boston said. "If I could have done anything to help him, I would have." Unhelped, Horn finished fifth.

Bob Hayes, previously the victim of a leg-muscle pull, made his first start since June 21. He had missed the trials in New York and the U.S.-Russian meet and had done little to stay in condition beyond running pass patterns with the Florida A&M football team. He had gained weight (he does not admit it) and a fiancée, a Miami girl named Barbara Milton (he broadcasts it). Barbara stayed in Miami, so only the weight

showed in L.A.—mostly in Hayes's powerful thighs, which even before he put on pounds had the appearance of Civil War cannon. Still, he ran the 100 as fast as he—or any American—ever did, 10.1 seconds, and came back the next day to challenge Carr in Henry's specialty, the 200-meter. Carr was off. He had one of his rare bad days and finished fourth. "I don't know what happened," said Carr, crestfallen and fearful he had blown his Olympic berth, though he had won in the trials in New York. "I'm sick." As it turned out, the U.S. Olympic

Committee decided wisely that Carr was still the best man for the job. Hayes was scratched in the 200 and left to run in the 100 and the 400-meter relay.

In all, only six of the 17 winners at Randall's Island repeated in Los Angeles. Boston, Hammer Thrower Hal Connolly, Shotputter Dallas Long, Schul, Triple Jumper Ira Davis, and Dyrrol Burleson in the 1,500 meters. Burleson, an uncanny stretch driver, bided his time near the rear of a bunched pack for three-quarters of a mile and only made his bid when Tom O'Hara briefly took

the lead. Suddenly O'Hara was seeing bodies stream past him and at the head of the stretch was tucked in behind three—Grelle, Burleson and Archie San Romani. Forced outside, O'Hara could not catch the fast-closing Burleson, but he did pass Grelle as San Romani faded and Ryum took third.

The team now passes into the hands of Coach Bob Giegengack and his staff and moves into pre-Olympic quarters in Walnut, Calif. Who is Bob Giegengack besides a man with three Gs in one name? He has been the head coach of the Yale team for 18 years and is a man with an agile mind, a persuasive manner and a distinctive way of answering questions: he challenges them. He is a believer in the nonvisual, right-to-left-hand baton (he calls it the *kyoton*) pass, which he is in the process of teaching his relay prospects. He is a coach sensitive to an athlete's problems (he calls them problems) and knows when to let well enough alone.

"What do you teach?" he challenged. "They've been taught. Their coaches know more about them than I could learn in a few weeks, so there is no changing them now. You drop a subtle hint or ask a wrong question—like, 'Why do you hold your foot like that?'—and you have to have a geranium in your head. You can throw a guy right off the beam, make him worried stuff."

"It's like this boy I had at Fordham in 1940 or '41. He had the quickest start on the team, and we decided to find out why. We got him aside and said, 'Joe'—that was his name, Joe Nowicki—'Joe, do you start with a jazz step off your left foot or do you just swing your right foot over?' He said he wasn't sure, but the next race he'd check it out. Well, the next race they fired a starting gun and Joe just stood there. He didn't know which foot to start off with."

"Came time for the IC4A meet and Joe was back on the beam. He got his usual good start and won the race, and one of the boys came running over to me and said, 'Did you catch it, Coach, did you catch it?' I said, 'No, and I don't want none of you guys asking him about it either.'"

Giegengack says his staff will answer all questions, advise and hear all problems, personal, real and imaginary, and, most important of all, keep their cotton-picking hands off the best track and field team in the world.

END

THE 59 MEN WHO QUALIFIED IN LOS ANGELES

100-METER DASH	MARK	POLE VAULT	MARK
1. Bob Hayes	0:10.1	1. Fred Hansen	16-6
2. Trenton Jackson	0:10.2	2. John Pommel	16-6
3. Mel Pender	0:10.3	3. Bill Pommelton	16-0
200-METER DASH		BROAD JUMP	
1. Paul Drayton	0:20.4	1. Ralph Boston	27-10½
2. Dick Stebbins	0:20.5	2. Gayle Hopkins	26-4¾
3. Henry Carr	0:20.8	3. Phil Shustack	26-3½
400-METER DASH		TRIPLE JUMP	
1. Mike Larrabee	0:44.9	1. Ira Davis	53-1
2. Ulin Williams	0:45.0	2. Bill Sharpe	53-1
3. Ollan Cassell	0:45.6	3. Kent Floerke	51-¾
800-METER RUN		SHOTPUT	
1. Morgan Groth	1:47.1	1. Dallas Long	64-9
2. Tom Farrell	1:48.0	2. Randy Matson	63-10
3. Jerry Siebert	1:48.3	3. Parry O'Brien	63-10
1,500-METER RUN		DISCUS THROW	
1. Dyrrol Burleson	3:41.2	1. Jay Silvester	198-7½
2. Tom O'Hara	3:41.5	2. Al Gertler	193-4
3. Jim Ryun	3:41.9	3. Dave Weill	191-2½
5,000-METER RUN		JAVELIN THROW	
1. Bob Schul	13:55.6	1. Frank Covelli	252-9½
2. Bill Dellinger	13:55.6	2. Les Tipton	243-½
3. Oscar Moore	13:58.8	3. Ed Red	242-11½
10,000-METER RUN		HAMMER THROW	
1. Gerry Lindgren	29:02.0	1. Hal Connolly	221-5½
2. Bill Mills	29:10.4	2. Ed Burke	215-½
3. Ron Larrieu	29:20.4	3. Al Hall	214-9
100-METER HIGH HURDLES		DECATHLON*	
1. Willie Davenport	0:13.6	1. Dick Emberger	7,728
2. Hayes Jones	0:13.6	2. Russ Hodge	7,728
3. Blaine Lindgren	0:13.8	3. Paul Herman	7,701
400-METER HURDLES		400-METER RELAY	
1. Rex Cawley	0:49.1	1. Bob Hayes	
2. Bill Hardin	0:49.8	2. Trenton Jackson	
3. Jay Luck	0:50.4	3. Mel Pender	
STEEPLECHASE		4. Gerry Ashworth	
1. George Young	8:44.2	1,500-METER RELAY	
2. Vic Zwolak	8:46.2	1. Mike Larrabee	
3. Jeff Fishback	8:55.8	2. Ulin Williams	
HIGH JUMP	<td>3. Ollan Cassell</td> <td></td>	3. Ollan Cassell	
1. Ed Caruthers	6-10	4. Theron Lewis	
2. John Thomas	6-10		
3. John Rambo	6-8		

*Subject to change

SHINING HOUR FOR GOLDEN BOY

It was not just an opening game for Paul Hornung—his first in two years. It was a game against the Bears, a team that had beaten the Packers twice in 1953, and in it Hornung had to reestablish his worth

by **TEX MAULE**



It rained for most of the week before the game, but the Packers enjoy working in the rain. "You keep your hat on all the time, and you can't hear the coaches yelling at you," a player said. "It gives you a sense of privacy. We don't get that very often."

Hornung was one of the few who did not like the rain much. The field at Green Bay's City Stadium had been resodded three weeks before, and it was still mushy. Since Hornung is both a runner and a kicker, a mushy field hurts him. He tested it Friday, found the footing soft and shook his head.

"You get knees on a field like this," he said. "You can't cut. You can't feel anything running, and trying to kick a field goal out of turf like this is like trying to hit a wood out of the rough. It's too soft. You can't feel the ball."

Coach Lombardi told the Green Bay groundskeeper that it was the worst field in the NFL, and the groundskeeper, a pudgy, middle-aged man, ducked his head and said it would be all right for the game. The rains had stopped and a spanking breeze was blowing and he thought it would dry out and get hard, and when Lombardi told him to roll it with a steamroller to pack it down, the groundskeeper said the steamroller would put waves in the field.

"It's wavy as a ribbon now," Lombardi said. "I want it hard." "It will be hard," the groundskeeper said stubbornly. Oddly, the Packers were not tense before this game. Hornung, carrying a double burden—coming back after a year's suspension to prove to himself and the rest of the world that he could do it, and lifting the team, as well—was relaxed and happy and confident. "Vince told me I'd have to take a lot of conversation from the stands and from the players on the other clubs," he said. "I haven't had to take any so far, the only thing I've had from the other players—on other teams—is a welcome home. Rick Casares on the Bears went out of his way to tell me he was glad I was back and to wish me luck. So did Dave Whitell on the Bears. And a couple of others on other clubs. And the people in the stands have been real friendly. I'm glad. I don't hear the stands much anyway—there's too much noise to hear one guy yelling at you, but as far as I know, no one has yelled at me yet. I'm lucky."

The Packer team takes its cues from Hornung, a natural leader. He was free

and easy in practice and so was the team. Maybe they remembered the week before the second Bear game last year, when Chicago murdered them in Chicago 26-7. They have seen movies of the game at least a hundred times since, and it would be surprising if they had forgotten it. In the week before that game they were grins and determined and their workout on Friday was a violent one. On the Friday before this game they laughed a good deal. Once Jim Taylor, the remarkably muscled fullback, went deep for a pass, turned his head just in time, and caught it. "Way to go, Iron Head," Hornung yelled.

"Now you've got isometrics, you can turn your head," Lombardi said to Taylor, grinning. Lombardi is not much for grinning two days before an important game. Later Taylor swung wide on a power sweep, a play he and Hornung run superbly well. It is the force of the Green Bay offense. On this occasion Taylor swung out and threw a pass. It was a wobbly, slow pass that fell far short. Coming back to the huddle, Max McGee, the spread end, said, "Duck season has opened early. That one fluttered," Hornung said. "Looked like a duck shot getting off the water—but I never saw a duck fly that slow."

Dressing after the practice, Hornung smiled when Guard Fred Thurston walked by. Thurston slipped Hornung

on the shoulder and posed briefly with his chest out. He leads Hornung and Taylor on the power sweeps and much of the success of their runs depends upon the blocking of Thurston and his running mate at guard, Jerry Kramer. "Fred, C Thurston," Fuzzy said, tapping himself on his chest. "God's gift to Paul Hornung." Hornung laughed easily. "You are right, baby," he said. "So right."

Jerry Kramer came into the dressing room, moving slowly and with evident pain. He had not been in practice, the night before he had been hit by a severe pain in his chest, and this morning, while the rest of the team worked, he had been at the hospital trying to find out what was wrong. He walked over to Hornung's locker, and Hornung's face grew serious. "How you feel, baby?" he said.

"It still hurts. They shot me with novocain, but it still hurts," Kramer said.

"They know what it is!" Hornung asked, his face worried. "I don't know," Kramer said. "Maybe an infection of the diaphragm. I don't know. It hurts." (Hornung also worried about Defensive Tackle Henry Jordan, who had pulled a groin muscle.)

Hornung, as usual, was laggard in dressing. McGee stopped by his locker. He was fully dressed. "Come on, Goat," he said. "Let's get home."

"I'm coming," Hornung said. "I just got to shower." Goat is short for Goat



After practice Hornung watches his friend Paul Martin and teammate Max McGee play cribbage.

Shoulders, the name the Packers have given Hornung because of his unusually narrow shoulders. He has a thick neck—as thick as Jim Taylor's—but his shoulders are pinched and his arms are slender. He has powerful runner's legs and a broad, strong bottom; he is built like a triangle, with a narrow, slanted top.

Kramer was still standing by Hornung's locker. He smiled painfully. "You ought to play offensive guard awhile," he said. "I bet I'm two inches shorter than I was. All that pounding makes you short and wide."

"You'd look like me," Thurston said, coming by again and puffing out his considerable chest. Thurston's head sprouts directly from his thick, wide shoulders, with almost no neck, and Hornung smiled as he looked at him.

"Nope," he said. "Not me. I don't want to have to unbutton my shirt to blow my nose."

Hornung, McGee and Ron Kramer, the Packers' massive tight end, rent a rambling, red brick house about two blocks from the Green Bay stadium. It is equipped with a television set in the living room and another in the dining room, and most of the time the players watch television when they are not in meetings or practicing. On this Friday Hornung went to the airport to pick up his mother, who had flown up from Louisville to see the game. She comes to Green Bay once or twice a year to watch her son play.

After he picked her up, he went to the barber shop in the Northland Hotel to get a haircut. Lombardi was two barber chairs away, and both men slept through the haircuts. Jan, the barber who cut Hornung's hair, said, "He always does. You put on the clippers, and he goes to sleep."

He came back to the house later in the afternoon and played dominoes with McGee. He and Kramer and McGee play innocuous games of dominoes and cribbage to pass the time, complaining bitterly at a loss and crowing extravagantly over a win. They had dinner at a Green Bay restaurant called The Spot, which Hornung truly believes has the best steaks in the entire world.

Saturday morning McGee was the first up. "He's got an alarm in his head," Hornung said. "I've been rooming with him for eight years, and he's up at 8 o'clock in the morning no matter what time he gets to bed. It's uncanny." Kra-

mer cooked breakfast, as he always does. He fried sausages and eggs and made toast and coffee and—when it was ready—he awakened Paul.

"You cook these eggs on the floor?" Hornung asked.

"The butter burned a little," Kramer said. "That's why they look like that."

"Good," said McGee. "Excellent, mother. They taste very good. Just the way I like them. Burned."

Saturday morning practice was at 10 o'clock, and Hornung, McGee and Kramer finished breakfast in plenty of time to be suited up and on the field well before 10. One Pucker was late, and Lombardi, getting edgy now with only a little more than 24 hours to go before the game, fined him \$50. The rest of the team greeted the fine with huge enjoyment. "A little more in the kitty," Hornung said. "We are going to have a fine free party." The Packer levies go into a pot and the party is financed by them when the season ends.

As he had all week, Hornung worked hard and ran hard in practice. "I'm 212," he said. "That's the lightest I've ever been in the pros. I feel good. I was afraid of the contact when I came back. Not physically afraid, but afraid I might be injury-prone after the layoff. But so far I feel good running, and I throw as well as I ever did. You don't lose your throwing touch. It's there all the time, like riding a bicycle. I had to work on my blocking because the timing goes off. I kicked a few balls every day during the year I was away, so the kicking didn't bother me. I think I'll be all right. I hope so. I really hope so." He took his mother to lunch in the dining room of the Downtowner Motel, where she was staying. He asked a photographer not to take pictures of himself and his mother.

"She's a little tired of all this," he said apologetically. "If you have to have the pictures, I guess it will be O.K. But I would appreciate it very much if we could skip it." He went back to the house after lunch and watched the UCLA-Pittsburgh game on television, switching to the New York Yankee-Minnesota Twins baseball game during commercials. He watched an Irish hurling match off and on, too. He said little about the football. Once a Pitt buck swung wide and went to the sideline, and Hornung said, quietly, "Cut," when the buck should have cut. He went to sleep briefly during a tennis match from Forest Hills but

roused himself to watch Arnold Palmer. Ken Venturi, Tony Lema, and Bobby Nichols in the World Series of Golf. He pulled for Venturi and Nichols, friends of his. McGee brought some cleaning in that he had paid for; Hornung's share was nearly \$15, and he grumbled. "Good thing I got it for half price," he said. He put on his coat and waved casually. "See you all in the morning," he said and walked out as if the next day was a day like any other. He went to pick up his mother to take her to dinner.

In the plush Green Bay dressing room Sunday morning Hornung was still loose. Some of the players, keyed high for this opening game with the Bears, lay on their backs in front of their lockers, legs up on the seats of their folding chairs, quiet and nervous. Hornung sat easily in his chair, stuffing knee and thigh pads into the pockets of the new bright-gold uniform trousers he would wear.

The field had hardened; the ground-keeper was right. Hornung kidded Norm Masters, the chunky Green Bay tackle whose unenviable assignment for the afternoon was to block the Bears' gigantic defensive end, Doug Atkins. "One thing," Hornung said. "Just be sure to hit him a good pop on 48." "I'll run between his legs," Masters said, grinning. "You are on your own."

The day was bright and cool and, as it turned out, Hornung blocked Atkins as soon as Masters did. The first Green Bay play from scrimmage sent Jim Taylor into the line, and Hornung helped Masters on Atkins. They collaborated well enough to sweep him out of the play, and Taylor ran for eight yards.

The rest of the day belonged to Hornung and the Packer lines, both of which dominated the Bears. But it was Hornung the Green Bay fans had come to see. He had played convincingly during the exhibition season, but Lombardi had used him sparingly. This afternoon he was in every offensive play for the Packers except two. Once, going for a good gain deep in Bear territory, he lost his shoe and had to repair to the sidelines for one play to replace it. Then, with 23 seconds left and Green Bay safely ahead 23-12, he stayed on the sideline as the offense took the field to run out the clock.

He carried the ball 15 times and gained 77 yards, most of it on a lovely, twisting 40-yard run which developed off the Green Bay power sweep. He started wide

knowing that he had not forgotten how to
kick his foot. Hornung kicked for 11 points.

to his right, cut back sharply, outran a linebacker and then gave Defensive Back Dave Whitwell a good hip fake downfield, again cutting back hard to his left as he did. Whitwell hit his leg, but Hornung drove through and was finally dragged down 10 yards farther along by Safety Man Roosevelt Taylor.

He kicked three field goals, kicked off three, and completed an option pass. One of the field goals was for 52 yards on a play that had never before succeeded in recent NFL history. (It was also used in Philadelphia last Sunday when the Eagles tried it against the Giants, but missed.) With eight seconds left in the half Eliah Parris made a fair catch on the Green Bay 48. To the amazement of the crowd, the Packers lined up as if to kick off from the 48, and Hornung booted the field goal. The rule allows any team after a fair catch to put the ball in play by a kick or from the line of scrimmage. Quick thinking by the Packers and exceptional kicking by Hornung brought three points.

After the game Hornung slumped in weariness before his locker. The bright-gold trousers were grass-stained. "Boy, I'm prooped," he said. "I am really tired. I needed that one. I felt pretty good. How about that Kramers and Jordan? Nobody else would have played, feeling the way they did before the game."

Most of the rest of the team had showered, but Hornung sat and talked. "I didn't get a good piece of the ball on the long field goal," he said. "I was too low on it. My timing was a little off."

Bert Starr, whose locker is next to Hornung's, came back from the showers, and Hornung said, "Beautiful game, huh. You really called a beautiful game."

"Maybe I could have gone all the way on the run," Hornung said in answer to a question. "But I saw that little Taylor coming, and I knew I couldn't outrun him. After I got by Whitwell, I thought if I could jar Taylor real hard with a good stiff arm I could get away, but he came in under it. My timing was a little off. I guess I still need some work."

"He was quicker than ever," Lombardi said later. "We made some mistakes, but it was a fine effort by the team. They were ready for this one."

Hornung certainly was.

END



A SAD DAY FOR BASEBALL

No one was astonished when the American League's club owners, full of outrageous false promises, met last week in Boston and proceeded to coat with whiteness their previous basis decision to sell out baseball to slim bankers. It had been expected and predicted (SI, Sept. 7). In a thoroughly reckless mood of laissez-faire, eight of the American League's 10 club owners consented to the sale of the New York Yankees to the Columbia Broadcasting System. They asked what Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick's lawyers advised him was a "calculated risk" that whatever action would follow. Some calculation.

Baseball now has thrown away whatever excuse it had to be exempted from the antitrust laws. That excuse, arrived at its pragmatic judicial shilling, was that the game was as much a sport as a business. The sale to CBS indicates that to baseball's owners themselves it is all business now.

The tragedy here is twofold. The Yankees, and with them virtual

control of the whole American League, pass into the hands of the entertainment business, the hands of people who are on record (TIME, Aug. 21) as seeing no difference between Mickey Mantle and Jackie Gleason. And the Yankees now belong to a vast corporation, not an individual, which naturally regards the acquisition as an investment and has no reason to have any feeling about the sport. The divestiture may seem subtle, but it is real. The Chicago Cubs, for instance, do not belong to Wrigley's Sons, but essentially to Mr. Philip Wrigley, a big-business man who is certainly not interested in losing money but who cares enough about baseball to sacrifice thousands of dollars every year because he thinks the game is best served by being played in the daytime.

The men now controlling the American League cannot be counted on to enhance the sport of baseball or protect its integrity. If there considerations come in the way of making a buck. Below follows the first full report of how the owners talked themselves into disaster.

by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

To most of the owners in the American League, the struggle over selling the Yankees to the Columbia Broadcasting System was as dramatic as fighting dandruff. They sat around a banjo-covered table last week, looking like people who got lost on the way to the *Queen for a Day* show—or *The Price Is Right*. But this meeting, which was to be as stylized as a fairground clambake and a good deal less muscular, turned into one of the most cynical and significant gatherings in baseball history. Before it was over, it was clear that:

- The New York Yankees came very close to losing approval of the sale to CBS.
- The Yankees had completed another sale—this one involving Lehman Brothers, the New York investment bankers—before the CBS deal.
- The league was ready to let blood and take muscle out of some of its firmest guards against corruption and scandal in order to get CBS into the family.

The abattoir was the Coronet Room of the genteel old Hotel Somerset in Boston. There, shortly after 11 a.m. on Wednesday of last week, Dan Topping, the sleek, bronzed co-owner of the Yankees, arose to deny reports that the CBS deal had been two years in the making. It was the other deal—the one involving Lehman Brothers—that had been two

years in the making. In fact, it was secretly completed on June 8, 1962 but never presented to the American League for approval. Topping and his partner, Del Webb, were awaiting approval from Washington of some of the tax angles. When 25 months passed without action by Washington, Lehman Brothers dropped out of the deal. On that day, July 17, 1964, Topping phoned William Paley, chairman of the board of CBS, and inquired whether he was interested in buying the Yankees. (Paley had made an earlier inquiry, but it was rejected because of the Lehman Brothers deal.) Paley was interested, Topping said, and the CBS deal developed.

At this point Arthur Allyn, owner of the Chicago White Sox, took the floor. Allyn is a direct, guileless man with a gray crew cut, smart eyebrows and a quasi-Roman nose. He had insisted on this meeting, and he had prepared for it in his red-covered notebook were 140 pages of documents, questions and facts. He had done everything from sending messengers by plane to Joe Cronin in Boston—to make sure that Cronin got his messages—to preparing six different press releases based on what might happen at the meeting. Now he spoke for 29 minutes in a language that was alien to his listeners—one sprinkled with words like "ideals" and "morals" and "the punctilio of honor." Just before sitting

down, he moved that the league seek independent counsel to explore the antitrust implications of the CBS acquisition of the Yankees. The man he had in mind: Dean Acheson, Secretary of State under President Truman and international troubleshooter for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, or S. Chesterfield Oppenheim, a distinguished professor at the University of Michigan and an expert in antitrust law who had headed a study of the subject for President Eisenhower.

It was five hours before this motion came to a vote. They were hours in which it began to appear—to the Yankees at least—that matters were not going quite as Topping and Webb desired. They were certain to win on this issue—that is, to defeat Allyn's motion—but the vote would be 7-3, and that indicated a significant defection from the solid pro-Yankee 8-2 lineup in the original poll to approve the sale. (Chicago and Kansas City had voted no.) The defecting team was Baltimore. In fact, Baltimore had already told Arthur Allyn that it would abstain in a roll-call vote on the sale of the Yankees to CBS. ("They offered it to me," said Allyn. "I didn't go out and seek any votes.")

The position of the Orioles was doubly significant. For one thing, Baltimore comes first in any American League roll call—it is taken alphabetically—and a shift by Baltimore might embolden other

(continued on page 107)



The victors: Yankee Owner Dan Topping, American League President Joe Cronin and CBS President Dr. Frank Stanton. The loser: baseball.

A LEG UP ON A GOOD HEART

From an international conference on cardiology comes word that walking—better still, jogging and running—not only strengthens young hearts but may help prevent attacks in older ones **by GEORGE CROZIER**



AMAZING THE EXPERTS, 63-year-old Dr. Crozier goes through hour-long calisthenics.

The star quarterbacks of the 1920s may not have had as rosy and green a future as the 1964 quarterbacks, with the pro scouts beckoning, but by and large they did very well for themselves. Mostly they went into business or finance. They gained little weight in the lean 1930s, but then they made good as executives and by the early 1950s they were dying off at an unnatural and alarming rate from heart attacks.

Today's quarterbacks need face no such attrition in their late 40s and their 50s, and neither need other young Americans, if they will heed the advice now offered with refreshing unanimity by experts in such varied fields as cardiology, physical education and rehabilitation. Exercise, it is now generally agreed, is good not only for the young, healthy heart, to keep it healthy as long as possible, but also for the not-so-young heart in a body growing flabby with fat—and even for the man who has already had a heart attack.

Obviously, different kinds of exercise in varying dosages are prescribed for those three main groups of people. But the consensus of the First International Conference on Preventive Cardiology, held at the University of Vermont late last month is that practically all forms of vigorous exercise, including the more active sports, are very good indeed for one's heart.

Almost 2,500 years ago the desirability of exercise seemed so obvious to Plato that he recommended gymnastics for oldsters. But they must have been the few idle rich. Exercise or the lack of it was not a widespread problem until the steam engine, the gasoline engine, electric appliances and countless other de-

vices were invented to keep civilized man from using his muscles. The telegraph and telephone conspired with rapid transit to add a new sense of time urgency to life's stresses.

Soon there developed an epidemic of "arterial degeneration," which has come to a climax in the current wave of deaths from heart attacks. Heart diseases now take a toll of nearly a million Americans every year—250,000 of whom die "prematurely," below age 65.

"In the worry and strain of modern life, arterial degeneration is not only very common but develops often at a relatively early age. For this I believe that the high pressure at which men live and the habit of working the machine to its maximum capacity are responsible," said Sir William Osler, the famed Canadian physician, in 1897. The experts who walked briskly (few of them rode) to the meetings on Vermont's maple-shaded campus in Burlington attach more importance than Osler did to excesses in eating and drinking—and especially smoking. But they believe that man's physical machine should be worked at something much closer to its maximum capacity than it frequently is today, while his mental and emotional equipment should not be pushed so hard.

In research on exercise and the heart most of the emphasis has up to now been on what physiologists think of as the plumbing, the big pump, which is the heart itself, and all those pipes, which are the arteries. The size of the heart has won a lot of attention. So has the condition of the arteries—whether their internal diameter, or bore, is reduced by atheromatous plaques of fatty material ("rust in the pipes"). Millions of

continued



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dollars are now being spent in nationwide and international studies to find out whether changes in the typically over-rich Western diet will lower the level of fats circulating in the blood; if so, whether these will reduce the numbers of those fatty plaques and, finally, whether the changes will help people to live longer without heart attacks.

The conferees in Burlington started where the plumbing-and-diet fraternity stops. They conceded the importance of a good pump and clean pipes—in fact, they took it for granted. But under the inspiration of Dr. Wilhelm Raab, Vermont's emeritus professor of experimental medicine, who planned and guided the conference, they insisted that plumbing and diet are only half the story. And perhaps not the more important half, at that.

Many things other than physical exercise make the heart beat faster. For a girl it may be the sight of a handsome lifeguard; for an investor, a coldly coded message on the tape, "IBM 435, off 14." Such things affect the heart through highly complex pathways. The light rays from the bronzed torso and the digital quotation are fed into that most versatile of computers, the human brain. There they are processed and set off a chain of reactions through the nervous system and the hormone-secreting glands. Finally, through the body's elaborate and exquisitely sensitive electrochemical servomechanisms, those signals reach the heart in a simple form: "Go faster." And the heart does. Dr. Raab and like-minded investigators, some on the Vermont campus and many in foreign countries, have found that the heart is able to deliver more blood, more efficiently, on demand, when it is "in training" than when it has been allowed to deteriorate by years of under-exercise. Dr. Hans Kraus, famous as co-originator of the Kraus-Weber physical fitness ratings, calls this underexercise "hypokinetic disease." Hypokinetic means slow-motion or, for a majority of today's sedentary workers, no-motion living. As Dr. Kraus and most of the other conference participants saw it, the problem has two heads: 1) the more civilized man becomes, the more he lets his muscles go flabby, to the point of actual atrophy, from simple disuse, and 2) the more civilized he becomes, the more he finds himself obliged to behave rationally and impassively—and

usually while remaining immobile—in stress situations that Stone Age man would have resolved simply and instinctively by fight or flight.

The athlete's heart is a trained heart, though it may differ little from that of millions of men living simple lives all around the world who stay in training by doing what comes naturally. It is, said Dr. Raab and others at the conference, the same size as anybody else's heart or only a trifle bigger. The athletic heart at rest beats more slowly than the average man's, at the rate of about 60 per minute. The slow beat is good because it leaves plenty of time for the right ventricle to fill with blood to be forced to the lungs, and for the left ventricle to force out a strong stream of oxygenated blood to the aorta.

This slow beat is also the most efficient, because the heart is then taking a minimum of blood for its own nourishment through its coronary arteries. And when the trained heart speeds up, as it must on demand for a burst of physical activity, it still accelerates more slowly than the "loafer's heart" and never attains as high a rate for the same work load.

The trained heart gets that way by being lodged in a youngster who stays highly active into the years when formal athletic training takes over. If this young man does not start smoking he will have little to worry about through his college years. Heart and arteries will remain almost completely healthy, though a few little fatty plaques may develop. Even the American diet, overrich in both fats and starches, will do him little detectable harm up to this point, because he will burn up the calories. The trouble for his heart begins after he takes a sedentary job. He is likely to become a steady smoker, and nicotine has a direct stimulating effect on the heart.

The maturing man spends more time on his rump and less on his feet. He stands in elevators instead of running upstairs—and exercise involving the legs is one of the most important factors in preserving heart health, according to bicycle fan Paul Dudley White. (The value of walking was dramatized recently by President Johnson—a recovered cardiac patient—when he walked 4½ miles around the White House grounds while underexercised newsmen—who called it a "death march"—dropped.) The maturing man is likely to accept

weekend golf as his only exercise, but it takes more vigorous action every two or three days to stay in trim. Worst of all, the maturing man is likely to go in for more and more very, very dry martinis and marbled steaks with French fries, and he will probably go right on eating sweet, creamy desserts that he loved as a Little Leaguer. The Burlington conference did not bother itself with the question of whether it is cholesterol in the blood, coming from animal fat, that is mainly responsible for coronary disease and early heart attacks or whether it is some other kind of fatty biochemical compound or something derived from starches. The diet-heart experts have not resolved those questions yet. And for present purposes precise answers are unimportant: too much food, most of it too rich, leads to overweight and a lot of other things that are bad enough for the "loafer's heart."

Then there is the matter of breathing. Professor Vincenzo Lapicicella of Florence, Italy asserted that a major cause of heart degeneration is the fact that civilized man has abandoned deep, abdominal or "diaphragmatic" breathing in favor of shallow chest breathing. Nobody else at the Vermont conference would go that far, but Dr. Thomas R. Dawber, reporting on a long-term study of heart disease in Framingham, Mass., did suggest that "vital capacity" seems to be an index of heart health. This vital capacity he defined as simply "the largest volume of air you can blow out after taking the deepest breath you can take." It takes no medical detective to see that a man slumped behind an office desk or the wheel of a car is doing little diaphragmatic breathing or anything else to maintain his vital capacity.

Advocates of exercise for the heart had been challenged to prove their case with two sets of matched subjects for comparison. Dr. Daniel Brunner of Tel Aviv University offered convincing proof obtained from the study of 5,300 men and 5,200 women in Israel's collective farm communities, or *kibbutzim*. These people are ethnically alike, and within each *kibbutz* they all eat food prepared in a single kitchen. There are no choice cuts for executives. The only differences among these people are in how much they choose to eat and the kind of work they do. The results are clear and strik-

continued

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ing, heart attacks are two to four times as common among the sedentary managerial and clerical workers as they are among the men and women (carefully matched by age groups) who go out and work in the fields.

Today's sedentary man also takes on a more and more "civilized" pattern of behavior that is foreign to his biological nature as it has evolved down through the ages. When primitive man made his choice between fight and flight, either would serve equally well to work off the adrenaline that his body had just mobilized, in response to signals from his mid-brain, as a stimulant for his heart. Civilized man must not display ferocity or fear, so he sits still and takes it. Until the Burlington conference there was no neatly assembled body of evidence to show that just "taking it" in frustrating situations, day after day, may do permanent damage to the heart. Most of the evidence came from laboratory experiments on a menagerie of animals, but it was significant.

If a cat's brain is electrically stimulated often enough to simulate the effects of stress and cause an outpouring of adrenaline, its heart will suffer damage resembling that from reduced blood flow in a man's heart. Some of the cats in this experiment, reported McGill University's Dr. Kenneth L. Melville, died from a clearly defined heart attack.

Dr. Marshall E. Groover Jr., noted for his earlier work with aging Air Force officers, had been puzzled by streaks of dead tissue in the heart muscles of Kenya baboons. Then it was realized that the heart damage was related to the date the animal was trapped. Being trapped subjected the savage simian to an emotional storm for which he had no outlet. Transfer from the trap to a handling cage brought another storm. This, said Dr. Groover, may be "related to the mechanisms in the young executive who is caught in an emotional trap and cannot balance his nervous system by physical activity such as running or fighting."

Modern stress seems to be increasingly damaging, suggested Western Australia's Dr. Salek Minc, because it is more likely to be rational and intellectual rather than emotional. He compared a doctor, called out in the middle of the night to see a patient, and a mother awakened at the same hour by the cry of a sick child. The doctor knows what he has to do, because it is his duty, but this is

a rational decision without emotional hacking. The mother, on the other hand, feels what she must do, and she does it unthinkingly. Her stress is greater, but when she responds in the only way possible she relieves it. The doctor's less severe stress has no such self-liquidating feature.

Underlying all of civilized man's problems in both keeping fit and reacting to the stresses that he has devised for himself is the fact that nature endowed him with two types of muscles and two types of nerves. In each case, one set is under voluntary, conscious control. A signal from the brain through the voluntary nervous system makes a voluntary muscle contract at will, whether to play a peggios on the piano or to pitch a ball. The involuntary or automatic ("autonomic" to medical men) nervous system sends signals, by instinctive or reflexive action, to many organs and hormone-producing glands. And it is the automatic nervous system, beyond conscious control, that regulates the heart, a muscle beyond conscious control, as are the muscle linings of the arteries. You cannot direct your heart to beat slower or faster. The intricacies of these automatic control systems are forbiddingly complex and their technicalities took up much of the time at the Burlington conference. But of down-to-earth, practical value is what the reports said can be done to avert, minimize or even to repair the damaging effects on the heart and arteries from neglect (meaning underexercise) and abuse (meaning exposure to unmanageable stress).

For the young the prescription is clear, and it was unanimous, keep on exercising steadily all through life, avoid overeating, don't smoke, and try to keep out of stress situations of the type that are only frustrating and cannot end in the satisfaction of a challenge met and something accomplished. This last sounds like the advice, "Don't worry!" but actually it is not quite so fatuous. Several of the authorities in Burlington reported that the healthy, well-exercised man is not only more apt to be outwardly placid but that his inward (and involuntary) system is capable of reacting to stress much more equably than can the man with the loafer's heart.

For those who have subjected their hearts to long years of underexercise ne-

glect, the prescription was also unrealistic: get back into training by a graduated program of exercise. Walking is not bad, it simply is not enough. The University of Illinois' Dr. Thomas K. Cureton laid down the maxim that for an exercise program to do the tricking male any good it must make him burn from 500 to 500 calories a day. Dr. Cureton scoffed at catchphrases such as "A few seconds a day of sometimes keeps unlitigins away." Isometric contraction got short shrift in Burlington, perhaps partly because its effects are concerned primarily with the voluntary muscles, and it does not provide a complete metabolic cycle even for these.) The days when men recovering from heart attacks were condemned to such utter inactivity that they soon died of inanition are gone, but most doctors have remained cautious, indeed about how much exercise they prescribe, and how soon. Dr. Herman K. Hellerstein of Western Reserve used to be as cautious and skeptical as any. Now he is an ardent advocate of the testing of more radical rehabilitates methods. What converted Dr. Hellerstein was the discovery that one of his patients was also enrolled in a "continuous movement" program, following the Cureton doctrine, at Cleveland's Central YMCA, and was suffering no ill effects. Dr. Hellerstein was so impressed by what he saw at the Y that he started a reconditioning program of his own at a Cleveland Jewish community center. Recovered patients who still have 50%, to 75%, of their coronary artery flow shut off can be restored to near-normal function, he has found. One man who had a massive heart attack is now swimming a quarter of a mile a day.

Dr. Hellerstein feels that the physical educator should derive as much satisfaction from getting a handicapped learner to perform at near-normal levels as he would from training a normal subject to perform at championship levels. "Thus, for the subnormal, is the same as being an Olympic champion," he declared. "The idea that athletic facilities are only for competitive sports and winning trophies should be modified. The use of these facilities should be extended for the general improvement of health, for the also-rans as well as the star performers."

The unquestioned star of the Burlington show was Dr. Cureton, Dr. Physical Fitness himself. At 63, he has gained

weight and ships but shows few other signs of aging. First he set forth his dogma: "The greatest need is to train the heart and breathing mechanisms by rhythmic endurance exercises done progressively longer and harder until the desired level of stamina is reached. The best to prohibit of advocating the overwork of American recreations, is more walking of the strenuous hiking or racing-walk type. Also the longer the jog for distance, and the interval training procedure carried out for half an hour to an hour each day, progressing from low to middle to high end."

Then Dr. Cureton demonstrated what he meant. He began, on his "warmup principle," with deep breathing to get more blood flowing. He walked, the old walking calisthenics, pumping and windmilling and swinging his arms, all the time breathing loudly, as he wants a vet'ser's breathing to be heard. Next he began jogging. He did loose kicks and shakes, and walking with stretching, and the heel-toe racing walk. Dr. Cureton was still warming up with the "old man's marathon piece" and had been going 17 minutes before the first drop of sweat appeared. Then, amazingly, he went on with running sidesteps, two-step kicks, knee-to-chest hops and through a whole calisthenic repertoire for a solid hour. Dr. Cureton left every spectator exhausted by his virtuosity.

For the average man, this would be no more possible than it is for the average woman to dance *The Dying Swan* with the ripples of a Plesetskaya. And every man has to be pretty much his own doctor (until he gets sick). He must prescribe his own exercises, with running, swimming, jog-trotting and bicycling most likely to be effective. Even doctors do not know enough about the interactions of exercise and the heart to be able to give sound advice, and most of them set bad examples themselves. Physical education teachers, too, need to know more about the workings of the heart.

The most hopeful note from the Vermont conference was that at last some of the old jealousies are breaking down. Physicians and physiologists, sportsmedicine specialists and physiotherapists, rehabilitation experts and psychologists, biochemists and nutritionists, are getting together to seek ways to check the plague of premature heart disease that has been sweeping the Western world for half a century. ■■■



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1964

A RUNNERS' YEAR

PAINTINGS BY FRANK MULLINS

In college football the loudest cheers are still reserved for the runners who can whirl through a crease of daylight and explode into a clear field. These are the men who provide the college game with moments of almost unbearable excitement, and in 1964 there will be a lot of them. It is appropriate, therefore, that such players should introduce the Sports Illustrated college football issue. Some of the best are shown in Frank Mullins' paintings on the following pages. Others are described in Dan Jenkins' season forecast (page 41), which includes the annual choice of the 11 Best Elevens. Scouting reports occupy more than 30 pages (46 to 77). And on page 78 Edwin Shrake presents a word picture of a football photographer, Jim Laughhead, that may well be worth 1,000 of the latter's photographs.

Illinois' Jim Grabowski is a relentless, pounding runner who strikes through the line, lunging and twisting for extra yardage.





When Gale Sayers runs, there are explosions. The Kansas senior



is a blur of shifting speeds—whirling, long-striding and always on balance.



... AND AUBURN RUNS THE MOST

BY DAN JENKINS

If there is a single constant in college football, it is change. Unlike the professional game, in which a team's characteristics vary only slightly from season to season, college football must be played in response to its talent. And the talent is never the same from year to year, and neither is the style of play. For millions of enthusiasts each fall, that is where the fascination lies. Last season, for instance, was remarkable for its wealth of first-rate quarterbacks—George Mira of Miami, Don Trull of Baylor, Roger Staubach of Navy, Bill Munson of Utah State, Pete Beathard of USC, George Bork of Northern Illinois, to name only a few. Staubach, the Heisman Trophy winner as a junior, is back for one more year of those harrowing escapes. Back, too, are some other sweet-throwing quarterbacks. But if 1963 was the year of the passer, 1964 will be the year of the runner.

Never before, according to a cluster of pro scouts, have so many truly superb runners been in action. The bulk of the leading ground-gainers in the nation from 1963 are returning—six of the top seven, 12 of the first 16, 14 of the best 21—and this does not include Johnny Roland of Missouri, who was seventh nationally in 1962 but who is poised to play a year ago. "Counting everyone—seniors, juniors, sophomores, eligible redshirts, knowns and unknowns," one scout says, "our reports show there are more than 50 first-rate runners in the country this year. And of that list there must be 20 who would star on any team at any time."

Led by Auburn's Jimmy Sidle (*see cover*), the 20 include four runners who made somebody's All-American last year: Sidle, Kansas' Gale Sayers, Oklahoma's

Jim Grisham and Iowa State's Tommy Vaughn. The others, not necessarily in order of ability, are: Sidle's teammate at Auburn, Tucker Frederickson; Roland; Mike Garrett of Southern California; Junior Coffey of Washington; Tom Nowatzke of Indiana; Larry Todd of Arizona State; Ernie Koy of Texas; Ken Willard of North Carolina; Mike Curtis of Duke; Kent McCloughan of Nebraska; Donny Anderson of Texas Tech; Jim Grabowski of Illinois; John Kuzniewski of Purdue; Hoyle Granger

Mazurek, Missouri's Gary Lane, LSU's Pat Soren, Illinois' Fred Custardo, Oklahoma's Mike Ringer and Ole Miss's Jim Weatherly. More like Navy's Staubach—the fine thrower who can run—are Alabama's Joe Namath, Oregon's Bob Berry and Rice's Walter McReynolds. Sadly enough for the pros, that leaves very few pure throwers in 1964, but three good ones are Tulsa's Jerry Rhone, California's Craig Morton and Northwestern's Tom Myers.

In a season spangled with so many fine running backs, logic dictates that the team with the most of them should finish as the country's best. Auburn is that team and this year heads the 11 Best Elevens selected by the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (*see box*). It has, first of all, that tremendous one-two punch of Sidle and Frederickson, who are not only tough, fast and experienced, but large. Sidle is 6 feet 3½ and 225, and Frederickson is 6 feet 2 and 225. With either blocking for the other and rumbling behind an equally big tall and experienced line, the forecast is for nothing but miles of yardage and a host of victories. Sidle figured in all but two of his team's touchdown drives last year. He is a player of extraordinary self-reliance, a trait impressed upon him as a practical way of life when he was still only a child. His father died on Guam in 1945 when he was 3, and he lost his mother when he was 11. One pro scout says of him, "He's only going to be another Paul Hornung, that's all. He's what you call a 20-yard runner with good moves, and his arm is better than anyone thinks. Besides, he's got mental guts."

Tucker Frederickson has, too, but he is something altogether different, if not altogether unreal.

THE 11 BEST ELEVEN

AUBURN	9-0-1
ILLINOIS	8-1
WASHINGTON	9-1
MISSISSIPPI	9-1
TEXAS	8-2
OKLAHOMA	8-2
ALABAMA	8-1-1
OHIO STATE	7-1-1
MISSOURI	8-2
SYRACUSE	8-2
KANSAS	7-2-1

of Mississippi State; Larry Dupree of Florida; and Bob Schweickert of Virginia Tech.

The inclusion of Sidle and Schweickert, both quarterbacks, exposes another interesting facet of the 1964 season. A majority of the most effective quarterbacks in the nation seem to be runners first, passers second. Sidle gained 1,006 yards rushing a year ago and was second in the country. Schweickert gained 839 yards and was sixth. Other important quarterbacks who will be looking first for an opening to run are Pitt's Fred

A deft opportunist, Mike Garrett of USC bewilders tacklers with his quick footwork, then turns on a burst of speed to bypass them.

Predicts Will Walls of the Pittsburgh Steelers: "He'd go in the first round of the NFL draft at five different positions—running back, fullback, tight end, cornerback or safety. He's the best blocker in the country, and the best safety. He can be something else as a runner with his size and speed."

Walls adds, "Auburn's got more potential pros than any team in the country. They've got two ends I like, two tackles, a punter, a center and a line-backer [Bill Cody] who's flat gonna kill some people someday."

With all of this, Auburn also has something of a surprise—if indeed a team coming off a 9-1 record deserves to have surprises—in the form of Halfback Gerald Gross, a 6-foot, 190-pound sprinter. Gross was injured in the first eight minutes of the first game last year as a sophomore and played no more. Now he is well. Gross has been so well, in fact, that Coach Ralph (Shug) Jordan might move Frederickson to fullback so that Gross at times can play the running back position. Auburn people

are guarded about Gross's ability because he has yet to prove what he can do, but others are already certain. Says Norm Carlson, Florida's publicity man, formerly of Auburn: "Gross is the best back to come out of Georgia [Carrollton] in 20 years. If he's well, he'll be the greatest thing the SEC has seen. In fact, when I think of the backfield Auburn could have, with Sidle as good as last year, with Frederickson running like he can and with Gross in top form—man! That's the best backfield in the history of football."

Even Shug Jordan admits that Auburn has a good team, something Jordan and other Southeastern Conference coaches do about as often as they run a double reverse pass off a spread formation. Jordan says, "We have experience, depth, speed, size, strength and as much potential as any team we've fielded."

One team Jordan fielded was the 1957 national champion. And that brings up the question of whether Auburn might be self-satisfied after last year. "Not

hardly," says a Dixie writer who knows Auburn—and Jordan—well. "Remember 1958, following the unbeaten team of a year before? Auburn was 9-0-1. You don't get fat playing for Shug. Besides, there's not much else for a boy to think about at Auburn except playing football."

In Shug Jordan (pronounced like sugar, a nickname tracing back to a childhood urge for sugar cane) Auburn has a coach who has been forced to prove under the most devilish circumstances that he is one of the best in the business. Jordan was hit with three harsh blows in the late 1950s—two NCAA probationations that were to last six years, and the arrival of Bear Bryant as the coach at Alabama. The combination all but destroyed Auburn's recruiting in its home state, but there were—and remain—excellent resources to call on. First, Auburn does not have to depend solely on Alabama for its athletes. Located 24 miles from Georgia and 150 miles from Florida, Auburn looms as the nearest major campus to both southeast Georgia and northwest Florida, each a deep reservoir of high school talent. On Auburn's roster this season there are, to be sure, 28 players from Alabama, but there also are nine from Georgia (including Gross, Punter Jon Kilgore and Tackle Jack Thornton) and seven from Florida (including Frederickson, Cody and Center Mike Alford).

The second resource is Jordan himself. A soft-voiced, contented man at 53, Shug is an old Auburn athlete with a lifetime contract, a philosophy of the game that embraces fundamental power and simplicity of execution, an experienced, loyal staff that puts every second of Auburn's brisk 90-minute workouts to expert use and that enviable ability to "get it out of the boy." His record for the past seven seasons is a glistening 55-12-3.

"I guess everybody has to go through a 'tower coaching period' in his career," says Jordan. "I had one of those platforms rigged up, but I got rid of it a year or so ago. Came back to earth. We believe in the bare essentials. You can't fool a team as good as you are. You either whip 'em or you don't. Therefore we like to use from six to 10 plays and perfect them. We don't cut



Texas Tech's Donny Anderson runs over and around tacklers, shocking some with power, faking others with speed.

ourselves alive in practice, either. It's unthinkable for us to lose a Saturday game in our Tuesday scrimmage."

As for the problems of recruiting, Alabama and the still-lingering effect of the marathon six-year probation, Jordan says, "Oh, we're holding our own now in Alabama. And we offer the rural boys from Georgia and Florida more of a home atmosphere than they can find anywhere else. The long probation cost us three bowl games and undoubtedly some athletes. But the worst thing it did was probably knock my two top assistants, Buck Bradberry and Hal Herring, out of head coaching opportunities. As for the Alabama game, it'll always be a good one."

For Auburn to be No. 1, it must survive some rugged Dixie opponents, not the least of which is Alabama, which it plays in a televised game on Thanksgiving. But even before that one, Sidle and Frederickson and friends must reckon with some top running backs from highly improved Kentucky (Rodger Bird) at Lexington, where it always has trouble, Georgia Tech (Gerry Bussell), Mississippi State (Hoyle Granger) and Florida (Larry Dupree). Alabama, which should be the nation's seventh-best team, plays some of the same teams, plus a new opponent, LSU. With Joe Labruzzo, Don Schwab and Pat Screen, LSU has its finest backs since Billy Cannon. Ole Miss, never without players, is a third SEC power rated among the 11 Best.

If any other conference in the nation looks as strong, it is the Big Eight, which has been gaining momentum steadily since a flood of enthusiastic young coaches started chasing Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson into politics about 1958. That was the year Missouri got Dan Devine, Kansas got Jack Mitchell and Iowa State got Clay Stapleton. They quickly transformed the Big Eight into something more than a basketball league. Missouri won the championship in 1960, Colorado in 1961 (under another new man, the now-departed Sonny Grandelius), and after Oklahoma reclaimed some honor in 1962 Nebraska, now headed by the immensely successful Bob Devaney, won last year.

The Big Eight is certainly anybody's league this year and any of four extremely strong teams—Oklahoma, Mis-



Jim Grisham, Oklahoma fullback, hits hard once and, with legs clanking, hits hard again on the same play. Consistency, size and durability made Grisham an All-America in 1963.

souri, Kansas and Nebraska—could win the conference title. One, in fact, should be fortunate enough to beat the other three (they all play each other), could shove Auburn out of the top position. Like Auburn, all are running teams. At Kansas are Sayers, the best breakaway back in the nation, and his halfback accomplice, Mike Johnson. Johnny Roland has blazing sophomore Charlie Brown and Gary Lane to help him at Missouri. Nebraska's Kent McCloughan will be helped by some of the best backs ever to come up from the freshman team. And Oklahoma has a whole stable of threats, headed by Jim Grisham, Larry Shields and Lance Rentzel, that could be the equal of Auburn's.

In the face of this powerful challenge from the Big Eight and the SEC—not to mention Illinois and Ohio State of the Big Ten and Washington and USC of the

West Coast's AAWU—chances of the University of Texas repeating as the national champion would seem hopelessly remote. Over the last 30 years only four teams have repeated: Oklahoma (with Tommy McDonald) in 1955-56, Notre Dame (with Johnny Lujack) in 1946-47, Army (with Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard) in 1944-45, and Minnesota (with Bruce Smith) in 1940-41.

Couch of the Year Darrell Royal lost heavily from his unbeaten Texas team but retains enough of his steady defensive men (all the ends, linebackers and secondary), plus the grandest collection of runners he has ever had, to warrant more than casual consideration. Texas surely will be one of the best again, though Royal may have to settle for an 8-2 record which, for the coach who has won more games than any other (44-5-1) over the last five seasons,

continued

must look something like a fatal disease.

One trouble with Texas, as with some others among the 11 Best, is the schedule. Royal believes that only a miracle can help him survive Army, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Rice on successive Saturdays, and he probably is right. But Texas represents more than a slight problem for Oklahoma (a senior team with a new coach, Gomer Jones), which could come apart with a Texas loss, and for Arkansas and Rice. In any normal year Rice, loaded with more able football players than Coach Jess Neely has had in 25 years, would be thinking in terms of the No. 1 spot itself. But the Owls open with equally loaded LSU and must, of course, play Texas and the rest of those disrespectful Southwest Conference kin.

The schedule poses a curious problem for Washington, too. It is *always* one of the severest defensive teams against a

normal attack, but there is little normal about the gaudy offenses of Baylor, Oregon, California and USC—four teams that believe in all-out bombardment. The other Rose Bowl team, Illinois, comes closer to matching Auburn's muscles than any other, but Illinois is not eligible for Pasadena under Big Ten rules this time, and the resulting morale factor for Coach Pete Elhoff will be a hard one to control. Ohio State, on the other hand, is sitting perfect. It is time for Woody Hayes to have another top team. The pressure is off, and the material is there.

It is time, too, for another ex-power to rebound, this one from the East—Syracuse. There are more running backs at Syracuse than there are letters in Coach Ben Schwartzwalder's name and, aside from an early meeting with Kansas, the schedule is hardly ferocious. Navy again has the talent for a 9-1 year but a

schedule that could send it all the way to 2-8. Along with Rice, LSU, Michigan, Duke, Arkansas and Southern California, however, Navy has excellent reasons for believing that by the season's end it will prove the 11 Best list was riddled with glaring omissions.

Meanwhile, in addition to Jones at Oklahoma, there will be new coaches to observe at famous old institutions, chief among them Ara Parseghian at Notre Dame, Ray Wilsey at California, Vince Dooley at Georgia, Doug Dickey at Tennessee and Alex Agase at Northwestern.

No one knows what ingenious things these and other coaches could produce if they were given the same set of football rules to work with two years in succession, but this season, as in so many recent ones, there are changes.

The major change is, in effect, unlimited substitution, which means that once again there will be specialists—linebackers, safeties, kickers, passers and perhaps even runners. The rule will allow limitless subs on the field when the clock is stopped, and it will allow two free subs to enter the game even when the clock is running. Coaches, therefore, will have no trouble inserting their specialists who cannot handle two-way jobs. Many are planning to use three teams—a two-way unit, a defensive unit and an offensive unit (as Coach Paul Dietzel made famous at LSU)—and some, like USC's John McKay, are considering trying to overwhelm opponents with as many as four teams, two of which would be capable of playing both ways if need be.

It is obvious that the new rule is going to be anything but an equalizer. The rich, meaning those teams well stocked with athletes, will get richer, for the rule will allow them to make use of the material, both specialized and all-round. Those teams that can summon 11 good players and that, under past rules, could have played pretty evenly with a deeper opponent whose depth could not be gotten into the game, are bound to be "outmaterialized" more than ever. What it all indicates is that the teams with the most and best athletes—and that includes all the 11 Best Eleven—will still be the winners, but probably by larger scores.



North Carolina's Ken Willard is a slasher who compensates for a lack of real speed by crashing defenders with a high-kneed style that gives him good balance and extra power.

Martin's spent
8 years getting ready
for tonight.

Isn't it time you enjoyed it?



Scouting Reports: The South



EAGLE OVER ALL

THE TRADITION

Auburn may be the "loveliest village of the plains," as Oliver Goldsmith wrote, but on Saturdays in southeast Alabama after the War Eagles have won another football game it becomes the rowdiest, especially in that part of the village known as Toomer's Corner. Toomer's Corner is not just where the drugstore is, and has been since the turn of the century. It is, after a victory, where the students are, building a fire in the street, painting automobiles orange and blue (the Auburn colors), turning the automobiles around, and then painting the small buildings on the corner, including Toomer's Drug Store. "It's washable paint," explains Auburn Publicity Man Bill Beckwith. "The merchants expect their buildings to be painted, and they always have them clean and ready." Some owners are not exactly overpleased to find their cars painted in gaudy new tones, and buses have been known to drive miles out of the way to avoid Toomer's Corner after an Auburn victory.

Avoiding Toomer's Corner, or Auburn, for that matter, is not that much of a much, for there is, in this day of giant universities, comparatively little of Auburn. The university, as distinguished from the town, has an enrollment of 9,844, of whom 2,848 are girls and 9,844 are enthusiastic football followers. Auburn, in fact, has the largest student following of any Southeastern Conference school—two thirds of the students by actual count who faithfully attend all the games, at home and away. And each one is a true-tempered War Eagle. The origin of that nickname goes back to Auburn's first football game in 1892 against Georgia which, incidentally, was also the first collegiate game played in the South. According to the preposterous story, three Auburn students went to a war (presumably the Civil War), and only one returned—wounded and with an eagle he had picked up on the battlefield. He took the eagle to that first game and, as Auburn won 10-0, the eagle made several warlike flaps—which even Auburn's staunchest followers must admit is pretty

good for a 27-year-old eagle. Auburn's impassioned roosters have been flapping and yelling "War-r-r Eagle!" ever since.

For today's Auburn students, most of whom find themselves in classrooms of engineering, science, literature and agriculture (doctors and lawyers go to Alabama), giving the War Eagle and hying down to Toomer's Corner to paint cars are the major diversions outside of study. They can drink coffee ("We're the biggest coffee-drinking school in the South," says Beckwith) in the Student Union, eat turnups at The Grill, get a 15¢ hamburger at the Hungry Boy, swim or have a cookout at Chewacla Park four miles away, drive three miles out on the Notasulga highway to the nearest beer at The Plainsmen or get "dressed up" and drive seven miles to The Town House in Opelika, Ala. for an elegant dinner.

From about that distance, Auburn's smokestacks and unfettered campus buildings conjure up the impression of a factory set in the midst of an Alabama plain. But within the shaded boundaries of the town, inhabited by 18,000 nonstu-

dent residents, there are rows of fraternity houses (sorority girls live in the dormitories), some fine old southern homes and five new motels.

The campus was given the unromantic name of East Alabama Male College in 1856, 20 years after Judge John J. Harper and his son, Tom, settled the town which got its name from Tom's fiancée Lizzie Taylor. She named it for the "Sweet Auburn" of Goldsmith's poem. In 1899 the school took on the still unromantic title of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, and it was not until 1960 that the name of the town and the university officially became one. This was just another facet of the improvement Auburn has enjoyed under retiring President Dr. Ralph B. Draughon, who strove mightily to enlarge the university and enhance its image. Since the 1940s, he has been the most popular figure on the campus—next to a game-winning quarterback.

At quiet, isolated, intimate Auburn, athletes are familiar faces and campus leaders. Inheritors of lusty traditions dating back to cherished victories over the Carlisle Indians (1914) and Centre College (1922)—traditions that bring up names like Coach Mike Donahue, John (Barleycorn) Shirey, Ed (Shine) Shirling, C. C. (Fats) Warren and, soon to be added, Jimmy Sidle.

For although Auburn is first a college, and a college town, it is, in its atmosphere and its interests, more like Green Bay, Wis., the home of the Packers, than almost any other campus town in the U.S. "I would say," admits Beckwith, "that the fortunes of our football team is the most important thing at Auburn."

THE BEST

It was precisely in the AUBURN spirit that late one evening during the Masters golf tournament in Augusta, Ga. last spring, a revelling Southerner leaned out from a hotel window and shouted to no one in particular, "War-r-r-r Eagle!" Seconds later, from a different floor in the same hotel, another Southerner's head came out of a window and he, as if answering a mating call, shouted, "Ro-o-ld! Tide, Roll!" They were, of course, Auburn and Alabama football enthusiasts, the kind who never allow the season to

end. Such is the institution of college football in the Deep South.

There will be another evening, November 25 in Birmingham, Ala., when it will be quite impossible on the streets, or in the hotel corridors, to hear anything but those full-throated cries of "War Eagle!" and "Roll, Tide." That will be the night before Auburn plays Alabama in a nationally televised game that could settle the Southeastern Conference championship, the Sugar Bowl bid and, just possibly, the national championship. Auburn is that good. Alabama is almost that good.

Some of the virtues of the War Eagles are embodied in Quarterback Jimmy Sidle and Halfback Tucker Fredrickson, but not all of them. Coach Ralph (Shug) Jordan has quality, depth, size and speed in a first-team line that is tall, quick and aggressive and features his best tackle pair ever in Jack Thornton and Bobby Walton. The senior ends, Bucky Wald and Mike Helms, plus their stand-ins, are good enough to keep Scotty Long, a 6-foot-3, 200-pound sophomore—Auburn's best end prospect since Jim Phillips—fidgeting on the bench. Strictly a power team a year ago, Auburn expanded its offense in the spring. Sidle's passing improved, and Jordan gave his quarterback some maneuvers to get outside.

Defensively, the leading SEC teams are almost always among the best in the nation. Auburn this year is no exception. Fredrickson leads the defensive secondary (he was considered the conference's best defensive back and blocker by sportswriters last season), and the defensive line glimmers with a furious junior, Linebacker Bill Cody—"Our next All-American," the Auburnians claim.

All of the War Eagles may have to be All-Americans to handle ALABAMA again. (Auburn won 10-8 a year ago.) Joe Namath is back in the good graces of Alabama Coach Bear Bryant after being suspended from the team late in 1963 for some invidious histro humping. Quarterback Namath, a 6-foot-2, 194-pound senior from Beaver Falls, Pa., is not only the most talented passer-runner Bryant has coached since he had Babe Parilli back at Kentucky, he is the darling of pro scouts. "Namath comes closer than any other quarterback in the country to being the college boy who could step

right in now and play with the pros," says John Breen, director of personnel of the Houston Oilers. So many other scouts agree that Namath is quite likely to be the first quarterback to go in both the NFL and AFL drafts.

For help, Namath has a fine quarterback mate in Steve Sloan, who sparked the 12-7 Sugar Bowl victory over Ole Miss, and a clutch of runners—Ray Ogden, Steve Bowman, Hudson Harris, Larry Wall and sophomore Wayne Trimble (see box, page 48). Bear Bryant also promises that Alabama will play defense as only Alabama can, and as Alabama did not in 1963 when seven teams scored in double digits. The line is young and it is not big, but it will be alert and aggressive, and on Namath's hot Saturdays, Alabama will be a superb team.

While Alabama and Auburn struggle to arrive unbeaten for their epic game in the upper half of the seven-state SEC, the persistent giant of the bayou, Mississippi, will glide blithely through its usual soft—except for Memphis State and LSU—schedule with its usual unsoft team.

Mississippi Coach Johnny Vaught is a rare one in his ground-laden, defensive-conscious conference. He is first an optimist, contending this year, for example, that Ole Miss can win them all, and he is secondly devoted to wide-open offense. Ole Miss believes in the forward pass as a necessary weapon in its quarterback-fulback offense as strongly as it believes in a swarming defense that permitted no touchdowns on the ground last season. Quarterback Jim Weatherly, the inheritor of a position that has glittered with such names as Charley Conerly, Eagle Day, Ray Brown, Jake Gibbs, Glynn Griffing and (last year) Perry Lee Dunn, appears to be the perfect combination. Weatherly, who sang and played the guitar in a Biloxi nightclub during the summer, was a typical Vaught operator last year, although he shared time with Dunn. As called for, Weatherly ran (202 yards, four touchdowns) or passed (676 yards, seven touchdowns). With the job all to himself this year, Vaught expects even more of Weatherly.

But Vaught expects a lot from everyone. He has the fastest backs within his memory and, he says, "There are three boys in the line who have the potential

continued

The South *continued*

to be All-America." Vaught thereupon points to End Allen Brown (6 feet 4, 225), Guard Stan Hindman (6 feet 3, 225) and Tackle James Harvey (6 feet 5, 240).

Ole Miss could finish with an 8-2 record and a bowl bid almost without lifting a hand, and for that 10-0 perfect record the Rebels need only to be at their best against Memphis State, a brooding, talent-loaded independent, in the opening game this Saturday and later against LSU in Baton Rouge.

The LSU game is one that Ole Miss now seems to know how to win. The Rebels have two in a row to their credit after a series of truly close and (it must have seemed to them) incredible defeats. But LSU, nagged by injuries a year ago, could have its most explosive team since the national championship of 1958. The backfield is rich in speed with Pat Screen at quarterback, Joe Labruzzo at halfback and Don Schwab at fullback, exciting runners all. And there is a sophomore with the melodic name of Gawan DiBetta of whom nothing short of greatness is expected. Up front, there are two Cajun stalwarts who could play for anybody, Guard Remi Prudhomme (6 feet 3, 236) and Linebacker Ruffin Rodrigue, to go along with LSU's dependable nest of top Louisiana recruits. In all, LSU has 25 lettermen, its wounds hopefully mended and that imposing speed. But it also has a killer schedule that includes Rice, Florida, North Carolina, Ole Miss and Alabama.

A team with what is virtually a one-game schedule in relation to its talent is MEMPHIS STATE, Coach Spook Murphy's fast-growing football factory that has become the best southern independent. The one game is, of course, with Ole Miss, which State managed to tie (0-0) last year while limiting Ole Miss's rushing game to a mere 59 yards. Memphis State is a team that delights the pros, primarily because of Tackle Harry Schuh (6 feet 3, 275), and End Chuck Brooks (6 feet 5, 230), and a lot of other athletes who have migrated there from a total of 13 different states, including Illinois (nine players), New Jersey (eight players) and Pennsylvania (seven players). It is a huge, ragged, rowdy squad, and one that last season claimed the championship of Mississippi because of that tie with the Rebels and victories over Mississippi State (17-10) and South-

ern Mississippi (28-7). This time Memphis State plays Southern Mississippi twice, a curious schedule quirk resulting from the fact that no team particularly wants to play Memphis State.

Just as big a surprise last year was MISSISSIPPI STATE in the SEC. The Maroons' record (7-2-2) earned Coach Paul Davis the Coach of the Year honor in the conference. No team in the land closed against a stronger group of opponents, or closed as well. Mississippi State barely lost to Alabama (20-19), then upset Auburn (13-10) and LSU (7-6) and tied Ole Miss (10-10). State has lost several players who were most responsible for that surprising season, and it has lost the surprise element that caught the others unaware. But Davis has plenty of material and, as one State-fearing coach puts it, "They'll still be hungry."

The hungriest Maroons are Fullback Hoyle Granger (6 feet 1, 214), a strong runner, Center-Linebacker Pat Watson (6 feet, 207), Guard Justin Canale (6 feet 2, 222), who is also an expert placement kicker, and Tackle Tommy Neville (6 feet 3, 216), considered by some the best tackle in the SEC. State really has just four problems: Alabama, Auburn, LSU and Ole Miss.

Two teams with less severe schedule problems are DUKE and NORTH CAROLINA. The Atlantic Coast Conference is not particularly strong, but Duke and North Carolina are, and the conference should be theirs to do with as they please in 1964. Outside the conference Duke must play Navy, Army and Georgia Tech, and North Carolina faces Michigan State and LSU, but these ACC teams are capable of doing well enough against them all and should come down to their own decisive November 21 game without too many scars.

Duke Coach Bill Murray, who will still use a Lonesome End offense, has a quarterback, Scotty Glacken, a fullback, Mike Curtis, a halfback, Bill Bracy, and an end, Chuck Drulis, that he would not trade to anyone. Last year's Duke team was injury-prone, but its 5-4-1 record is deceiving, for two losses, to Navy and North Carolina, were last-minute tragedies and a tie with California was a definite upset. "And we should be much better," says Murray.

That being the case, North Carolina is fortunate in returning its finest stable

of prospects in years from a co-championship (with North Carolina State) squad. The Tar Heel leaders in a similar pro spread formation will be Halfback Ken Willard (6 feet 2, 220), who led the conference in rushing, caught 19 passes and scored 44 points, Quarterback Gary Black, who has speed and an arm that hit 59°, Fullback Eddie Kesler, who broke his nose twice last year but did not stop running, and End Frank Gallagher (6 feet 2, 225), who has been immovable on defense.

A close neighbor of the ACC is the Southern Conference, and the most distinguishing thing about it is the presence of Quarterback Bob Schweickert at VIRGINIA TECH. Schweickert (6 feet 1, 191) does more things—and does them well—than any player in the country. A year ago this master of the sprint-out, run-pass option ran for 839 yards and passed for 687 more. In between, Schweickert punted for a 39.1-yard average, returned punts and blocked. Throughout this sector it was felt, especially by Virginia Tech Coach Jerry Claiborne, that Schweickert was more valuable to his team than was Roger Staubach to Navy. If he is that valuable again, Virginia Tech should have little trouble repeating as the Southern Conference champion.

Unable to compete for any championship is GEORGIA TECH, no longer a member of the SEC. Tech's withdrawal was pushed by Coach Bobby Dodd, who had



several reasons—a conference rule limiting scholarships, and Bear Bryant, a mortal enemy, to name a couple. Tech now hopes to become as important an independent in the South as Notre Dame is in the Midwest—in other words, a national team. Tech's schedule will, Dodd insists, always include natural rivals such as Georgia, Auburn and Tennessee, but the future will also discover Tech playing the likes of Army, Notre Dame and USC. Pro football's certainty of entering Atlanta worries Dodd, and he wants an attractive schedule to compete with it. He also feels strongly that Tech no longer could live peacefully with certain SEC members academically.

In a football way, several SEC teams have found it hard to live with Tech, and it is fortunate for some that Dodd is out of the conference. He is delighted with 27 lettermen, his best sophomore crop in years, unusual team speed and two terrific centers and linebackers in Bill Curry and Dave Simmons, who must share time. There is also a flock of top runners, the best of which are Gerry Buxell, Johnny Gresham, Terry Hadlock and Jeff Davis, as appropriate a southern name as ever there was. Billy Lohridge, the do-it-all quarterback, is gone, and in a unique sense Dodd is relieved. "At least," he says of replacements Jerry Priestly and Bruce Fisher, "we will not be so dependent on one man this season."

FLORIDA STATE might be. This other excellent southern independent has 27 lettermen and is, like Memphis State, fully capable of jarring the bigger name teams. But Coach Bill Peterson's prototype offense is geared to Quarterback Steve Tensi, a line thrower. If Tensi throws accurately, Florida State will win often enough to deserve its rank in the higher society of the South.

THE REST

Those huffing and puffing sounds heard in The Sports Center this winter came from KENTUCKY players tugging at isometric bars, an admirable way for football players to prepare for a Southeastern Conference season. But also disastrous. Someone from the NCAA heard the heavy breathing, and now the Wildcats are ineligible for a postseason bowl game. Not that Kentucky would have won enough games to play in a bowl anyway, but the ban makes a meaningless slogan of Coach Charlie Brundshaw's snappy "10 or More in '64" hanging on his office wall. Even so, Kentucky seems capable of causing a lot of mischief in the South. Both Auburn and LSU must face the Wildcats at home, and that is never fun. It will be less so with the likes of Halfback Rodger Bird and Quarterback Rick Norton operating behind a strong though young line. Norton

was the second best passer in the SEC last year.

Six of the first seven teams that FLORIDA must play went to some bowl or other last season and, after that, moans Coach Ray Graves, "We get to meet the three that really hate us" (Georgia, Florida State and Miami). If the Gators survive their awesome schedule with more wins than losses (which does not seem likely), it will be because no one could stop Larry Dupree, shooting for All-SEC selection at fullback for the third straight time, and because Graves was able to find young talent for an inexperienced secondary.

Next to browsing through the Ilah Dunlap Little Memorial Library, GEORGIA's studious new coach, Vince Dooley, would as soon contemplate his starting tackles, Ray Rossmiller (6 feet 4, 235) and the 250-pound Jim Wilson. If the opposition is going to run against Georgia, they had better do it elsewhere. And when it comes time for Georgia to move the ball, there's Pat Hodgson to catch passes (he led all SEC ends in that department last year). If Lynn Hughes, a wisp of a quarterback (169 pounds) and a sophomore to boot, can manage the passing, Georgia will be troublesome if not overwhelming.

It had to happen, of course, but it was still a sad day when TENNESSEE decided to abandon its lovable old single wing for the T formation. What will

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A sophomore of many talents

Alabama's idea of the perfect football player is one who runs like Johnny Mack Brown, passes like Harry Gilmer, catches like Don Hutson and is the size of—well, of Wayne Trimble, who is 6 feet 3, 195, and tough. Trimble is, according to one Southeastern Conference coach who tried and failed to recruit him, "the best sophomore in the league." He is so good, in fact, that Alabama Coach Bear Bryant is going to find it impossible after a game or two to keep Trimble out of the starting backfield—somewhere Trimble,

playing quarterback, passed for 16 touchdowns his senior year at Cullman, Ala., was a high school All-America and led his team to the state championship. But this year he will probably be a halfback. Why? Because Alabama has Joe Namath and Sugar Bowl star Steve Sloan ahead of him. His time to quarterback will come when they depart. "Wayne has tremendous potential," says Bryant, "but he's inexperienced and will have to prove himself." Trimble, who also water-skis, plays golf and was a basketball and track star

at Cullman, was the standout of Alabama's spring-training game, catching—not throwing—four passes.

The Southeastern Conference is well stocked with other promising sophomores. Runners Giles Smith of Georgia Tech and Gawan DiBetta of LSU among them, and with solid linemen, such as Auburn's end, Scotty Long. The Atlantic Coast Conference is agog over two ponderous prospects at Virginia—End Don Parker (6 feet 3, 290) and Guard John Naponick (6 feet 10, 290). Parker, the

son of a wealthy food broker from Hawaii, is unique in that he recruited himself—sending return postage-paid film clips to Virginia in the hope of obtaining a scholarship. He then held himself out for a year, playing every position except quarterback on Virginia's cannon-fodder squad to determine his best position. It turned out to be tight end, and Parker should become the best Virginia has had. But the South's Sophomore of the Year—hands down—should be Halfback Wayne Trimble of Alabama.

The South *continued*

be sadder still will be watching Tennessee on offense, where several tailbacks turned quarterbacks have shown a tendency to be utterly bewildered by events back of center. As usual, the Vols will be tough to budge in the line, especially Steve DeLong, a 235-pound guard who was superb as a junior and will be better as a senior. But if Tennessee gives up so much as a touchdown—that's trouble.

VANDERBILT won exactly one game last year, so Coach Jack Green has decided to complicate the offense, simplify the defense and pray for a few miracles in between. The men counted on to put the mystery in the offense are Quarterbacks Dave Waller and sophomore Bob Kerr. Tackles Gary Hart and Joe Graham are considered good. With less stunting and jiggerbugging to cope with, they should improve the simplified defense. Alas, there is so much to improve—three wins will make it a big year for the Commodores. TULANE won exactly one game last year and lost to bitter rival LSU for the 15th straight time. So what does Coach Tommy O'Boyle do? He gets up in front of the Tulane alumni and growls: "To hell with LSU. Do you hear me up there in Baton Rouge? To hell with LSU!" Captain and Center Jim Besselman and Quarterback Dave East will have to carry a score of sophomores against Texas, Alabama, Duke, Mississippi State, Ole Miss and Georgia Tech for openers. If the Green Wave is more than a ripple after that, to hell with LSU indeed.

The administration and alumni may smile indulgently for four years, but by the fifth year the rebuilding team had better be rebuilt or everyone stops smiling. This is Bill Flay's fifth year at Virginia and, by George, he has done it. There are swift halfbacks, a huge, agile line, depth at every position, and the sophomores have not been so promising since Navy was a pup and Carroll's Tea Room was still holding international duck races every Sunday afternoon. When you talk about big, strong linemen, for instance, presumably you mean the remarkable sophomores, John Napomok, who is 6 feet 10 and weighs 290, or Don Parker, who reports in at 250 and is so good at so many positions the coaches get jittery trying to place him to best effect. No matter, both have

to be good to budge 235-pound junior Tackle Bob Kowalkowski, possibly the best in the ACC. Nor is Virginia short in the backfield, where fine things are expected of another sophomore, Carroll Jarvis. He could help carry the young Wahoons to within a game of the ACC championship.

SOUTH CAROLINA lost eight games last year, but ask anyone who played them—the Gamecocks weren't all that bad. Five losses were by a touchdown or less. Coach Marvin Bass has 24 lettermen back, and the one who terrifies and delights him the most is Dan Reeves, the ACC's most accomplished quarterback. Reeves has just one weakness. He gets hurt. He is healthy now, and he has an all-senior backfield to work with. Bass also has a line with Tackle Steve Cox (6 feet 4, 250), for one, in it. The line is good enough to make the Gamecocks quite capable of winning six more games than last year.

"We have the best school, the best faculty, the best coaching staff and the best administration in the United States," Frank Howard told the Clemson alumni last winter, and you know what that kind of talk means. Big trouble. Not so long ago Clemson had some of the best football teams, too, but this year it is mostly Fullback Pat Crain. He is one of the best, but the huge line and big, fast backs that Howard used to send out each Saturday are playing on someone else's team this season. Clemson came on strong last year, winning its last five games, and may go right on winning until game three (Georgia Tech) this year. At that point the schedule gets serious, and another 5-4-1 season is asking a lot.

No one toots louder for a talented player than MARYLAND's Tommy Nugent, and this year the loudest toots go to Kenny Ambrusko, who used to be a halfback but is now one of those quarterbacks who scorn such routine matters as first downs. The only thing that really interests this senior is touchdowns, and he will invent all kinds of ways of getting them. Once he flipped a two-handed basketball pass to a teammate in the end zone. Throwing the regular way, Ambrusko can also wind up for 50-yarders, usually to Darryl Hill, a little (160) whippet of a halfback. These two will provide the Terrapins with an

exciting if not exactly winning season.

Most of the players that made NORTH CAROLINA STATE three-deep and the co-champions of the ACC last year are gone. Thus Coach Earle Edwards starts from near the bottom again, making do with the 13 lettermen he does have. Most of the players with blood on their jerseys are in the line, where State is quite respectable. Tackles Steve Parker (240) and Glenn Sasser (220) have speed to go with all that heft, and Leland Huges is only a sophomore, but there are 240 pounds of him and he means depth. Ray Barlow, who would just as soon run headlong into a locomotive as not, is one of the better defensive ends in the conference. The entire backfield, however, is either untired or ununsprung, and that is where the Wolfpack will get hurt.

But no matter how bad things are at State, it has got to be all laughs compared to the gloom at WAKE FOREST. Bill Tate spent all spring trying to cheer up the downhearted by pooh-poohing the past: "We've forgotten all that," he said, and, because Tate is new this year, perhaps he can carry it off. But "all that," for those who have been around awhile, meant 19 losses in the last two years, and it is hard to get rid of the notion that very few winning football players are around this year either. Tate does have a good fullback in Brian Piccolo, and the ends, John Grimes and Dick Cameron, could play almost anywhere. But without breaks, Tate could be in on the start of a new era that will be as worthy of forgetting as the last.

There is a new bully in the Southern Conference (Virginia Tech), and WISCONSIN doesn't like it one bit. It likes Tech about as much as its miners admire oil. Unfortunately, there is absolutely nothing the Mountaineers can do about the Virginians this year except take out their hurt on the rest of the conference. That Coach Gene Corum and Company are equipped to do. Particularly effective will be Fullback Dick Leffridge, who can use his 222 pounds with great effect when he feels like it.

In the gloaming world of also-rans in the Southern Conference, RICHMOND has a 225-pound quarterback in Ronnie Smith, whom the pros (Chargers and Rams) have already put on their list, and Ends John Hulston and Pete Emelanchuk

for Smith to throw to. But Coach Ed Merrick must feel like a man who has had his navel removed. Both starting tackles, the first four guards and all of the letter-winning centers from last year's team are graduated. Yet Coach John McKenna is crying woe, but he has one of the best ends in the conference in Joe Bush and, as usual, very small but very fast halfbacks. Georgia Washington is on the way up, with Tailback Gary Lyle giving the Colonials breakaway speed. Graduation hit Furman hard, but Fullback Ernie Zuberer hurts when he hits, and he is back. The most the Citadel can hope for is a surprise. Center Frank Murphy is the best in an improving line. Davidson, which lost all but one game last year—and then its whole first string—should be able to complete its season. That, actually, is asking quite a lot. EAST CAROLINA joins the Southern Conference

with a single-wing offense, a fine record (9-1) and Tailback Bill Cline, a runner, passer and kicker who was worth 90.8 yards a game last year. None of its games count in the conference standings this year.

There is no reason why Miami cannot lose just as often as it did last year, but this time around losing will be just half as much fun. George Mira, who used to entertain a football crowd as thoroughly as anyone ever could, is gone. His graduation drove Andy Gustafson into retirement. Now Charlie Tate, who used to wow 'em with his Miami senior high teams, takes on the job. Hopefully that Halfback Russell Smith can stay in one piece. If the 195-pound junior does, he and Fullback Pete Banaszak will give Miami a running game of some quality.

Larry Ecuver is the only regular returning in the SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI

line and, while the 210-pound center is good, he will be flanked by teammates who must learn their trade against such teams as Memphis State, Mississippi State, Auburn and (hello again) Memphis State. LOUISIANA, starting its second season as a full-fledged member of the Missouri Valley Conference, has eight starters back, including Quarterback Tom LaFramboise, who can throw a pass (he was seventh in the nation last year), and Doug Buffone, a 220-pound tackle. Five or six wins are not out of reach this year. CHATTANOOGA will impress a lot of people for a few minutes of every game, but when the all-letterman first string runs out of gas—trouble. Perhaps Quarterback Ron Eisman will be able to keep the untested players moving, but that is asking a lot against teams like Tennessee, Auburn and Southern Mississippi.

TURN PAGE FOR WEST SCOUTING REPORTS

MASSIVE OLE MISS END ALLEN BROWN (80) CRASHES INTO THE ALABAMA BACKFIELD IN AN ATTEMPT TO BLOCK A FIELD-GOAL KICK



A HUSKY REIGN



THE TRADITION

A University of Washington man is a man for only one season—the monsoon season. His entire collegiate life is geared to rain. The song most often heard at the 5 o'clock chimes concert is *Singing in the Rain*. Washington is the only university offering an undergraduate degree in oceanography. The campus centerpiece is a large, splashy fountain (above). The men's "spirit group" is ironically titled the Sun Dodgers. And the best-observed campus tradition decrees that students becoming engaged or pinned be rotated out of bed during sound sleep and heaved into Frosh Pond.

Until a year ago, Frosh Pond was also used for a mammoth freshman-sophomore tug-of-war with the rope stretched across the pond. That tradition admirably epitomized Washington: it was big, it was muscular and it was wet.

Washington is enormous. Ninety buildings spread out over 640 acres in an architectural smorgasbord of French renaissance, Gothic, Neo-Gothic and contemporary enclose 23,000 students, 3,500 faculty and 4,500 staff. That makes

the university the second largest employer in the state and gives it a population larger than all but 11 Washington cities, not counting 5,000 additional fully credited night-class Huskies.

Nor is the nickname "Huskies" a misnomer. The ultimate status symbol at Washington is a gash across the bridge of the nose, like the gashes Coach Jim Owens' football players have. A secondary symbol, incidentally, is a T shirt indelibly stained by the athletic department laundry mark. Fraternity types who balk at self-mutilation have been known to buy their own ink and stain their own T shirts.

This toughness cult may date to early Washington Coach Gilmour Dobie, who won 58 games, lost zero, tied three and acquired innumerable enemies doing so. Prominent Seattle citizens, among them the mayor, actually used to line Denny Field and throw rocks at the impervious Dobie. Later cult adherents made their teams run everywhere they went (even to brush their teeth in the morning) and sleep outdoors in winter.

Dobie's ranting perfectionism produced a novel cluster of stars: line-bat-

tering Halfback Melville Muckletstone, the Waukesha Welshman; eight-time letterman Quarterback "Wee" Coyle; and "Mother" Hunt, virtually the only player to receive a Dobie compliment. "Hunt," said the sour Scot in a flash of unwonted affection, "I wouldn't take you out if both your legs were broken." Even when the master martinet was fired in 1916 because President Henry Suzzallo felt he and his university were being overshadowed by Dobie and his football team, the coach's winning style survived. Enoch Bagshaw put Washington into the Rose Bowl in 1924 and 1926 with the Huskies' first All-America, George Wilson, now coach of the Detroit Lions. Later came tough, cocky Jimmy Phelan, whose gaudy 12 years featured one Rose Bowl and unceasing rows with the administration. He once frankly admitted, "I'd rather battle the Upper Campus than beat Oregon State." Current Coach Jim Owens has actually improved on the old superlatives of discipline and victory after coming in to clean up a singularly slimy scandal. Fired Coach Johnny Cherberg's charge that Washington players were not only paid to play (which

was routine) but bribed to demand their coach's resignation nearly resulted in de-emphasis of football. With Owens has come harmony, three more Rose Bowl trips and 44 wins (against 25 defeats). In 1964 that record should get even better.

THE BEST

In 1963 the Washington Huskies were supposedly a year away from conspicuous success, but they wound up in the Rose Bowl anyway. Now they return, even stronger than they were last season. Fullback Junior Coffey, probable All-America, has recovered from the mysterious broken bones in his feet. Big Charlie Browning was so successful as the injured Coffey's replacement that a popular song was written about him—*First Downin' Charlie Browning*—and was played constantly by Seattle disc jockeys. Now Charlie joins Junior in the same backfield. At the other half is Ron Medved, a burly, shifty, lacerating ball-carrier who gives Coach Owens' team a three-gun running attack. In reserve is Steve Bramwell, dazzling on kickoff returns. If quarterback Bill Douglas—an excellent runner and an even better passer—can surmount nerve damage to his knee, the Huskies will have, by their own admission, an unstoppable offense. In the line, All-America Rick Rodman diagnoses plays, bats down passes and generally constitutes a one-man uprising, but Center Fred Forsberg and Guard Mike Otis are also sturdy linemen. Other hubs of a fearsome seven-spoke defense are Guard Koll Hagen and Tackles Jerry Knoll and Jim Norton. Add to this lineup the Purple People Eaters (purple-jerseyed defensive platooners). 11 good transfers, substantial sophomore success and you have the reasons Washington should play in its fourth Rose Bowl in six years.

"This is a team of mystery to me," says Coach John McKay of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Then he proves his point by leaving a blank at fullback on his post-spring practice lineup. Southern Cal is the only prospective nationally ranked team planning to play a blank at fullback. McKay has an explanation (follow this closely): "We moved our first

fullback, Eddie King, to defensive end, but he broke his wrist. Our second most experienced fullback, Ernie Pye, he's now our right linebacker. Our only other experienced fullback is Tom Lupo. He's actually a converted quarterback, but we needed another defensive back and so that's Tom Lupo." The only mystery about the Mystery Team is how McKay can be forced to move that much proven fullback to defense to make room for a slasher like Ron Heller (247 yards last year) and still worry about the position. Or, conversely, how he can replace End Hal Bedsole, Halfback Willie Brown, Quarterback Pete Beathard and Guard Damon Bame, All-Americans all, without noticeable shock symptoms. The answer, briefly, is a perpetual revolving fund of halfbacks like Mike Garrett (seventh nationally with 833 yards rushing) and sophomore starter Ray Cahill, two-way ends like John Thomas and Fred Hill, tough guards like Bill Fisk and Mac Byrd and quarterbacks such as sophomore Rod Sherman and Craig Fertig. USC is going to be very hard to beat.

CALIFORNIA, which yielded 213 points in 10 games last year and which has shut out just one opponent since 1957, has decided that a good offense is no defense. To get itself one, Cal hired away the Washington Redskins' defensive coach, alumnus Ray Willsey, and along with his new attitude of defensive attack, it has the players. They are, notably, Guards Ron Calegari and John Garamendi (AAWU heavyweight wrestling champ), Tackles Jim Pinson and Roger Foster, Middle Linebacker Jim Phillips and fast End Mike Gridley, 54-foot shotputter. Since there are not many good substitutes, this line must stay healthy. If it does, there are backs to exploit it: Halfback Tom Blanchfield, substitute Jim Blakeney, rangy Flanker Loren Hawley, sub Jerry Mosher and little Fullback Tom Belles. And then there is Quarterback Craig Morton, Bearishly estimated to be the nation's best passer. Morton, throwing to his favorite target, End Jack Schraub, is enough to pumce anyone. If the Bears can hold the opposition to fewer than last year's 1,514 aerial yards and if young players develop at a normal rate, downtrodden California could rise as high as third in the AAWU.

John Ralston of STANFORD is that foot-

ball rarity, a coach who loves to recruit. Such men are dangerous. They have a habit of taking over a consistent cellar contender, lulling a league with one bad year and causing enormous trouble when their own recruits start playing varsity. By more than sheer coincidence this is Ralston's second year at Palo Alto, the Indians' record last year was a disappointing 3-7 and they now seem likely to finish in the AAWU first division. Exactly how likely depends in large part on a new pair of quarterbacks, transfer Terry DeSylvia and sophomore Dave Lewis, a genuine Indian, and on sophomores and transfers in the line. If all come through, Stanford's 1963 record could be reversed.

Gordon Queen may be forgiven for feeling unappreciated. After all, he tied for first in the nation last year with 16 touchdown passes and accounted for 1,297 yards, yet he might not be OREGON STATE's starting quarterback. Trouble is, Coach Tommy Prothro has switched to a power I formation, requiring the Beaver quarterback to run more, and Queen is no Elkey on the option. Marv Crowston is a better runner, and so are sophomores Paul Brothers and Bob Grim. No such uncertainty bedevils Tailback Charlie Shaw, a 210-pound hurdler, while Booker Washington and Cliff Watkins are set at fullback and flier back. Although Oregon State's losses were in the line, the Beavers retain a pair of good, big tackles in Ken Brusven and Rach Koepfer and excellent linebackers in Jack O'Billovich and Dick Ruhl. If California and Stanford do not achieve their full potential, Oregon State will rise above them.

OREGON, unhappily, has lost all but one of its six best rushers, including the celebrated Mel Renfro, and all four of its top receivers. This represents a net loss of 1,237 yards rushing and 1,328 yards receiving. It also represents a net call for ingenuity by a team already noted for its dashing offenses (Oregon has averaged more than 300 yards and more than three touchdowns per game over the last five years). Whatever Coach Len Casanova conjures up to neutralize his losses, he must use Quarterback Bob Berry (101 of 171 passes for 1,675 yards and 16 touchdowns last year) as its chief ingredient. Halfback Dennis Keller, the only other back with more than two

continued

minutes' experience, outstanding Center Dave Tobey, Defenseman Oliver McKinney, Tackles Lowell Dean and Pat Matson and End Ray Palm will have to add their bit. After them, prospects rest on a flock of mighty downy Ducklings.

The Lobos of NEW MEXICO have won every Western Athletic Conference title since the inception of the league—all two of them—and see no reason to curb their appetite now. Particularly voracious is a line led by big, bad Tackle Wayne Tyrdik, who has no weaknesses anyone knows of. Dave Hettema, with good speed, strength and blocking reach, is an excellent match at the other tackle. The happily named Glen Troublefield and fellow Guard Steve Byrd are tough enough, as are versatile Jack Abend-schan at center and Ends Gary Plumlee and Mario Marianni. They will enable New Mexico, primarily a running team, to pass more. The Wolfpack backfield is fleet. Quarterback Stan Quintana, says Coach Bill Weeks, has improved 100%. Considering how good Quintana looked netting 256 yards on the ground and completing almost half his passes last year, that is 100% impressive. Just as impressive are Tailback Joe Harris or the wingback combination of Claude Ward and Orvey Hampton plus Fullback Chuck Kelly. Aside from these gentlemen, all New Mexico has is a lot of depth.

THE REST

With a 4-6 1963 record and the loss of Quarterback Gary Hertzfeldt (1,205 yards total offense), UTAH might appear to be headed straight out of the Promised Land. On the contrary, Utah may not beat New Mexico, but the Redskins will offer a serious challenge. Allen Jacobs, with the running characteristics of a Wasatch mountain landslide, gained 564 yards from fullback last season. One halfback, Ron Coleman, rushed 393 yards and another, Andy Ireland, rushed 271. Even at quarterback, Pokey Allen is considered a better runner and leader than Hertzfeldt. None of these backs matches End Roy Jefferson, however. Besides excelling at defense and offense, catching and running, Jefferson kicks off, converts points and kicks field goals.

Utah may have been the toughest 4-6 team in the West last year. Expect something more like 7-3 this season.

Not all Arizonans in the news this fall will be members of the class of 1932. Down at Tucson some 50 young men, ARIZONA classes of 1965 to 1967, are dedicated to the proposition that moderation in pursuit of victory is no virtue. The mere fact that 22 of them are senior lettermen would not be so impressive were not the likes of John Briscoe scattered among them. Briscoe is an honor scholar, a student leader, a nice fellow and a good center and linebacker. Jim Oliver and Rickie (Flea) Harris are mighty useful halfbacks, yet Floyd Hudlow will probably move from defense to replace Oliver. Gene Duhquist, who passed 252 yards as an alternate quarterback, may be pushed aside by Lou White, and Larry Fairholm furnishes all the expertise needed at defensive half. Two sophomores, Tackle George Tijerina and Guard Joe Escalada, sound like a pair of border towns and reportedly are just as tough. Add them all together, and you won't dismiss Arizona's chances on the basis of early polls.

UTAH STATE will be the most dangerous independent in the West, a state of affairs that should occasion no surprise. The Aggies were national leaders in scoring and total offense last year, and have ranked high in both for the last four seasons. State also outgained opponents by 202.8 yards per game, best in the nation and a record that linemen like Rich Zecher, 245-pound tackle, and Veran Smith, 230-pound guard, anticipate continuing. They will be helped tangibly by Tackles Chuck Bray (250 pounds) and Jim Harris (265), Guard Bob Broughton and Center Jan Bowen. Flanking all this brawn is a pair of fine pass-catching ends, John Mathews and Jack Hannum. Halfback Darell Steele can also catch passes, but he is even better at carrying all the way. If Fullback Craig Murney and Halfback Marv Kendrick can come back from a year of injuries and if either sophomore Ron Edwards or transfer Ron Stewart can take charge at quarterback, the Utags will look like a very good WAC team. Unfortunately, the conference still will not have them.

There better be nothing wrong with

the youth of America, or Coach Frank Kush of ARIZONA STATE University is in trouble. ASU is so inexperienced Kush thinks green is a primary color. Gone, taking an 8-1 record with them, are nine of last fall's offensive linemen, including the entire backfield. Even so, the Sun Devils are feared around the league as a sleeper. If Arizona State does have hopes, they revolve around Quarterback John Torek, Halfbacks Gene Foster and Ben Hawkins, End Jerry Smith, Guard Bobby Johnson and Tackle Frank Mitacek. Aside from them, all the Devils have are a lot of promising sophomores.

AIR FORCE should be the second independent power in the region despite the loss of its ground-to-ground missile launcher, Quarterback Terry Isaacson. Coach Ben Martin does not pretend that Dave Backus, Tim Murphy and Howard Burkart represent a complete solution, but he can get quite happy thinking about the rest of the backfield. Martin feels Dick Czarnota is "one of the nation's outstanding halfbacks for what we ask him to do." What Czarnota is asked to do is nearly everything. He runs with power, blocks and catches passes. The Air Force has other good halfbacks in Paul Wargo and Ken Jagers. Fullbacks equally as capable are Steve Andor and Larry Tollman. Fritz Greenlee is a fine offensive end, and Martin is enthusiastic about John Puster, a rocky defensive flankman, and Center-Linebacker Wen-



dell Harkleroad and Guard Tom Gorges.

The population of Laramie, home of the University of Wyoming, numbers 19,000. Wyoming's Memorial Stadium seats 20,000 and was more than three-quarters filled in three out of four home games during a mediocre 1963 season. It may correctly be concluded that at Wyoming football interest is high. One good reason is that the Pokes keep coming up with players like Tom Wilkinson, who completed 64 of 137 passes for 902 yards and 10 touchdowns last year. The Cowboys also acquire their share of linemen, such as Harry Reed, a 197-pound tackle who "outscares, outlows and outbites larger opponents." Other examples are Guard Bill Levine and a 6-foot 8-inch rookie end from Gadsden, Ala., with the unlikely name of Pedro Billingsley. There is also George Squires, the soccer-playing Englishman imported to Wyoming to kick placements (26 of 35 points after touchdown and eight field goals in two years). Squires, given a go at it, even turned out to be a jolly good running fullback. It is fortunate Wyoming has these excitement inciters. Few other Pokes pack proved punch on offense.

"Sure, UCLA has 28 lettermen back this year," says a Pacific Coast assistant coach. "But they weren't any good last year. Why should they be better now?" The answer, it would seem, is that they will not be. Yet, they appear on paper to be at least medium-size Bruins. Quar-

terback Larry Zeno, a man with an accurate arm, completed exactly half of 154 passes for 1,036 yards last fall. The UCLA ground offensive was a joke, however, as opponents outgained the team 2,213 yards to 759. Worse, even, UCLA's second leading rusher was Quarterback Zeno, who gained only 173 yards on 104 carries, an average of 1.66 yards. WASHINGTON STATE, already bereft of half again as many lettermen as it got back, lost two more vital links this spring. Herm McKee, 26-year-old halfback, turned pro because he wasn't getting any younger. Quarterback Dale Ford, who had been risking an acknowledged bright future in baseball, quit because football wasn't getting him any healthier. Novice Coach Bert Clark also faces the danger that Clarence Williams, his best remaining back, may become extinct on grades. Understandably, Washington State supporters are a dour and disconsolate lot. Less understandably, Clark remains his ebullient, effervescent Oklahoma self. If there are any reasons for optimism at all, they must be Fullback Larry Edmes. Halfback Bill Gaskins. Tackle Jim Paton and Ends Gerry Shaw, Tom Kelley and Dennis Klokke. Elsewhere, returnees will be pushed by sophomores, who constitute well over half the squad.

A current Sierra-side sarcasm says the newly reconstituted Pacific Coast Conference went through all its changes to eliminate potential loser IDAHO. The last

laugh may be on the conference. Idaho, which had its first winning year in a quarter century in 1963, may well be the biggest surprise in the West, thanks to the shrewd leadership of Coach Dee Andros. The measure of their advance is that, facing a major schedule, the Vandals will be very respectable, even shown as they are of four starting linemen (three of whom headed directly for the NFL). Quarterback Gary Mires and Fullback Galen Rogers. Sophomore Halfback Ray McDonald (see box) will be a main driving force, but little Idaho has others. Tackle is hotly contested by no fewer than 10 mammoth candidates.

Unlike Idaho, NEW MEXICO STATE has not had to prove itself. Except for last year, when two-time national rushing champion Preacher Pilot was hurt, Coach Warren Woodson and associates have had some splendid seasons. Now the Preacher is gone, but the Aggies will be good anyway. Much of the explanation lies in Woodson, who is not exactly the bashful kind of recruiter. Example: of NMSU's 17 returning lettermen, not one is from New Mexico, nor are any of the 12 junior college transfers. Two of these JCs, Wendell Chambers and Gary DeBernardi, promise to commandeer center and halfback, and another newcomer, sophomore Bobby Crenshaw, probably will start at left end. Otherwise, New Mexico State rests most of its case on Fullback Joe Johnson.

TURN PAGE FOR SOUTHWEST SCOUTING REPORTS

Surprise, along came McDonald

Circumstances that give the University of Idaho potentially the best college fullback in the country are related directly to a day three years ago when Coach Ralph Tate left Alamogordo, N. Mex. to take over the high school team in Caldwell, Idaho. Tate was happy to come to Caldwell but sad—so sad—to leave behind a big, fast fullback named Ray McDonald. McDonald was equally heartbroken to see his coach go. So, came registration day at Caldwell High School, and surprise, surprise, there was Ray McDonald standing in line.

The lines in Tate's face were merged into one titanic grin.

They stayed that way for two seasons as McDonald became All-Idaho fullback. Then Ray McDonald graduated to the University of Idaho and Coach Dee Andros. "In my 14 years of watching high school athletes I never saw a better college prospect," says Andros.

Andros might have added that McDonald is so big (6 feet 4, 230 pounds) that he is rarely stopped by as few as two tacklers. Little ripples of alarm have been emanating from every

school Idaho plays in the next three years. Against Washington and Washington State, freshman McDonald bucked more than 300 yards. He isn't likely to flunk out either. Only a C student in high school and a struggler his first semester at Idaho, McDonald confounded himself and everyone else by making an even B average last semester. He did it by confining nonfootball activities "strictly to the books and music." After college, he wants to play pro ball. Several scouts already consider him one of the nation's best running backs.

No other sophomore in the West is so much the core of his team as McDonald, but others come close. Oregon State's Paul Brothers, whose high school statistics resemble those of Terry Baker and Mel Renfro, seems ready to displace a senior quarterback (Gordon Queen) who last year led the nation in touchdown passes. USC Safety-Quarterback Rod Sherman, Washington End Dave Williams, Utah State Quarterback Ron Edwards and Cal Halfback Lloyd Rein are other names that will be heard often.

The Southwest



A ROYAL PLACE

THE TRADITION

Texas is a vast and contradictory place, impossible to accept or understand as an entity because it is so many different things. It is the blowing wasteland of the movie *Giant* and the hucksterism of Dallas; the charm of San Antonio and the industry of Houston. It is the dusty little towns on the Mexican border and a thousand miles of beach along the Gulf, the great pine forests of the Big Thicket and the lonely mountains of the Big Bend. But for many Texans the state is really only one place—the lakes and limestone cliffs of the central Texas Hill Country. And the capital of the Hill Country, as well as of the whole state, is a town called Austin.

"It is a pleasant city, clean and quiet, with wide rambling walks and elaborate public gardens and elegant old homes

faintly ruined in the shadow of arching poplars. Occasionally, through the trees, and always from a point of higher ground, one can see the college tower and the Capitol building. On brilliant mornings the white sandstone of the tower and the Capitol's granite dome are joined for an instant, all pink and cream, catching the first light." That is how William Brammer, who lives in Austin, wrote of the city in his prize-winning novel, *The Gar Place*. Those two structures—the University of Texas tower and the Capitol building—are symbols of what makes Austin, despite the obvious wealth and power of Houston and Dallas, the intellectual and political hub of the state.

The college tower rears itself 30 stories high above the administration building of the University of Texas and lights up orange when the university wins a game

in a major sport. The tower is the most prominent visual aspect of the campus, but beneath the Spanish tile roofs of the university buildings there is a great deal going on. Chancellor Harry Ransom actively recruits good young professors to teach the university's nearly 25,000 students. Texas is especially strong in philosophy, languages, law, art, medicine and science, and the university has its own nuclear reactor. "The University of Texas," wrote the celebrated attorney and author Morris Ernst, "is the most underrated campus in America." As might be expected in a state notorious for its wealth, the University of Texas ranks behind only Harvard in the richness of its endowment.

Uninhibited by its intellectual attainments, the University of Texas—and all of Austin, for that matter—explodes with noise on football weekends. At such

times one might see a visiting coach on a downtown sidewalk in his pajamas at 7 a.m. begging his own rooters to shut up and let his team sleep. Or a state senator splashing in his underwear in a motel pool at dawn while a party rages around him. Or a faculty member sobering up in the top of an oak tree in Scholz Garten, an old German beer parlor with tables out back, and wondering if he can get down with dignity in time to make it to the game. And from the direction of the stadium come sounds like the Battle of San Jacinto—the drums of the huge Longhorn band, the booming of the cannon in the end zone, the yelling of 65,000 people. Bevo, the university's Longhorn mascot (opposite), is on the sidelines. Later he will be trucked out as thousands push their way toward exits and another night of partying. "Life," says Artist Fletcher Boone, a contented Austin resident, "is just one Texas game after another, with fun in between."

THE BEST

Life for Texas Coach Darrell Royal has been one win after another with work in between. In seven years at the University of Texas his lean, spirited teams have won four Southwest Conference championships, played in six bowl games, twice made him the Coach of the Year. The 1963 team topped all the others by winning the national title. And what has Royal got to look forward to? "I'll tell you," says Royal. "This good friend, a guy you'd think would understand, a good-hearted fellow who knows football, put his hand on my shoulder and said—serious, now—'Darrell, we don't expect miracles. We know there's gonna be those years when we just have to settle for a 7-3 record!'"

Like most coaches, Royal is a fatalist, and he would settle for a 7-3 any year. "That's the perfect record," he says. "Seven-three and turn down the Persimmon Bowl. It's in between enough to keep your folks happy."

Unfortunately for Royal, followers of the Longhorns have a perfect right to expect success because of the very successes he has given them. And while the 1964 Texas team does not look as

promising as last year's, it is certainly impressive enough to prevent anyone from smothering the coach with sympathy. Not that Royal expects any. "I know we face some days," he says, "when we better have everything we value screwed on tight. But if two or three kids come through for us, those other folks better have things screwed on, too."

That is precisely what Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles says. "How you gonna score on Texas?" he asks. "They merely have all their ends, all their linebackers and all their defensive secondary back. How you gonna score?"

Texas' opponents might not. The ends, led by Ken Nunnally and Sandy Sands, are fast, big and they love contact. Royal has always had first-rate linebackers, and Guard Tommy Nobis (6 feet 2, 215) and specialist Timmy Doerr are perhaps his best ever. Army Coach Paul Dietzel, who must play Texas, says of Nobis: "He's the best linebacker I've ever seen in college. The Cotton Bowl film is all Nobis. He personally rendered Roger Staubach helpless."

There is one vacancy in the secondary, however, created by the shifting of Safety Jim Hudson to quarterback, where he began as a freshman. A Texas quarterback does not have to be a highly skilled thrower, which is lucky for Hudson. What he has to be is what Hudson is: smart, quick, tough-minded, coachable—and a senior. Royal has always won with senior quarterbacks. "If I'd left him at quarter all along," says Royal, "he might be pretty good. He might be anyway. He can get out of there faster than Duke Carlisle, he's got big, sure hands and he's an athlete."

What Hudson will do most of the time is hand off to and block for the lined stable of runners Royal has had. They include Ernie Koy (6 feet 3, 220), Phil Harris, Harold Philipp, Tom Stockton, Hix Green and Jimmy Helms, a blazing sophomore. Texas' offensive will remain the same—the option play, the fullback counter, the halfback sweeps and reverses, all done with errorless precision.

"We'll scratch and claw and give you fits with our first team," Royal says, "but I'm sure we don't have the depth to match the past."

If Royal is right, then luck may be able to help Coach Jess Neely properly cele-

brate his silver anniversary in Houston. Rice has everything and if it just weren't for Texas' persistent success and a well-aid coaching staff that may lack vigor, Neely's Owls would be the SWC favorites. Among other things, Royal has never beaten Rice in Houston and that is where they play this time. Rice has a deep, experienced line, led by Center Mal Walker, and a batch of strong runners, the best of whom are seniors Paul Piper and Russell Wayt and junior Gene Walker. Most important of all, Rice has (now that Baylor's Don Trull is gone) the best quarterback in the league in senior Walter McReynolds. McReynolds has only lacked consistency, but not against LSU. For two straight years McReynolds has personally tied the Tigers (6-6) and beat them (21-12), both upsets. As a result, his name is respected in that bordering state. For example, McReynolds was driving to New Orleans one day last winter when he stopped to buy a tire at a service station. As he signed a credit voucher for the tire, the football-wise attendant gazed at it, shook his head and said, "Naw, you can't be the one. You're too small."

Like McReynolds, ARKANSAS' players are usually small. Still, they have a reputation for being able, in the words of Frank Broyles, "to sting people." Arkansas stung plenty of people last year with its swarming defense, but live teams beat the Razorbacks. The reason: Broyles had no backs who could turn a game around. He still does not. The Arkansas line is vicious again, especially when Ronnie Caveness is bucking it, but Jerry Lamb, a superb end, is anxious for a quarterback who can get him the ball consistently, and runners Jackie Braswell, Jim Lindsey and Bobby Nix may or may not have learned new moves. A year ago the quarterback, linecap was Billy Gray, Jon Brittenum and Fred Marshall. The order is now reversed, and that could be the key to success.

THE REST

No team can pass as often or as well as BAYLOR. Coach John Bridgers' all-or-nothing offense exemplifies the old traditions of the Southwest. Last year Bridgers put a stern defense with Trull,

continued

The Southwest *(continued)*

finished 7-3, scoring the burnt orange out of Texas but losing 47-0, then defeating LSU in the Bluebonnet Bowl. Trull is gone, but the line is big and determined and Flanker Larry Elkins is the finest pass receiver the Southwest has ever seen. The thrower this time? A sophomore, Mike Marshall (see box), who should use this season as a springboard to becoming another brilliant Baylor passer.

Arriving faster by the day is TEXAS TECH. This is primarily because of Donny Anderson, the SWC's best running back. Anderson not only runs with bursting speed, balance and moves ("He's the next great back in the Southwest," says San Diego Scout Al LoCusale), he catches, kicks, blocks and tackles. Coach J.T. King needs more Andersons before Tech becomes a championship contender, but TCU's Abe Martin is not so sure. "That one great boy can sometimes ride you clear across the river," says Abe. Anderson's only problem is, as a teammate phrases it, "He tires real easy in work-out." King, however, does not mind. "When they snap the ball, Donny has a lot of pride," he says.

SMU was coming even faster than Tech until last spring, when a two-year probation was smacked on Coach Hayden Fry for recruiting violations. Fry's enthusiasm caused a strain between himself and other SWC coaches, especially Darrell Royal. The two of them are persistently trying to jahn each other in print. After upsetting Navy last season, for example, Fry paused to announce that SMU had "the best team in the country for its record." And Royal wryly com-

mented, "That's right. They have the best personnel in the country to have won only two games." SMU's players this year just may be good enough to make the Mustangs the surprise team of the conference if the probation does not spoil morale. Quarterbacks Danny Thomas (who led the nation in punting in 1963 and was second in the conference in punning) and Mac White, a gifted runner, offer a balanced combination. The line is what SMU fans describe as "mean" and it is led by Tackle John Knee and Guard Jim Sitson. SMU's sophomores are the best in the territory, and one of them, Fullback Billy Bob Stewart, has already been labeled by *Publicity Man* Junior Eldredge as "the toughest son of a gun I've ever seen in my whole life."

TEXAS A&M carries an old reputation for toughness, but the Aggies have been troubled lately with a plethora of if-come players who have yet to come. Mainly they are Fullback Budge Ford, Halfback Tommy Meeks and Tackle Melvin Simmons, all brilliant high school athletes who were expected to do big things for A&M. They have one last chance as seniors and Ford sums it up best: "We realize, 17 of us, that we were the best recruiting class A&M had had in years, and none of us had ever been losers. This is our last chance, and I think we'll surprise people."

It will be difficult for TCU, the upstart team in the SWC, to surprise anyone. Abe Martin has, in his own words, "the barest cupboard since I've been coach" (11 years). There are a few proven Horned Frogs—Fullback Larry Bulach,

Halfback Jim Fauver, Guard Steve Garmon and Center Ken Henson (6 feet 6, 250), of whom Redskin Scout Bucko Kifroy says, "They say he won't make all-conference down there but all I see him do is snap the ball and knock everybody down." Four players, however, do not make a team and TCU will be fortunate to win four.

From bottom to top, the Southwest is not as strong as a year ago, but it will be many years before it is again. Indeed, 1963 was the SWC's finest year in history, for it not only produced the No. 1 team and coach (Texas and Royal), it also produced the Lineman of the Year (Texas' Scott Appleton), the No. 1 passer (Trull), the No. 1 receiver (Elkins), the No. 1 punter (Thomas), the No. 1 punt returner (Ken Hatfield, Arkansas), the NFL's No. 1 draft choice (Texas Tech's David Parks) and six All-Americans who made one or more major selections.

It is small wonder that the UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON, outside the swank circle of the Southwest, is somewhat envious. A booming independent, Houston is on the verge of becoming a major power. There are seven starters returning among 21 lettermen, and they include Quarterback Jack Skog for passing, Halfback Joe Lopasky for power and Split End-Halfback Mike Spratt for speed. Now all Houston needs is Warren McVea, the most sought-after high-schooler in the state this recruiting year. McVea is a freshman and Houston's insurance. But he will not begin to pay dividends until next year.

TURN PAGE FOR EAST COASTING REPORTS

He'll do just fine



Mike Marshall of Baylor faces perhaps the toughest job of any sophomore in the nation, that of replacing the No. 1 passer of the past two seasons, Don Trull. But if the nation's No. 1 receiver, Larry Elkins of Baylor, is a judge, Marshall will do just fine. Says Elkins, "In the spring game he threw me a 50-yard pass on a straight line, like flicking a fly off his ear." Another judge is Baylor Coach John Bridges. He says, "Mike is faster than

Don and shifter. Potentially, he has the best arm we've seen at Baylor. Mike's also a worker. He's played freshman ball and he's spent a red-shirt year studying Trull." If Marshall (6 feet 1, 190) is not immediately a splendid passer in the Baylor tradition, he will at least be a busy one, because Bridges is going to have a passing team regardless, something that classifies Bridges as a rebel in the Southwest Conference. Marshall likes the system.

He says, in fact, "I like to run [101 in the 100] but we'll use the run to set up our passing." "Did he say that?" says Assistant Coach Chuck Purvis. "Oh, that's lovely." While Mike Marshall will be the SWC's Sophomore of the Year, others will worth observing will be SMU's Linebacker Billy Bob Stewart and Guard John LaGrone, Texas' elusive back, Jimmy Helms, and Tackle John Elliott; and Texas Tech End Joe Hurley.



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HIGH ON THE HILL



THE TRADITION

Almost any eastern college is likely to be a disarray of old stone buildings looming above the trees of the small, unchanging town that it dominates. One notable exception is Syracuse University, which is sprawled across a hill less than a mile from the downtown business district of a busy city with a population of 225,000. Although Syracuse was founded nearly 100 years ago, which is par for an eastern campus, the demands of its growth have swallowed most of the landmarks of these years and have pockmarked the university with modern structures. The proudest tradition of Syracuse is perpetual forward motion—both physical and academic.

Syracuse today consists of 16 colleges with an enrollment of 13,800, more than half of them undergraduates. The students live in private homes and fraternity and sorority houses that surround the campus, or in dormitories ranged about the Old Oval. The Oval once was, as the name suggests, the heart of campus life,

but new buildings have almost smothered it. Other landmarks are really disappearing. The Clover Club, a swinging beer joint that served as a hangout for students (and football players), burned down a couple of years ago and has since been rebuilt in glossier form, more efficient but less personal. Even the Corner Store on South Crouse Avenue and University Place, where generations of students have stopped to buy books or grab a quick sandwich between classes, will soon give way to a shiny building in the multimillion-dollar Newhouse Communications Complex.

One familiar building, 75 years old and still standing proud and stern as a chateau on the western slope of the hill, is Crouse College (*above*). Originally the home of the nation's first College of Fine Arts, it now houses the School of Music. Crouse is crowned by a lofty spire in which hang the Crouse Chimes, a set of nine sweetly tuned bells that melodically tinkle out the Alma Mater after every football victory. In recent years the chimes have had a lot to play about,

Syracuse students take their football victories much more casually than, say, Auburn. They dutifully pack 40,000-seat Archbold Stadium, the cold, chipped and battered concrete amphitheater that Syracuse claims is the oldest college-owned stadium in the nation (it looks it) for Penn State and Pitt, but they avoid the lesser games.

Life at Syracuse was not always this way. There was a time when the biggest social event of the year was the football game against Colgate. Alumni fondly recall raiding the Colgate campus—39 miles to the southeast—and happily shaving every head in sight. They remember, too, the postgame revelry, if Syracuse won, that often assumed riotous proportions with the sacking of downtown hotel lobbies and the derailling of trolley cars. All that is over now. Weariness of successive 61-7, 34-6, 47-0, 71-0, 46-6 and 51-8 drubbings after Syracuse stepped up its football program, Colgate decided in 1961 it had had enough.

Syracuse's emergence as a football eminence was more calculated than acci-

dental. Faced with a decision to go low-pressure or big-time after a particularly distressing season in 1948, the university decided on the latter course and brought in Floyd Burdette (Ben) Schwartzwalder, a former paratrooper major who had been a winner at Muhlenberg. The first sweet success came in 1952, when the Orange finished with a 7-2 record but was whopped 61-6 by Alabama in the Orange Bowl—a shame that Syracuse has never quite forgotten or forgiven. Then came the Jim Brown era (1954-56), followed by the Ernie Davis years, and no one beat Syracuse badly, if at all. In 1959 the Orange won all 10 games and the national championship, then defeated Texas in the Cotton Bowl. The chimes in old Crouse College rang all night for that one.

THE BEST

They will be ringing again this year. Just the other day Schwartzwalder and Army's Paul Dietzel were chatting over lunch in a New York hotel. The conversation, naturally, was largely about eastern football. Dietzel thought it was never better and that last year's Pitt team was as good as any he had seen in his days in the Southeastern Conference. Schwartzwalder said he would just as soon play a Big Ten team as any of his neighbors. Then Dietzel spoiled the fun. "Ben," he said, "I hear you have one of the finest teams in the country."

Schwartzwalder, predictably, blushed. But Dietzel was right. Syracuse, the best of a very fine group of eastern independents, possibly could challenge for the national championship—this even though Schwartzwalder lost almost his entire starting line.

"Oh, we'll have enough of those hog boys around to excite the alumni so they can say, 'Look at the maternal Old Ben has,'" admitted Schwartzwalder. "Those hog boys" are his tackles, 235-pound Tony Scibelli, 240-pound Tom Wilhelm and 220-pound Dave Archer; Guard Gary Bugenhagen, a 230-pound sophomore; and Center Pat Killorn, 220. But a smaller man, 205-pound Gerry Everling, is the Orange's best defensive interior lineman. The only concern is the linebackers, mostly sophomores.

There is no concern in the backfields—there are several of them—other than who is getting to get to play. At quarterback, for instance, Schwartzwalder has Wally Mahle, a lanky 6-foot-3 senior "so skinny," says the coach, "that when he walks into a room you want to help him to his seat." Maybe so, but when Mahle runs, the opposition would like to show him a seat in the stands. Last year he led the Orange in rushing with 457 yards. Some critics contend that Mahle would have trouble throwing a football into the ocean, but this is an exaggeration. He completes just enough wobbly passes to make a defense wary when he rolls out. And when passing is really needed, Rich King, more a thrower than a runner, can come in.

Take the halfbacks. They really tickle the fancy, even with Mike Koski, last year's regular right half, still recuperating from a summer knee operation. He is just one of a crowd that includes Billy Hunter, Charlie Brown, Nat Duckett (who can also take a turn at fullback) and sophomores Dan Healy and Terry Roe, all good and all second-best stringers. The best is Floyd Little, Syracuse's exceptional sophomore (see box page 63). The fullback is Jim Nance, a 225-pound senior line backer who has only one fault: an occasional lapse in concentration. If this happens often, Duckett will steal his job.

With such players, Schwartzwalder reasonably could be expected to go along with the trend toward a wide-open game. Not at all. "Last year," he says, "we used a flanker most of the time and everybody played us to the sidelines. I don't like much to have other people tell me which way to run. So we'll tighten up, use more straight and split T and be prepared to go either way."

Savvy Coach Wayne Hardin, conversely, delights in a ring-a-ding offense and this season, as in the past, his team will attack from all angles. Indeed, to keep up with Roger Staubach, the All-American quarterback and one of the nicest things that ever happened to Hardin, defenses will have to spread almost out of the ball park. Staubach gave Navy a 9-1 season and a No. 2 national ranking last year.

Life in 1964, however, may not be quite so pleasant for Staubach or Hard-

in. Navy plays as hard a schedule as any in the country: Penn State, Michigan, Georgia Tech, California, Pitt, Notre Dame, Duke and Army, with only William & Mary and Maryland as breatherers. Equally depressing, the Middle defense, madder enough last season when it gave up two touchdowns a game, has been badly depleted by graduation.

Hardin has but 13 lettermen to salt his three teams. Jim Freeman, a rangy 215-pound tackle, 225-pound Pat Philbin on the other side, and Fred Marlin, the 193-pound guard who kicked 37 of 41 extra points and five field goals in 1963, are all that are left in the line. One sophomore could help: Don Downing, a 215-pound center-linebacker.

But any team with Roger Staubach has to be dangerous. He is an extraordinary passer with a knack of quickly finding, and hitting, the open man. Staubach is even more spectacular when trapped, which might happen a lot this year. Daring, dodging, whirling, he often converts 10-yard losses into 20-yard gains. His antics accounted for 1,892 yards last year: 1,474 on 107 passes (66%) and 418 running, for a total of 15 touchdowns. The Navy offense also has Pat Donnelly, a better than fair fullback who averaged six yards a carry, and Flanker Ed Orr, swift and tricky, who caught 25 passes.

Unfortunately for Navy the teams it plays also have high potentials for touchdown production. PENN STATE, Navy's first opponent, may in fact end Navy's short-lived dominance of the East before Syracuse gets the chance. This is not, of course, admitted by Coach Rip Engle. He sorrows over the loss of 23 lettermen, wonders how in the world he can ever replace Quarterback Pete Liske and warns anyone who will listen that his Lions are simply too young and inexperienced to have real bite. But Engle cannot obscure the fact that his line is stacked and his backfield is competent. They can make trouble for anybody.

The Lions have five big tackles who range from 225 to 260 pounds. The starters, John Simko and Joe Bellas, are 245 and 230. At center there is Glenn Reissler, a 230-pounder who played guard last year and is so good Engle calls him "the finest interior lineman I've coached."

Engle's concern about his quarterbacking is real. Gary Wydman, Liske's suc-

continued

cessor, is untested as a thrower. But he can run. So can the halfbacks, Gary Klingensmith, Bob Riggie, Don Kunit and sophomore Tim Montgomery. The offense has been revamped somewhat to accommodate their many abilities. Wydman, for instance, will roll out more than any Penn State quarterback since Richie Lucas.

One of the teams that Penn State will have to beat is Pitt, but by the time they meet on November 21, Syracuse may have already settled the question of eastern supremacy. Privately, Pitt Coach John Michelosen thinks not. Publicly, he says, "We have problems." A big reason for Michelosen's secret optimism is Quarterback Freddy Mazurek. Whether or not Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield knew of Mazurek when he ordered Michelosen to open up his offense last year, he could not have spoken at a more opportune moment, for if anybody can liberalize an offense, it is this cool, poised little fellow with the quickest feet in the East. Under Mazurek's leadership, the Panthers suddenly split their ends, flanked halfbacks, rolled out, ran wide and far and even engaged in such un-Michelosen activities as passing on first down and gambling for short yardage on fourth. All this paid off handsomely, giving Pitt a 9-1 record and a No. 4 ranking. The pity of it was that the Panthers did not get to a bowl.

Halfback Paul Martha, Fullback Rick Leeson and a flock of good ends and tackles are gone now, but the chancellor will be happy with this team, too—first because of Mazurek, but also because of other backfield members who complement Mazurek nicely. Eric Crabtree, the right half, has the acceleration of a drag racer. Left Half Dale Stewart, a 205-pounder, is Paul Martha plus power, and Barry McKnight, the fullback, has as hard as Leeson and is faster.

Pitt would be terrifying if it had a line to equal the backfield. The middle is tight, with Guards Ray Popp and Bernie LaQuinta flanking Center Paul Cercei, who gives way to Linebacker Marty Schottenheimer on defense. But the ends and tackles, while decent in size—Tackle Jim Jones weighs 265 pounds—lack speed and know-how and there are not nearly enough of them. Michelosen hopes they can learn against UCLA, Oregon,

William & Mary, West Virginia and Miami, who are on the front end of the schedule. If they do, Pitt will be tougher in November, when it bumps heads with its eastern rivals.

Right now, Army is not thinking out loud any further ahead than October 3. That is the day it meets the national champion Texas Longhorns in Austin. But always, in the back of Coach Dietzel's stylishly cut, gray-flannel mind, there is Navy, victor in their last five meetings. Especially galling was 1963's game, when time ran out with the Cadets on the two-yard line and Quarterback Rollie Stichweh frantically trying to get a time-out. "As far as we are concerned," Dietzel says, "that game never ended."

After Texas and before Navy, however, Army must face up to its most formidable set of foes in years. Penn State, Duke, Iowa State, Syracuse and Pitt are all waiting. Quite a chore for a squad with only 15 lettermen, but Dietzel cheerily tells everyone, "This is the best team I've had at Army."

It could be, at that—maybe even good enough to settle accounts with Navy. The Cadets have their biggest line ever—averaging 230 pounds—and some wholesome sophomores to add a flourish to the Bandini, the rowdy defensive specialists who return through the courtesy of the NCAA rules committee. Despite the unexpected loss of Tailback John Seymour (shoulder separation) and End Bill Sherrell (mononucleosis), Dietzel is delighted with the look of his Regulars, the two-way team in his three-plateau system. They include Ends Tom Schwartz, a rookie, and Sam Champi, both 220 pounds, and Tackles John Carber and Bill Zadel, 233 and 230 pounds.

Another coach would complain about his passing game if it were like Army's. Not Dietzel. He likes the pass about as much as Bobby Kennedy likes Jimmy Hoffa. "Our best pass play," he says, "is when Stichweh is rushed and has to run the ball." Although just a fair passer, Stichweh is a gifted, strong runner, and Wingback Johnny Johnson and Fullback Don Parcells are perfectly suited to the Cadets' bunging game. For a change Army also has some breakaway speed in the person of Mark Hamilton, a 200-pound sophomore tailback who replaces Seymour in the Regulars' backfield.

"There is nothing like some good football players to make an offense exciting," says Dietzel. "Suddenly those dull plays become spectacular." He thinks Army just might be spectacular.

Boston College's Jim Miller, one of the rising young coaches in the country, does not waste time contemplating his losses. He could, easily, since one of them was Jack Concannon. Miller just counts his blessings—21 lettermen—and hopes for the best, perhaps another 6-3 season.

BC does not have anyone to match Concannon, but Eddie Foley, a junior who throws an acceptable pass, will try. Fortunately, he can aim at Jim Whalen, a rangy 6-foot-2 end who runs deceptive pass routes and takes off like a halfback when he catches the ball. But passing is only part of Boston College's game. The rest is running, and the Eagles, notably Fullbacks Bobby Shann and Ron Gentilli and Fullback Don Moran, can almost fly.

Miller's line is stronger, faster and deeper than it was a year ago. Whalen, who also plays commendable defense, Bill Cronin, the other end, and John Frechette, a 230-pound tackle, give it strength and there are some sizeable sophomores. Their learning must come fast, and hard. BC plays Syracuse, Army and Tennessee in its first three games.

Each year the Ivy League schools pool their chauvinism and announce the "expected champion" during the preseason.



They are seldom right, but this year they have cut the odds: both Yale and Princeton are picked. Actually, any one of four or five teams could win.

What gives Yale a bright chance is Coach Johnny Pont, who was lured away from Miami of Ohio last year, and just in time. The Elis were beginning to suffer depression symptoms over their football. Pont is a devotee of pure defense and he will get it from 237-pound All-Ivy Tackle Ab Lawrence, End Steve Lawrence (no relation) and Guards Chuck Benoit and Ralph Vandersloot.

The Yale halfbacks, Jim Howard and Jim Groninger, are slower than Pont would like, but his offense, a grim, pounding one, is not really geared to speed or passing. Instead, Pont hummers his fullbacks up the middle and halfbacks off the tackles. Not very subtle, to be sure, but extremely effective when one has 200-pound fullbacks like Chuck Mercein, Pete Cummings and Dick Niglio, out of academic drydock for the first time since 1961, to do the thumping. If Tone Gram, a wispy 156-pound left-hander, or Ed McCarthy, up from the jayvees, can handle the quarterbacking, these Yalies will be the best since 1960.

Beating out Princeton, however, will not be easy. Coach Dick Colman's cup always seems to overflow with good single-wing fullbacks. The latest is Don McKay, a stylish runner who also passes well. Double-teaming with Fullback Cosmo Iacavazzi, who splits the line with

All-Ivy fury (for 14 touchdowns last year), he will make that Tiger single wing roar.

Princeton also has a supply of staunch linemen, another Colman stock in trade. Guards Paul Savidge and Stas Maliszewski, quick 215-pounders who can get out to lead Princeton's sweeps, are as good as any in the Ivy League, and opponents will think twice before they run at 225-pound Tackle Ernie Pascarella. Colman, as always, frets about his depth but there is enough to make the Tigers more than testy.

DELAWARE and MASSACHUSETTS may be small colleges but everything about their football is big. The Blue Hens, who have been cackling loudly about their prowess for some time now, soundly whipped three major schools, Ohio, Buffalo and Rutgers, on the way to an unbeaten season in 1963. Coach Dave Nelson lost 19 players, but Tom Van Grofski, a neat triple-threat quarterback, and Mike McCann, a booming fullback, will give his wing T the sparkle it needs. Delaware also has an outstanding end in Ron Braseo and another fast, hard-charging line. Although a second straight undefeated campaign may be too much to hope for, the Hens will again win the Middle Atlantic Conference title.

At Massachusetts Coach Vic Fusta has little to worry about. Last year the Redmen gave up only one touchdown (to Maine) and 12 points and finished 8-0-1. There was no better defense in

their class. Fusta has 18 regulars back, among them defenders like 230-pound Tackle Bob Burke, Center Bernie Dallas and two exceptional ends, Bob Meers and Milt Merin. He also has a superior quarterback in Jerry Wickhel who, in two seasons, has completed 55% of his passes for 1,399 yards and 13 touchdowns and has run 510 for 11 touchdowns. More of the same will keep the Yankee Conference Beanpot in Massachusetts' cupboard.

THE REST

The Ivy League is swarming with contenders. Take, for instance, DARTMOUTH, the defending co-champion, and HARVARD. Dartmouth's Bob Blackman, who likes to tantalize opponents with tricky variations of his V formation and a nervous, jitterbugging line, lost 18 lettermen but he has his usual collection of hard, uncompromising types, among them Center Bob Komives, Guard Ted Bracken and End Tom Clarke. They are the core of an excellent line. If Dartmouth can muster an offense around new Quarterback Bruce Gottschall, the Indians could surprise both Yale and Princeton. Harvard's John Yovissin, who almost always comes up with a big, strong line and a weak quarterback, has both again. Tackles Neal Curtin and Joe Jurek are 240 and 235 pounds while Guard John Hoffman is

continued

A man who goes around to get ahead

Floyd Little is a pleasant young man with a bright personality who, at 22, has been around longer than most sophomores. He will play halfback at Syracuse, and if Coach Ben Schwartzwalder is any judge he will play it very well. "Right now," says Schwartzwalder, "he is as far along as Jim Brown and Ernie Davis were as sophomores." Brown and Davis, of course, were the All-Americans most responsible for making Syracuse the football power it is today.

Little is smaller, at 5 feet 11 and 190 pounds, than either

Brown or Davis and cannot overpower defenders as they did. He must rely on his swiftness (9.7 for the 100), excellent balance and remarkable change of pace to go around would-be tacklers. He arrived at Syracuse by a route as circuitous as his running. Discovered at Hill-house High in New Haven, Conn., Little spent the next two years at Bordenstown (N.J.) Military Institute, made a feast toward Notre Dame, which thought it had him, entertained thoughts of Army, among many other colleges, and finally land-

ed on Picty Hill. At Bordenstown he piled up 1,237 yards rushing in 1962, averaged 11.5 yards a carry, scored 24 touchdowns and broke the state record for the 100-yard dash. As a Syracuse freshman, Little was only slightly less sensational and, as a full-up, developed into a fine blocker and tackler.

Navy's Wayne Hauler is as pleased with one of his sophomores as Schwartzwalder is with Little. Of Don Downing, a 215-pound center, he says, "Downing is the same caliber prospect as Belino, Staubach and Don-

nnelly." Downing's great knack for diagnosing plays and then knocking down ballcarriers earns him the praise. Army has two rangy ends, Tom Schwartz, a 220-pound former high school All-American at Cretin High in St. Paul, and Dave Rivers, another schoolboy All-American from Kentucky, who will toughen up the Cadet defense. Harvard's Steve Diamond, a tackle, comes by his ability naturally. His brothers, Charlie and Bill, were star linemen at Miami, but Steve, they say, is the shiniest Diamond of all.



The East

235. They are, however, slow about and may have trouble getting out in front of the fastest halfbacks the Crimson has had in years. Wally Grant and Dave Poe can step. But, like most recent Harvard quarterbacks, John McClusky cannot throw.

Perhaps the darkest horse of all is Brown's, long stabled in the second division. Quarterbacks Jim Dunda and Bob Hall completed 94 out of 194 passes for 1,049 yards and 10 touchdowns last year, sharing almost equally in the production. John Parry, a slus 6-foot-2 end with good hands and the stylish moves of a pro, caught 39. Bob Seiple, the other end, snared 29. Anyone can guess what Coach John McLaughry plans for his wing T. He may move Hall, who is also a good runner, to halfback for a starter, but Brown's game will be strictly a passing one.

CONNITT'S Buff Donelli also entertains some hope for his young Lions. The reason, of course, is a very special young man named Archie Roberts, who does the quarterbacking and just about everything else. He completed 62% of his passes for 1,184 yards last year, ran for 341 and was responsible for 20 touchdowns. Roberts will get some assistance from his pass-catching ends, Bob Donohue and Jerry Hug, and Linebacker Jack Stranch, who has a rare sense of where the play is going, not quite enough to win the Ivy title, though.

Perhaps it is only coincidental but soon after 1955, brought in Bob Kipphuth, former Yale athletic director, as a "survey director" to help rebuild its faltering athletic program. Coach John Stuegman, one of the few remaining disciples of single wing football, decided to go to the T formation. To get out of the cellar, however, the Quakers need more than a T and Bruce Molloy, the fine running halfback who underwent an operation to correct a chronic shoulder separation. A good passer would help.

CONNELL'S defense, led by Guard George Arango, will be stern but not even Coach Tom Harp's switch from the Lonely End offense to a multiple T can save the Big Red some embarrassing

COOL QUARTERBACK, Pitt's Fred Mazurek nimbly dodges tackler as he gets set to pass.

Saturdays. Quarterback Marty Sponaugle is no Gary Wood.

Like all coaches, Eddie Anderson of Holy Cross longs for the big season. But he is running out of time. The old doctor, who has been at the job more years (39) than any head coach in the U.S., retires this fall. With a little bit of luck, Anderson's 20th and last year on Mt. St. James could be a pleasant one. The Crusaders have the makings of a stout defense with Tackles Jay Dugan and Joe Lilly and Guard Bill Marellino, and if Fran Coughlin, a scout (5 feet 9, 160 pounds) but fiery quarterback, and Halfback Jim Marellino can work up some offense Holy Cross will add appreciably to Anderson's shiny 196-123-15 record.

VILLANOVA will be the first to test Holy Cross. Coach Alex Bell can get together a sturdy line, led by End John McDonnell and Tackle Al Atkinson, a 230-pounder who interests the pros, but he worries about his attack. It will be scrappy unless Quarterback Dave Connell improves his passing.

At Rutgers Coach John Bateman is convinced that better times are on the way. His double wing T looks racier than it has for some time, thanks to Chet Ward, a swift outside dodger who could be the Scarlet's best runner since Billy Austin. But the line is smallish—only two starters are over 200 pounds.

Size is not COLGATE's trouble. It has plenty in Tackle John Bretten and two of last year's ineligibleibles, Tackle Chet Kasprzak and Guard John Paske. What bothers Coach Hal Lahar is his offense. Quarterback Garry Burdini and Halfback Lee Wolman are promising but they stand alone and their play is not the kind that will make the Chemung Valley ring with cheers.

Although he lost his entire backfield, BUFFALO's Dick Offenhamer is not discontended. He has a whole batch of sophomores who are likely to keep the ambitious Bulls charging upward among the smaller eastern independents. One of them, Jim Robie, a 6-foot-3 quarterback, already is being called "the best prospect in the school's history." A fast, hard runner and good passer, he figures to push senior Don Gilbert out of his job. The Buffalo line also has a healthy look, with Gerry Pawloski at

end, 250-pound Leo Ratamess at tackle and Joe Holly, a severe tackler, at linebacker. The Bulls will be respectable.

Faced with an untenable situation—a too-tough schedule and a dwindling supply of players under its no-scholarship policy—NORTON UNIVERSITY fired Coach Steve Sinko and brought in former Rutgers Assistant Warren Schmackel. He spent a busy spring searching for new faces. Schmackel found two. Dave LaRoche, a sophomore quarterback, will run his double wing T, and Dick Stawitzky, a lean rookie, will back up the line. In fact, things may be improving in general for the Terrors. Sixty players were still around at the end of spring practice.

BUCKNELL and TEMPLE think they have a chance to catch Delaware in the Middle Atlantic Conference. The departure of Don Rodgers, the league's leading passer, did not, as one might suppose, strand Bucknell. Coach Bob Odell will just run his Bisons more. But the pass has been discarded entirely. Tom Mitchell, the end who catches like a big-leaguer (43 last year), is back and Bill Lerro, the new quarterback, will look for him when Bucknell gets into trouble, which should not be too often. Temple, after its first winning season in 12 years, has the look of a contender. Not many teams will run through End Steve Speers and the other seasoned Owls up front, and Coach George Makris can balance his pro-style offense rather neatly with the running of Halfback Fred Fuchs and the passing of Quarterback Joe Petro.

The other MAC teams are much less imposing. LAFAYETTE and ALBANY, who muddled through 1-6 seasons in 1963, cannot do much worse and may improve. Lafayette Quarterback George Hosenlopp is an accomplished passer, but the Leopards' running game is still too spotty for comfort. Albany's defense is stronger, and Coach Mike Cooley, who has gone to a Lonely End attack, hopes that Quarterback Les Kish and Mike Noel, switched from fullback to halfback, can get the Engineers back in the open.

GETTYSBURG, which last year threw almost as often as it ran, expects to be similarly inclined this season again with Quarterback Jim Ward alternating his passes between fast flankers Dale Boyd

and Ken Snyder. HOBSTRA, in the university set for the first time, could not have picked a worse year. The Flying Dutchmen lost just about everybody.

If any team is to wrest the Yankee Conference title from Massachusetts, it will be MAINT. To do so, the Black Bears have to upset the champions this Saturday. Coach Hal Westerman is hopeful, largely because his defense is solid with Ernie Smith, a huge (6 feet 4, 245 pounds) tackle, and he has the backs to launch a strong wing T. What the Bears lack is depth. After the first 11, they are a scrawny outfit.

CONNECTICUT, rebuilding under former Navy Aide Rick Fortzano, who has installed Wayne Hardin's zippy offense with its wide flankers and split ends, has problems. The Uconn backs are far from overpowering, and the line, except for Richie Kuspec, a foraging line-backer, has more enthusiasm than ability. VERMONT, a pleasant surprise last year, can mass a stubborn middle with Guards George Oelze and Ron Herel and Center Rusty Brink, but Coach Bob Clifford's backs are average to a fault. Although RHODE ISLAND has 19 lettermen, including All-New England Tackle Joe Buesing and eight halfbacks, Coach Jack Zilly will go with some newcomers. Exciting sophomore John Thompson and junior Bill Bryant will start at halfback. NEW HAMPSHIRE Coach Chief Boston is plain unhappy. He lost all his backs and he badly needs a defense—to hold down the score.

In the Little Three, WESLEYAN and WILLIAMS pick AMHERST to win its third straight title. That is natural, but Amherst Coach Jim Ostendorf, who has only Quarterback Wayne Kniffin and two linemen back from the first unit of last year's 7-1 team, warns "this will be a year to test the loyalties of students and alumni." Williams lost 21 players and has to rebuild everywhere. Wesleyan, however, is so jammed with lettermen (21) and able sophomores that Coach Norm Daniels, after 19 years, took a sabbatical and turned the team over to Line Coach Don Russell. The line is crowded with experienced operators and there are three good quarterbacks—seniors Mark Creed and Fred Nachman and junior Jeff Hopkins. It looks like Wesleyan's year.

TURN PAGE FOR MINNETT SCOUTING REPORTS

The Midwest

HAIL TO THE ILLINI



THE TRADITION

The Midwest, from Ohio and Michigan to Colorado, accounts for an awful lot of this country's football. It is the home of the Big Ten and the Big Eight, and invariably the very good Mid-American Conference is ignored simply because there are already too many good teams to pay attention to. But, like the Mid-American, the bigs may be living in a shadow soon. There is a growing suspicion that Illinois is quietly but efficiently building a football dynasty. Oklahoma and Ohio State, among others, may argue the point strenuously. The fact remains that after years of depression, the Illini quite unexpectedly bloomed last season into what may be a prairie perennial. They are well equipped to repeat as the best in the Midwest.

But this at conservative Illinois? The prospect seems strange. The campus, for instance, is huge and, like the Midwest

itself, sprawling. One city cannot contain it, so it is in two, Urbana and Champaign, and no less than 27,000 students wander about buildings that vary from early 20th century boiler factory to Colonial to modern boiler factory.

Illinois is not, to be precise, the sort of place that inspires students to set fires in the streets the night before the big game. Freshman talk less of football than their chances of getting through Rhetoric 101, the English course that separates new students from the university in alarming numbers. Upperclassmen work earnestly at becoming chemists or engineers during the week and until recently, even though Saturday's game was at home, queued up for a place on the Illinois Central's Friday Night Special that headed straight out of town.

There is a three-figure statue (*above*) sitting astride the corner of Green and Wright Streets in Urbana that reflects the mood of Illinois. Hard to miss on the way

to Memorial Stadium, the statue holds a revered position at the university and is never painted garish colors or dressed up in silly costumes before or after football games. The figure in the middle, a handsome woman in flowing robes, her arms outstretched, is known as Alma Mater. To her left is a younger woman, also in flowing robes, who represents Learning. On Alma Mater's right is a brawny fellow in a leather apron, and he is commonly referred to as Labor. But cynics insist Labor looks suspiciously like Red Grange and, while the more serious-minded disclaim it, Learning *is* shaking his hand.

The point, of course, is that Illinois, in its muted way, has always been able to lift its collective eyes from the pages of books when the noise from the stadium was compelling enough. But there was never undue pressure on football, as evidenced in the tenure of coaches. Only three men have led Illinois's football

teams in the last 51 years and the first of that reign, Bob Zuppke, is spoken of in hallowed whispers. Zuppke turned out tough teams, no doubt about that. Once, just before a game with unbeaten Ohio State, he told his players: "Nobody but a dead man comes out." Late in the game an end was hurt, and Zuppke sent in a new man. The substitute took one look at the end lying on the grass, trotted back to the bench and said: "He's still breathing."

Besides the seven Big Ten champions he won and the numerous selected upsets he perpetrated against vastly superior teams, Zuppke invented the huddle. This seemed appropriate enough for a university that had already invented another sort of huddle (the homecoming game) in 1910. Today, virtually every college in the country is stuck with reduced, overweight, teary-eyed old grads who make it a point to belabor somebody's campus at least once each year.

As with any team that plays football long enough, Illinois has had its bad years. Part of the reason for that Friday Night Special, in fact, was a recent history of absolutely terrible football teams that managed to lose 50 games in the last 10 years. When the Illini turned up their old winning tricks last year, the change came as a distinct surprise and it explains, in part, the 5,000 instant fans who backed up traffic three miles on Route 45 in their rush to greet the team at the airport. Conservative Illinois had just tied Ohio State. Conservatism, as even the bookish had suspected, was only game-deep.

THE BEST

For Illinois there will be more traffic jams this year, and Coach Pete Elliott accepts his sudden prosperity graciously. "My coaching," he says, "improved 100% last season." What really improved Pete's coaching was the presence of such edifying specimens as Ock Butkus, the 237-pound linebacker who was on everybody's All-America at the end of last season, and Archie Sutton, a fierce 249-pound tackle. Butkus, amazingly agile for a man his size, tossed opposing blockers and ballcarriers around like duckpins in a big-pin alley, and made

an astounding number of tackles—148. It is no wonder the pros are drooly over him. Two bold sophomores—Fullback Jim Grabowski and Halfback Sam Price—helped, too, and all four are back, along with 20 other members of the team that won the Big Ten championship and beat Washington in the Rose Bowl in January.

For all its size, Illinois is less likely to trample its opponents to death than it is to smother them. With an organized resourcefulness one would expect of a Light Horse Harry Lee, the lightly muscled ends, Rich Callaghan and Oase Mueller, Tackles Sutton and Bill Minor and Guards Ed Washington and Wylie Fox, quick and expert all, will force enemy backs to the inside, where Butkus and his linebacking sidekick, Don Hansen, can strangle them.

Elliott's offense, mostly a free-and-easy T with split ends and flankers, is moved primarily by Grabowski and Price. Grabbo, a lean-faced driver, seems to enjoy sliding his 207 pounds into a tackler's arms. But just when he appears caught—wham—he shuffles, twists and explodes downfield. This talent earned Grabowski 491 yards rushing last year and he added 125 more in the Rose Bowl game. Price, a lithe 200-pounder with elusive moves, Ron Ackis, a converted quarterback, and sophomore Doug Harford, who runs the 100 in 9.9, are the outside threats. The quarterbacking is in capable hands. Fred Custardo, who takes over for Mike Taliaferro, is an adequate passer and good roll-out runner.

For all this obvious affluence, Elliott remains cautious. "We hope we can win again," he says, "but you just never know in this conference. There are always so many imponderables."

One of the imponderables that bothers Elliott is the Big Ten rule that prohibits a team from going to the Rose Bowl two years in a row, even if it should win the conference again. Without this incentive, the Illini could conceivably become complacent, just as Wisconsin did a year ago. But Elliott has a plus factor working for him. His players learned to win last year, and they liked it.

OKLAHOMA, with 29 letterman back, is even more prosperous than Illinois. The Sooners have enough seasoned hands around to staff three backfields

and two two-way lines. Longtime (17 years) Assistant Gomer Jones, who took over the team when Bud Wilkinson retired to run for the U.S. Senate, plans to platoon his three backfields—one to attack, one to defend and one to go both ways. And he has so many good linemen available that three of last year's starters, All-America Tackle Ralph Neely, Center John Garrett and End Rick McCurdy, were bumped to the second team during spring practice.

But Big Eight teams should not be lulled by this springtime gambit. Come Saturday, when Oklahoma meets Maryland, Neely, all 6 feet 6 and 243 pounds of him, will be flushing out ballcarriers like a spirited, oversized hound dog. He will be supported by some highly competent colleagues in the Sooner line. Players like 240-pound Ed McQuarters and 212-pound Newt Burton, the classy guards, know how to block and tackle. After all, they learned it from Jones, who before becoming head coach was one of the best line coaches in the business.

The running game, just as it was under Wilkinson, will be built around All-America Fullback Jim Grisham, a bruising 211-pounder who is large enough to power inside and fast enough to slip outside the tackles. As a sometime linebacker, Grisham also is a punishing tackler. Helping Grisham with the rushing assignments will be Halfbacks Larry Brown and Lance Rentzel, a big, hard-running junior.

Despite all this talent, Oklahoma's hopes hinge largely on one skinny elbow. It belongs to Mike Ringer, a slick quarterback who looked to be very good as a sophomore in Oklahoma's first two games in 1963. Then he jammed his right elbow into an electric fan, lacerating it badly and marring the bone. After two operations, Ringer's elbow has been proclaimed sound, but he missed spring practice and has yet to test it under pressure.

If Ringer, a competent passer and roll-out specialist, cannot make it, the Sooners' shot T will lack the versatility that Jones desires. Bobby Page, who ran the show last year, is strictly a runner and cannot give the Oklahomaans the surprise and versatility they need to divert opponents' attention from all those ground plays.

—continued

The Midwest *continues*

One coach, of course, who believes he needs no such surprise is OHIO STATE's pass-defying Woody Hayes, who blindly insists football is meant to be played on the ground. Hayes even shuns such an innovation as the I formation, with its extended motion and trickery, as an unnecessary affront to the game. All Woody ever wants is a collection of direct (and sizable) young men who find it pleasant going over people than around them. He hasn't had quite the right type the past year or two, but he does now and you just have to believe him when he claims, "We will be better than last year."

The Bucks will be bigger, tougher and deeper, especially in the line, where Hayes has sufficient strength to two-plateau. For offense he has crisp, sure blockers in Tackles Doug Van Horn, 235 pounds, and Jim Davidson, 223, and Guards Dan Porretta, 213, and Ray Pryor, a compact 215-pound sophomore. The defense is even stronger. Linebackers Tom Bugel and Dwight Kelley and big, experienced linemen like Tackles Ed Orazen, 227, and Gerry Kasunic, 222, and Middle Guard Bill Ridder, 221, on some afternoons will be just plain unmovable.

Ohio State, however, will be as dull as ever on offense. Hayes is firmly committed to sending his large quarterbacks and fullbacks hurtling inside the tackles, hoping, apparently, to blind the foe with the resultant cloud of dust. Don Unverferth, oddly enough, passes better than he runs, practically unheard of in an Ohio State quarterback, but Tom Barrington, a bulky handy-undy who *can* run and play anywhere in the backfield, is available for the heavy-duty bludgeoning. For the fullback smashing, the Bucks have 220-pound Will Sander and Paul Hudson, a block-busting 210-pound sophomore. Just in case Woody gets to feeling reckless enough to let his halfbacks run some, he has a spy one in sophomore Bo Rein, a wepy-legged youngster who turns a corner like a New York cab driver.

The burning question in the Big Ten—can Ohio State beat Illinois?—will not smolder overly long. The two meet October 10 at Champaign.

Ohio State also has to play MICHIGAN, and if the Big Ten has a dark horse it is Coach Bump Elliott's young, hungry

team. The Wolverines, who came on with a rush at the end of last year, have the most and the best-looking backs in the conference and Elliott will run them out of a loose wing T.

All four of last season's starters—Quarterback Bob Timberlake, Halfbacks Jack Clancy and Dick Rindfuss and Fullback Mel Anthony—are back but the talent is so abundant that Elliott can field a complete sophomore backfield and not feel squishy about it. One of the rookies, swift Carl Ward, will start ahead of Rindfuss.

Michigan, however, has some problems in the line. Not at end, where lanky John Henderson, who caught 27 passes last year, Captain Jim Conley and Craig Kirby head a seven-man brigade. It is the interior that worries Elliott. After Linebacker Tom Cecchini, fully recovered from a knee operation, and Tackles Bill Yearby and Charlie Ruzicka, a solid 235-pound citizen, the Wolverines will have to take potluck. Even so, Michigan could surprise some folks. Says Elliott, "Given the proper set of circumstances, we could do real well." What he means, of course, is victories over brother Pete's Illini, whom he always beats, and Ohio State.

Meanwhile, huck in the Big Eight, MISSOURI, KANSAS and NEBRASKA are setting traps for Oklahoma. Missouri appears to have the best chance of all to put down the powerful Sooners. The Tigers will go after them with one of the fastest and best backfields Coach Dan Devine has ever had. Johnny Roland, the fancy-running halfback who was out of school last year for disciplinary reasons after an extraordinary sophomore year (630 yards running, 13 touchdowns in 1962), is back. So is Gary Lane, the All-Conference quarterback who ran and passed for more than 1,000 yards. Sophomore Charlie Brown, a speedy little runner who can sweep the ends or take off on the dive play, will start at right half.

Devine is plotting a new twist to go with his wing T sweeps this year, facetiously called "student body left and student body right" because he gets so many blockers in front of the ballcarrier. It is a spread with both ends split, halfbacks flanked wide and the quarterback 10 yards behind the center. Devine fig-

ures it will give swifties Roland and Brown more running room.

The big question is whether the Tiger line will be able to hold its own in the demanding Big Eight. The right side is solid enough with 227-pound Butch Allison at tackle and Tom Wyrostek, a tough defender, at guard, but Devine has had to do some switching to fill the other holes. If the changes pan out, Missouri will be very tough indeed.

So will Kansas. Coach Jack Mitchell at last has the big linemen necessary for the tough in-fighting that goes on in the Big Eight. Missouri's Devine views this latest development grimly. "We have never been able to pass on Mitchell," he says. "Now if we can't run against him, we might as well not show up."

Missouri will, of course, and the game will be played at Columbia on November 21. It will be a doozy. Kansas has a line that averages 225 pounds overall and 231 from tackle to tackle. Included in this formidable collection of heft is 266-pound Guard Dick Pratt, a roly-poly with a perpetual smile who is also a skilled percussionist, 245-pound Tackle Brian Schweda and End Mike Shunn, a mere 220-pounder. Not many teams, Oklahoma and Missouri included, will take liberties with them.

Kansas also has All-America Halfback Gale Sayers. All he did last year, when he was the nation's No. 3 rusher, was run the ball for 917 yards, catch 11



passes for 155 yards, run back 14 punts and kickoffs for 314 more and score eight touchdowns. The one knock against Sayers is that he does not block or tackle. That is perfectly all right with Mitchell, just as long as he keeps running. Mike Johnson, a power runner who played behind Sayers, and Fullback Ron Oelschlaeger can take care of the blocking and tackling. Not all is muscle and brawn, however. Quarterback Steve Renko was a disappointment as a passer last year, completing only six passes in his last five games. "We would have been better off if we hadn't thrown a single pass," says Mitchell.

That may be the tip-off on how Kansas will play the game this year. Mitchell has switched Sayers to right halfback and gone back to the classic split T with its dive options and quick openers. But Kansas will have to throw the ball once in a while to avoid stacked defenses, and Renko must improve if the Jayhawks are to make a hard run at Oklahoma.

Despite the loss of Quarterback Dennis Clandine and most of the king-sized linemen who thumped opponents so unmercifully, Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney is far from pessimistic. He says flatly, "We'll be a contender. We're the defending champs, and if anybody wants the title they have to beat us to get it."

It is a fair statement, even though many Husker rooters were disturbed when a mostly freshman team beat the

varsity 24-15 in the spring game. Devaney was not unduly perturbed. He knows what his 26 holdovers can do and, face it, who is going to cry over freshmen who are that good?

Even without 260-pound All-American Guard Bob Brown and Lloyd Voss, the 245-pound All-Conference tackle, there are plenty of able bodies around for the line—like Larry Kramer, a 245-pounder, and converted center Walt Barnes, 240, at tackle. The end situation is pleasant, too. Right End Tony Jeter is a lean, sad-faced but very able 210-pounder who may be Nebraska's best lineman. He can grab passes, defend well, and is happiest when sent in a blocking assignment against a defensive halfback.

The Huskers' running game, the best in the nation in 1963, will again be something to see. Quarterback Fred Duda, a junior, loves to run with the ball on the option play, and they say he passes better than Clairidge. The halfbacks, 9.6 sprinter Kent McCloughan and Bobby Hohn, can buzz on the off-tackle slants and sweeps, but Devaney needs a fullback who can take advantage of quick-opening holes. Pete Titman, one of the many good sophomores, may be the answer.

The Mid-American Conference, still a cut below most of the bigger fellows in the Midwest but growing all the time, has three good teams. With 23 lettermen back, defending champion Ohio will be

quicker and more explosive on offense and even tougher on defense than it was a year ago when it led the conference. Coach Bill Hess has three of the MAC's best linemen in Skip Hoover, a 230-pound linebacker, Ron Fowlkes, a slinky 6-foot-2 end, and 240-pound Tackle Ron Stepien, as well as a seasoned backfield. Quarterback Wes Dancyo is only an average passer, but Hess, like his old boss, Woody Hayes, would rather run than pass anyway and he has the backs for it.

At first glance BOWLING GREEN's losses (20 lettermen) would seem to indicate that disaster lies ahead for the Falcons. Don't believe it. Coach Doy Perry, once a Woody Hayes man, too, still has Jay Cunningham, a halfback who last season ran for 539 yards and 9 touchdowns. He also has a fine passer in Quarterback Jerry Ward, two lusty tackles—300-pound Tony Lawrence and 260-pound Jerry Jones—and the best freshman crop in his 10 years at Bowling Green. One of them is Stew Williams (see box), the 230-pound fullback who is so good that he has made a halfback out of Jim Wisner, the Falcons' second-best runner last year with 537 yards gained rushing.

MIAMI's Bob Schembachler, unlike his old boss—who else but Woody Hayes?—likes the pass. The reason is obvious: Ernie Kellermann, a baby-faced, string-beanish left-hander whom Bo calls "the

continued

He doesn't drag them, he scatters them

Stew Williams, Bowling Green's fullback, has exceptional balance for a 230-pounder (he's six feet tall), runs the 100 in 10.1 and is strong and aggressive. "When he hits the line he doesn't drag people, he just scatters them," says Freshman Coach Jim Ruchl. Varsity Coach Doy Perry, a man not usually given to superlatives, calls Williams "the greatest prospect we've ever had." Williams, a mild-mannered youngster with a warm, friendly smile when he isn't barreling into enemy linemen, was one of Ohio's best all-round high school ath-

letes. In three seasons at Sandusky High he won nine letters—three in basketball (college scouts were amazed at his rebounding abilities), three in track (he won his district's shot-put title and anchored the mile relay team) and three in football (he was a unanimous All-Ohio fullback and made several scholastic All-America teams). Every time Williams ran with the ball he averaged 7.3 yards while, overall, he gained 3,059 yards, made 39 touchdowns and scored 260 points. Remarkably, his high school coach considered him just

as valuable as a defensive cornerback and inside linebacker.

Woody Hayes, who tried but failed to recruit Williams for Ohio State, did land Ray Pryor, a 6-foot 215-pounder who could be the top sophomore lineman in the Big Ten, if not the nation. Extremely strong and quick, Pryor, who was an All-Ohio center at Hamilton High, was switched to guard in spring practice. At center, guard or tackle, which he can also play, Pryor will be an asset to the Ohio State team.

Paired with the speedy Johnny

Roland in the Missouri backfield will be Charlie Brown, a halfback flash who is even faster than Roland. An electrifying runner who can burst through the line or scowl around end for long runs, Brown is so quick getting started he has run the 60-yard low hurdles in 6.8! That Quarterback Gary Lane has to hustle his hand-offs to Brown on drive plays. At Jefferson City (Mo.) High, Brown played in 28 consecutive winning games and during his senior year scored 138 points, rushed for 1,090 yards and averaged 10.9 yards a carry.

The Midwest *continued*

greatest quarterback in the country." He may be taking in too much territory, but Kellermann is one of the best. Last year he completed 68 of 134 passes for 895 yards and eight touchdowns and rolled out on the option for another 358. Miami's defenses, however, are suspect. Unless Schembcher can find some depth in the line, Kellermann's best may not be quite good enough.

THE REST

ONE NOTRE DAME follower, watching New Coach Ara Parseghian hustle his players through a workout during spring practice, was heard to murmur, "Thank God, it's like the old days again." His enthusiasm is premature. Parseghian, an impatient man, is determined to return Notre Dame to its position of dominance in college football, and he undoubtedly will one day—but not in 1964.

The Irish, who have suffered wretchedly through five straight losing or .500 seasons, will be better, but they are not quite up to a schedule that includes Wisconsin, Purdue, Stanford, Navy, Penn. Michigan State and USC. As a starter, Parseghian will have to make do with what he inherited from former Coach Hughes Devore. It is not much, by old-time Notre Dame standards, but players like Jim Carroll, a 225-pound linebacker, Dick Arrington, a stocky 227-pounder who has been moved from tackle to guard, and Tackle John Meyer are big league. They can give the Irish line a respectable look this year.

What Notre Dame lacks most is backfield speed. Halfbacks Bill Wolski and Nick Rassas and Fullback Joe Farrell run hard but too slowly, and Quarterback John Huarte, just a fair passer, is hardly what Parseghian, who had Tom Myers at Northwestern, is used to. Nevertheless, he will put them in a racy flanker T and hope for the best, which could be a break-even season. Coming from Parseghian, a Presbyterian, that would satisfy the good fathers at Catholic Notre Dame immensely. Indeed, one win-starved clergyman says, "It would be a great thing for the Ecumenical Movement."

Everybody in the Big Ten worries about Wisconsin. And so does Coach

Milt Bruhn, but for different reasons. Bruhn is still in shock after watching his highly regarded 1963 Badgers go down the drain in a wave of lethargy. To add to his troubles, he no longer has Lou Holland, his best runner, nor does he have Rick Reichardt, his best pass catcher, who succumbed to a Bunyansque baseball honor. So why is the rest of the Big Ten suspicious? Quarterback Harold Brandt, who threw for 1,018 yards in 1963, is one answer, and Charlie Burt, a free-flying sophomore, is another. He may be even better than Brandt. The defense will be surer, too, with 230-pound Bob Pickens at middle guard and Ray Mazen and sophomore Bob Richter backing up the line.

MICHIGAN STATE'S Duffy Daugherty had better have a fresh supply of quips ready for his East Lansing critics. What he will not have are Sherman Lewis, Dewey Lincoln and Roger Lopes, the backs who made life so unexpectedly pleasant for the Spartans a year ago. His new runners are not nearly as good. What Duffy Daugherty will have is his usual testy defense, best in the Big Ten and fourth best in the nation last season. Players like Rahn Bentley and 240-pound Jerry Rush, the two-way tackles, sturdy linebackers Ron Gooveri and Steve Mellinger, and Defensive Backs Charlie Misyanka and Lou Bobich, the soccer-style field-goal kicker, will see to that.

PURDUE, where the attack has always been mostly airborne and the defense usually big and rough, has a lot of problems. Boh Hadrick, a rangy 195-pound junior end with grabby hands (he caught 29 passes as a sophomore), is back again, but Coach Jack Mollenkopf has no one like Ron DeGrasso to throw the ball to him unless sophomore Boh Griese lives up to his notices. The Boilermakers will have to stay on the ground most of the time and hope that Fullback John Kuzniowski, a husky fellow with good break-away speed who has been shifted from halfback, and Gordon Teter, a swifty runner, can move the ball. But a vulnerable defense will make Purdue scratch for its victories.

AT INDIANA, Coach Phil Dickens will have his own scratching to do. He has more good players than he has seen all together in a long time, though, and his

scratching could be more successful than Purdue's. Fullback Tom Nowatke is a for instance. A hard-running 222-pounder, he ran for 756 yards and six touchdowns last year, caught seven passes, kicked seven points after touchdown and five field goals and, just to keep busy, played middle linebacker on defense. He also is a tremendous blocker. Then there are Quarterback Rich Bidart, who completed 55 of 94 passes, and End Bob Malinchak, who caught 25. The offense will do just fine, and the line is mean enough to be bothersome. But the Hoosiers' pass defense, which leaked profusely last year, permitting 19 touchdowns, does not seem improved.

About all that Ara Parseghian left behind at Northwestern was Quarterback Myers, a superb passer who completed 93 for 1,398 yards. New Coach Alex Agase has done away with the flanker, split an end instead, and now Myers, who has never displayed much talent for running, will do some rolling out. Hopefully, the change will give the Wildcats more versatility. But the same old problems plague Northwestern. If anything, the always-thin Wildcats are skinner than ever, particularly in the line. It will be a hard year in Evanston.

Down at the bottom of the Big Ten heap are MINNESOTA and IOWA. Minnesota's offense, rarely exciting, needs a quarterback desperately, and Coach Murray Warmath, for the first time in memory, has run out of big, booming All-America tackles. Iowa's Jerry Burns, reportedly on his way out, does not miss tackles. He never had any. He does have a quarterback—Garry Snook, who is an excellent long passer. Burns' runners, though, are hardly the kind who will scare anyone.

The outlook is more pleasant at IOWA STATE. All-America Tom Vaughn, who last season made hash of Big Eight defenses with his pure line smashing (for 795 yards) from fullback, has moved to tailback, and now he will be turning corners as well as hammering middles. With some help from Mike Cox and Tony Baker, a flashy 210-pound sophomore fullback who has like a skull cracker, and from a rough interior line that features 248-pound Tackle Norm Taylor and 222-pound Center John Berrington, Vaughn could put Coach Clay Staple-

ton's team into the Big Eight first division this season.

OKLAHOMA STATE, COLORADO and KANSAS STATE entertain no such hopes. Oklahoma State Coach Phil Cutchin, who likes his players nasty, does not have nearly enough of them, and there is an abyss at quarterback. Colorado, still rebuilding under Coach Eddie Crowder, will have to depend largely on three sophomore backs—Quarterback Hale Irwin, Oklahoma transfer George Reese and Terry McCarthy—and that is risky. Kansas State, weary of the dark Big Eight cellar, has adopted a unique approach to its troubles. Instead of firing the coach, K-State gave Doug Weaver a raise and one more assistant, increased the number of football scholarships and raised the student athletic fee from \$5.50 to \$15 to finance the plan. It may work, eventually. Meanwhile, Weaver will have to get along as best he can with what he has—a handful of eager backs and some diligent but mediocre players in the line.

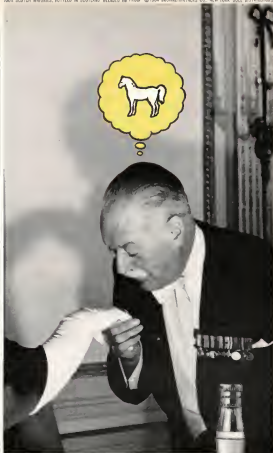
The have-nots in the Mid-American Conference are beginning to stir. MARSHALL has the offense to cause trouble. TOLEDO, for so long the lowest totem on the pole, is showing signs of life under Coach Frank Lauterbur.

KENT STATE and WESTERN MICHIGAN look for some improvement under new coaches this year. At Kent State, Coach Leo Strang has moved up from Massillon in Ohio. At Western Michigan former Army assistant Bill Doodlette has taken over.

Good passers and runners abound in the Missouri Valley. Maybe the best passer anywhere is TULSA's Jerry Rhone, a refugee from SMU, who could throw the Hurricanes right into the championship. WICHITA has lost its splendid passing team of Quarterback Henry Schichtle and End Bob Long, so Coach Chelo Huerta will have to look to his runners for action. CINCINNATI, last year's co-champion (with Wichita), has the fastest set of backs in the conference. Quarterback Brig Owens (called The Brig O, naturally) is an accurate passer who runs the option like a halfback.

Independent XAVIER, with Halfback Walt Mainer leading an aggressive attack, has high hopes, but it will be a long season for DAYTON and DETROIT.

TURN PAGE FOR SMALL COLLEGES



Secret thoughts of a cabinet minister

"...ten dowagers to go. Hope they'll reward me with a White Horse Scotch when I get through the line."

**People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A robbing thought.*





RING THAT BELL

THE TRADITION

The road unreeals hypnotically, and distance seems to increase rather than lessen as you drive through northeast Texas in late summer. Miles of thirsty brown land are broken only occasionally by squares of black plowed earth. Your first glance tells you that this soil should be fertile, but early settlers long ago discovered the blackland dirt assumes the consistency of clay when damp, and the Texas sun can bake it into brick. Cotton grows fitfully, subject to the fickle rainy seasons.

It is startling to reach Highway 513. Abruptly, a supermodern six-lane highway pops under the wheels. Through the shimmer of heat produced by the summer sun there seems to appear a sprawling colony of modern architecture. It is no mirage. It is East Texas State College.

The wonder is not so much that East Texas is undusly and gleamingly new, but rather that it should exist in this particular place at all, on the edge of

the town of Commerce. Commerce (pop. 5,789) is shabbily genteel, its streets reflecting the region. In the halcyon days of the cotton-railroad era Commerce was the bustling economic hub its name implies. But as the cotton market dwindled, Commerce began to lose its ebullient frontier optimism and to depend upon the college for its existence.

East Texas State did not rise easily from this stubborn, faded land. Building his college from nothing in 1889, founder William Leonidas Mayo voiced the philosophy of hard work that was to become the school's credo: "You give me the will and I'll give you the education. I'll provide a garden plot or a cow or a job so that you can sell vegetables or milk or ring the college bell or do janitor work to earn your way."

Sam Rayburn, late Speaker of the House, rang that bell and did that janitor work. Speaker Sam wrote, shortly before he died, "If it hadn't been for Mayo's college, his credit and his inspi-

ration, I don't know where I'd be today. Professor Mayo instilled the importance of having an objective in life and the need to bend every energy toward it. If teachers today are able to inspire students as Mayo did, our American future is secure."

The credit to which Rayburn refers ("students could attend free with a promise to pay when they got out") forced Mayo to turn over his college to Texas in 1917. It may not be true, as legend claims, that Mayo died within an hour of the state senate's acceptance, but it is true he is buried in a corner of the campus, ironically, alumni returning for the homecoming football game gather around the tomb of a man who opposed the sport. The first games were bootlegged onto campus with Mrs. Mayo's approval but not the professor's. Even today they say that East Texas is a good place for a poor boy to go to school, but this—and a determination to provide education—is about the last vestige of

Mayo College. More than 62% of the faculty hold doctorates, and East Texas is now the only Texas state college offering the Ph.D. Growing academic pride is reflected by a student's reaction when a friend flunked out of East Texas and enrolled at North Texas. "And thereby," he said, "we raise the academic level of both colleges." Dotting the campus are 87 buildings, most new, including a large library and a tastefully elaborate student center. The visitation committee of the Southern Association of Colleges said in 1962: "East Texas is not only a good institution but also in some respects approaches superiority."

One approach to superiority probably not contemplated by the committee is through football. East Texas has won the Lone Star football title 15 times since the league was organized in 1932 and has taken second place seven times. Since 1953 four Lion teams have played in the Tangerine Bowl, where they have won three games and tied one. The old victory bell (*opposite*), the same bell Sam Rayburn rang for his supper to call Mayo College students to class, was once rung for all these football victories. There were so many that the clapper wore out.

The 1964 season would have been as hard as any on Sam's bell. With so many small colleges to choose from, it is all but impossible to pick the best in the country, but by late fall East Texas State should be in contention for the national title. All the more remarkable, it will arrive at the top while relying heavily on its tradition of transmuted adversity into success. The Lion team was first stricken by the death of Coach J. V. Sikes late in the spring. Then all three fullbacks were lost. Gordon Scarborough signed with the Detroit Lions, alternate Tony Bryant (261 yards last year) decided to go on his mission for the Mormon Church and Wesley Cummings was sidelined by a back injury. Finally, two-way Halfback Olin Smith was felled by grades. But there are plenty of good men to take their places, among them Glen Robinson (459 yards rushing at halfback), who is moving to fullback. At halfback, former Assistant Ernest Hawkins still has Doug Bruner and two high-explosive sophomores: big, fast Charles Mitchell and Clyde Aicklen, who got better and better as he gained

333 yards. And Linemen Bob Burrows, 6-foot-6 230-pound tackle, and 230-pound 6-foot-5 brothers Ted and Fred Polzer are as terrifying as a plague of boll weevils.

THE SOUTHWEST

East Texas State will have to be good merely to survive in its own conference. SAM HOUSTON and STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, two teams almost as strong in football-rich Texas, will be waiting eagerly for East Texas to make a mistake. It could be a long wait.

Similarly potent are the predominantly Negro schools. No one, for instance, can quite believe the PRAIRIE VIEW line is real. It averages 243 pounds a man and last year held opponents to 59 yards per game rushing. End Otis Taylor caught 630 yards of passes for 13 touchdowns and was chosen All-NAIA. So was Guard George Dearborne, while Tackle Horace Chandler made second-team All-America. TEXAS SOUTHERN claims to be undaunted by the Prairie View giants. This optimistic outlook, plus End Herman Driver and Guard John Thompson, is why the Tigers still hope to take the Southwestern Conference. Along with ARKANSAS A MAN and GRAMBLING, Texas Southern will be disillusioned quickly.

ABILENE CHRISTIAN, whose 8-1 record in 1963 was second best in ACC history, has last year's balanced backfield essentially intact. Reunited are fleet Tailback Dennis Hagaman (459 yards and eight touchdowns rushing), Fullback Mike Love (*see box page 74*), Wingback Bubba Brown and a skillful ballhandling quarterback, Charlie Reynolds. With Tackles Mike Capshaw and Larry Cox, Guard Ron Anders and End Dewitt Jones up front, Abilene can duplicate last year's defense, which allowed an average of only 86.2 yards per game on the ground. ARLINGTON hopes to rebound from an atrocious season and challenge Abilene Christian for the new Southland championship. That large order is being given to Wingback Kenneth Vaughn (336 receiving), Fullback Ken Bowman (158), Tailback Al Smith (278), Guard Jerry Stephens and whatever deputies they can find. ARKANSAS STATE or LAMAR TECH may beat them to the draw.

THE SOUTH

Lake Charles, La., situated on the Calcasieu River above Calcasieu Lake and accessible from the Gulf via Calcasieu Pass, is the seat of Calcasieu Parish. It is also the seat of McNEESE STATE and football Coach Les DeVall, a circumstance that may yet induce the citizens of Lake Charles to rename river, lake, pass and parish after DeVall. DeVall has lost only 17 of 65 games at McNeese and may have the best small-college team in the South this year. He has Tailback Charlie Anastasio (594 yards), Fullbacks Dan Sure and Merlin Walet and Quarterbacks Richard Guffroy (401 yards passing, 125 running, eight touchdowns), George Halfner and Baron Thomas to lead the attack.

The Gulf States Conference is suitably aggressive. If McNeese is not example enough, take LOUISIANA TECH. Tech will open its 1965 season with Rice, its 1966 season with Alabama. For the present, Joe Allett's men content themselves with terrorizing their own league. Fullbacks Gerald McDowell (358 yards) and Wayne Noland and Halfbacks Alden Reeves (196) and Jack Odom are the team's good runners. End Wayne Davis (309) and Halfback Corky Corkern (172) are the best catchers. Billy Laird, 90 of 157 for 1,103 yards, is the passer. Nearly everybody scores, but not enough to beat McNeese for the conference title.

Another potentially strong team is SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA, which registers a nicely matched set of running backs this fall: Halfbacks Ellis Johnson and Jerry Joe Dunaway and Fullback Kenny Dyer or Harry Nunez. Towering Tackle Maxie Williams is supported by experienced sophomore Linemen Billy Andrews, Carl Barber, Eddie Brescher and Fred Gary.

FLORIDA A&M Coach Jake Gaither, who always before has been able to find some reason why fast backs are a handicap, had a perfect one presented to him this year: Halfback Bob Hayes, 9.1 world-record holder, will be away at the Olympics. His quarterback-and combination of last season, while not in Tokyo, is just as gone. There are consolations. Guard Owen McKay, all 265 pounds of him, is one. Ends Carleton

continued

Small Colleges

Oats (255) and Art Robinson. Tackles Emmette Gumble (260) and David Daniels and Guard Bob Brown are others.

The Halftoppers of WESTERN KENTUCKY topped the hill country Ohio Valley Conference a year before anybody thought they would. Western hurt the OVC with not one Bart but two—brothers Jim and John. Fullback John pounded 438 yards, bad enough. Halfback Jim rushed 530 yards, passed 334 (for four scores), received for 105 and intercepted five passes. Meanest of all, Quarterback Sharon Miller—one man who plays like two—passed 428 yards, rushed exactly another 428, received for 133 and scored 10 touchdowns.

So, does Western Kentucky stand alone? It does not. MIDDLE TENNESSEE has the statistics to prove it is almost equally good. The Blue Raiders, 123-45-7 and never a losing season in 17 years under Coach Bubber Murphy, figure at least to continue their record of finishing no lower than second in the Ohio Valley Conference. The statistics hint does not end with Quarterback Teddy Morris' 12 touchdowns on 1,325 yards' passing in 1963. Halfback Larry Whaley rushed 207 yards and caught passes for 126 more, and Fullback David Petty rushed 332 for six touchdowns.

TENNESSEE TECH lost Quarterback Jim Ragland but thinks of Paul Whaley as an adequate replacement. He will be if he is like cousin Jim Whaley, who rushed 205 yards and returned kickoffs an average of 25.8 yards. Fullback Ron

Reeves (555 yards), End, Bob Haile, Guard Bob Borkowski and Center Bryan Draper are back to help.

Independent HOWARD COLLEGE finds pleasure in the antics of Fullback Larry Lackey (373 yards last year), Halfbacks Ed Donahoo (225) and Richard Curce (189) and Quarterback Larry Wyatt (359 rushing, 264 passing). Defense, however, is Howard's real kick. Linebacker Wally Burnham and a strong line produced three shutouts.

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE, led by two-time Little All-America Bill Hayes, should win the Central Intercollegiate championship, but do not count out MORGAN STATE. "We do expect to show up for all our games and give the best account of ourselves possible," says Coach Earl Banks.

Over in the tradition-dripping College Athletic Conference, defending SEWanee has 22 lettermen, most notably Guard Jimmy Stewart. WASHINGTON A LIA, resigned to horrible losses, finds some solace in Linebackers Joe Miller and Jeff Novinger and in grabby Halfback Bill David. Elsewhere, HAMPSHIRE-SYDNEY, TENNESSEE STATE and CHATTANOOGA are schools to watch.

THE WEST

LOS ANGELES STATE, 20,000 strong and situated between two freeways and a parking lot, makes a strong claim on the national small-college title. One large

reason is Dunn Marteen. Positively not the subject of a Scots ballad, Marteen is instead a quarterback capable of gaining on the ground (490 yards last year), passing (for 580 more) and scoring (70 points). Another argument is Fullback Art Robinson, who drove exactly 500 yards. A line averaging 231 pounds and distinguished by Tackle Richard Dick, Guard Walter Johnson and Tight End Howard Kindig cannot hurt either. If Los Angeles State was "born in carbon monoxide and raised on shog," as one professor says, its team seems to thrive on it. Visiting teams will find beating the Dumbos for the California Collegiate Conference even harder than finding a parking place.

SAN DIEGO STATE will try. State, with ambitions to move up to the big time alongside USC and UCLA, is sparked by 215-pound Quarterback Rod Dowhower, who gobbled up 1,234 yards by completing 58 of 120 passes for an average 19.6 yards in 1963. Back again is the Elephant Backfield, averaging 218 pounds, with Tailback John Butler and Fullback Dale Hawley. It looks like an impressive season.

It might not be entire coincidence that FRESNO's coach turned in his whistle when All-America Quarterback Beau Carter left. Carter set 14 school records by completing 115 of 226 passes for 1,595 yards and 10 touchdowns. Success now depends on Ron Melton (412 yards as a reserve), End Roger Smith (334 yards), Halfback Jim Long (247) and



Too rough for his classmates

One day when Mike Love was a first-grader in Big Spring, Texas his teacher sent a note home with him from school. "Dear Mrs. Love," it read, "Mike is too rough for the other children in his grade in sports, though he doesn't intend to be." Love, now Abilene Christian College's fullback and probably the best small-college sophomore in the country, never stopped being too rough for his classmates. Says Coach Jim Cashion of Odessa's Permian High School, where

Love was unanimous all-state, "I'm not sure we would have beaten anybody without him." Permian won six, lost four. As a freshman at Abilene Christian last year, Love gained 398 yards and had numerous pen scouts calling him one of the best running backs in the country. Love starts quickly, changes direction quickly, thinks quickly. ACC Coach Les Wheeler explains, "He has good speed and terrific balance." The quietly confident Love has more than one kind of

balance. He can play first-rate defense, punt consistently over 46 yards and—in Coach Wheeler's words—"whether you're talking football or anything else, you can't go wrong on him." An almost A student in high school and a strong B at Abilene, Love tries to minimize his accomplishments and his seriousness—except about football. "Love's in love," winks his coach, "and engaged to be married November 20. That's one week after the season ends."

Halfback Bohhy Lee. LONG BEACH will also be among California Collegiate contenders.

Strongest teams in Big Sky country will be MONTANA STATE and IDAHO STATE. Although Montana State has lost all but one of its starting linemen, there is a fine assortment of replacements. SAN FRANCISCO STATE has Fullback Jerry Brown (304 yards) and End Gary Chiodi, reinforced by defensive Halfback Tim Tierney and Angelo Crudo, a muddle guard who is built like a steel safe. The team's stiffest opposition in the Far Western Conference may be NEVADA.

This fall should be anything but prosaic at WHITTIER. Head Poet John Godfrey has Left Halfback Ron Hales (720 yards), Larry Jaro, a shotputter, sprinter and 217-pounder, and Quarterback Ric Alvarado. 'Tis men like these will keep aloft the Poets' flight of fancy, a wing T using halfbacks behind each tackle and no fullback. Should Whittier pull an upset, however, a REDLANDS crew headed by hot-passing Derek Shelton, End Paul Riggins and several valuable linemen will clean up.

Almost a thousand miles east, ADAMS STATE and COLORADO WESTERN will walk each other down for the Rocky Mountain championship. Adams has the big-bore gun in Halfback Ron Wieser. Fullback Vince Wasia (404) and End Don Alley, who gained 272 yards on receptions as a freshman, are firecrackers. Western's RMC champions, nationally ranked in 1963, retain Halfback Clyde Wilson (550 yards on the ground) and End Tom Popadak.

THE EAST

WEST CHESTER, which makes a profession of being bad news for adversaries, should merit red headlines for its 1964 edition. The monsters from west of Media are adding breakaway seatbacks to an offense already advertising (colorfully) Terry Fberly's Golden Arm and power Fullback John Florence's uncanny knack of finding holes to enlarge. The jitterbugging defense, led by Center Mike Mokris, and the offensive line are strong, too.

Although OTTO Graham's COAST GUARD Cadets cannot better last year's

continued

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Small Colleges

8-0 regular-season record, they probably won't have a much worse one, either. Ed Barrett, the quarterback who completed 72 of 146 passes for 1,012 yards and eight touchdowns as a sophomore, will be back for another tour of duty this fall, and so will his favorite gunnery target, Bill Peterman, stationed either at flanker or split end. Winner of eight games over two years with placements, Cecil Allison will double his depredations as starting fullback. The line, which passes muster all around, is proudest of Center-Linebacker Ron Gipson and Tackle Tom Omri.

Joe Zabalski for politician of the year! "We definitely do not have the all-round manpower we had on last year's undefeated team," says the NORTHEASTERN coach, "but if successful experimenting in the line brings out unknown talent plus a strong backfield we feel Northeastern will be a major threat." Bob Cappadona makes Zabalski feel good. Cappadona, the fullback, bucked for 625 yards last year. He can expect holes to run through from 260-pound sophomore Tackles Sack and Asack, Alan and Bill.

Other contending eastern independents are TUTTS—behind punishing backs Jeff Griffin and John Chumey—and TRINITY, buoyed by Quarterback Merrill Yavinsky's passing (995 yards and eight touchdowns in 1963). Then there is MERCHANT MARINE. The Kings Point team has hired an habitually winning coach, Chuck Mills. Mills has two good halfbacks, Steve Koehler and Frank Menser, who can do a lot of things well. He also has a quarterback in Bob Post and entirely adequate linemen in Guard Mike Popera, Tackle Joe English and End Bill Nakos.

In West Chester's Pennsylvania conference, SLIPPERY ROCK has fast halfbacks, a deep line and Quarterback Stan Truskowski. EAST STROUDSBURG, only threat in the Eastern Division, lost all four starting backs and must rely on an even-front, wide-tackle six defense featuring Tackle Bob Ruckdeschel and Linebacker Jerry Wassilchak.

In the Northern Division of the Middle Atlantic Conference, UPSALA, JUNIATA, WAGNER and SUSQUEHANNA are as alike as four boxes of Rival Dog Food. Defending Upsala wants another trophy, a goal from which the East Orangemen

will be as hard to divert as they are to spell. Interior Linemen George Hettshemer, Dick Giessuebel and Frank DeFilippis, assisted by Len Pierson and Doug Barrell, are formidable indeed.

Cochs Jim Garrett of Susquehanna read last June's commencement program and wept. Four men who had accounted for exactly 1,800 yards graduated. Fortunately, the Crusaders have Halfbacks John Vignone (515 yards rushing), Larry Erdman (306), and Tom Rutzhauser (205), as well as almost all of a line that held opponents to one-third of Susquehanna's ground yardage.

Junata returns 15 of 21 lettermen, one of whom is Quarterback Jim Sutton, Indian total-offense leader as a freshman last year with 519 yards passing and 106 rushing, and Wagner has even more lettermen. Of 29 Seahawks, 26 are back, among them Halfbacks Cliff Lish (seven touchdowns, 295 yards) and Chuck DiStazio (242 yards rushing, 113 receiving). It will be a spirited dog fight. Competition in the MAC Northern Division, in fact, is so fierce that MORAVIAN and ALBRIGHT also figure.

Competition in the Southern Division runs more toward nicknames. For the record, the DRAXIL Dragons are expected to beat out the WESTERN MARYLAND Green Terror.

THE MIDWEST

Football at WITTENBERG is as old as 1850 and as new as Quarterback Chuck Green, who accounted for more total yardage than the entire output of the Tigers' nine 1963 opponents. Green—hold on—completed 114 of 182 passes for 2,181 yards and 19 touchdowns. Even with severe losses, Wittenberg has manpower to expand Coach Bill Edwards' 132-38-8 record. Halfback Jack Morefield (305 rushing, 280 receiving) and End Ron Duncan (566) return. However, the Tigers must get superb work from Linebacker Gary Reedy, Tackles Joe Bury and Larry Stocker, Ends Ed Luthy and Carl Zosack, and Halfback Bob Harvey to keep winning.

It will take that kind of talent to fend off the rest of the 15-team Ohio Conference. AKRON forfeited four backs who accounted for 1,882 of the Zips' 2,874

yards, yet the team still looks ragged. The defense, led by Middle Guard Bobby Johnson, and the offensive line, fired by three-year first-string Tackles Dick Case and Tony Rudowicz, are pre-stressed concrete. BALDWIN-WALLACE is also a threat despite many departures. Jerry Roberts is an outstanding end-safety and Ernie Prince a good fullback, but sophomore John Terakidis must settle in at quarterback. MUKESGUM, with Halfback Dale Dickson, Center Dick Rider, Tackle Mark DeVilling and Quarterback Roger Post, should worry opponents, as should OHSION.

Out at Macomb, Ill., the Leathernecks will try to solve a perennial interstate problem: Who will win the conference title? The WESTERN ILLINOIS solution is concise: "Us." Power Back Noris Steward (721 yards rushing, 177 receiving, 10 touchdowns), Quarterback Dick Raber (782 yards) and End Jim Johnson (converted from fullback, where he gained 316 yards) lead the attack.

"We pride ourselves on being smart football players rather than hard-nosed," says NORTHERN ILLINOIS in scornful reply. The Huskies will have to play a very, very smart game to compensate for the loss of George Bork, most successful passer in the history of football, plus most of their offensive line. A splendid corps of sophomore linemen and Ron Christian may well be the answer. Stepping into quarterback, Christian can run and pass, some say almost as well as Bork. Time will tell.

CENTRAL MICHIGAN has its own graduation casualties, but the Chapews as just could squeak up for another surprise anyway. Quarterback Pat Boyd (54 of 117 complete for 817 yards), End Frank Goldberg, Halfbacks George Wolfe and Bruce Wynan, Guard Ken Bickel and Tackle Glenn Yodue are back on the reservation.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS should be murder. Quarterback Jim Hart completed 72 of 152 attempts for 1,041 yards and 14 touchdowns. That was as a sophomore. End Tom Massey caught 20 passes for 406 yards, and that was as a freshman. Flanker Harry Bobbitt, incidentally, caught 34 for 503, and End Bonnie Shelton went for 219.

DRAMA, another major minor recovering from a poor year, can manufacture

tears over only four of 14 graduates. Sophomore Halfback C. T. Traylor (631 yards) already looks like a Johnny Bright, and sophomore Quarterback Ron Royer has already completed 43 of 87 for 629 yards. Back, in sum, are the sex leading ground-gainers. BRADLEY, like Drake a fugitive from the Missouri Valley Conference during football, feels that "passing creates an exciting game, the type fans want to see if they are going to part with a buck to spend a cold afternoon outdoors." So Bradley gives them basketball during the football season, too. Quarterback Bob Curren has completed 239 of 475 passes for 2,984 yards and 23 touchdowns the last two years. Over three seasons, End Bill Marcorde has scored 16 touchdowns on 1,433 yards' gun, and End Len Harris has gone 1,232 yards for nine touchdowns. And Tony Minnotta, now a halfback, gained 980 yards and nine scores passing in two years at quarterback.

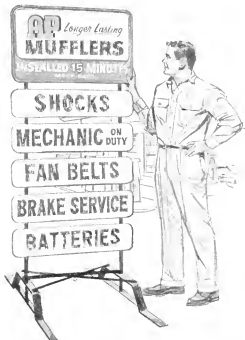
To leave aside the independents, there are some 14 important small-college conferences in the Midwest, totaling well over 100 schools. Here are the best:

"You build more character winning than losing," IMHIS SOUTH DAKOTA STATE Coach Ralph Ginn. Presumably had the Jackrabbits beaten Orange Bowl champion Nebraska, they would have developed enough character to over-crowd every citizen of South Dakota. State did beat everybody else with passer Ron Meyer (1,077 yards). Fullback Gale Douglas (621) and End Ed Maras (327).

ST. JOHN'S of the Minnesota Conference must plug many holes. Already tightly stoppered are center (Jack Hickey), end (Hardy Reyerson), halfback (Joe Hartle), fullback (Rich Froehle).

SOUTHWEST MISSOURI of the Missouri Association, 9-1 last fall, anticipates defensive gaps, but Halfback Cornelius Perry and a line that is excellent from one guard through the other end bulwark Bear hopes. Both KERNY of the Nebraska Conference and OMAHA of the Central had spectacular years, but both face awesome graduation tolls.

Losses from the undefeated 1963 KIP-ON Redmen, first predictable champion in many years, leaves the Midwest Conference as scrambled as before. HOPEFUL CARLETON, COL. CORNELIUS and ST. OLAF are contenders. **END**



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THE MAD HATTER IN PHOTOLAND

Shouting 'a-huckin' and a-buckin' ' and dressed as if he had shopped at a rummage sale, zany Sports Photographer Jim Laughead makes people leap and grimace for his camera. But his most colorful subject is himself

by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

Wrestling into his red vest with the names of universities embroidered on it, Jim Laughead looked as if he were being attacked by a tattooed lobster. Threshing and grunting in front of the motel mirror, Laughead somehow managed to denigrate the remarkable vest without being swallowed. Laughead jammed onto his head a Snuffy Smith hat that is shapeless as an oyster. "I love this hat," he said, adoring it in the mirror. "I rank it right up there with my dog and my wife."

His faded blue overalls flapping from a pair of lump suspenders, Laughead went out and crawled into his station wagon with his son-in-law, Jim Bradley, and drove off through the quiet streets of Tuscaloosa toward the University of Alabama. Within an hour Laughead would be on the practice field surrounded by large Alabama football players, all of them laughing at him with the delight of happy little boys. He would be swinging his arms, dancing a maniacal twist, stomping the dry grass as if he had scorpions in his shoes and shouting "a-buckin' and a-buckin'" in a voice that would make windows fly up all over the campus. And Jim Laughead would be at work. Not, though it may certainly sound so, as an itinerant clown, but as a sports photographer, the most successful, if artistically undemanding, photographer of athletes in the land.

James F. Laughead (he pronounces it *law-head*) is the master of the photographic cliché—of the leaping stiff-arm, the I-despise-you scowl, the halfback crossover that looks like a ballet step, the wild dive that has knocked the breath out of hundreds of linemen. If you have ever thumbed through a football annual or read the preseason sports pages of your daily newspaper, chances are you have viewed the work of Laughead. His clients include the publicity directors of many of the National and American Football League teams and of 74 college football and basketball teams from Penn State to Miami and from North Carolina to Arizona.

Laughead admits his photographs are not exactly avant-garde. "I know most of this stuff is a bromide," he said as he unpacked his equipment at Alabama. "I've tried to come up with new poses. But the newspapers like that old stuff, so who am I to tell them what to use?" His "action" pictures may be phony, but they are always in focus.

There is a madness to Laughead's method, but the madness is calculated. His costume, his jokes, his insults, his attitudes are part of an act that has been so well received that Laughead has adopted it into his personality and now no longer has to act. "They all think I'm nuts," he said. "What do I care? I get their pictures."

There can be no argument about that. Laughead's photo lab in Dallas, across Hillcrest Street from Southern Methodist University, turns out more than 100,000 sports prints per year, and he has probably the most complete file of sports photographs of any commercial photographer in the country. Included in his files are color photographs of major league baseball and professional football players, shot to decorate bubble-gum cards and the backs of cereal boxes. But most of these assignments Laughead leaves to Bradley—who is companion, chauffeur, co-worker and factotum as well as son-in-law, and who is as silent as Laughead is boisterous. What Laughead delights in is the running shot he can demonstrate himself, or the Death Dive, which he invented but does not demonstrate.

"The Death Dive ain't really a death dive at all," said Laughead, watching a few Alabama players beginning to gather at their red-brick locker room. "I call it that to make it sound classy. If a guy does it like I tell him and keeps his fists clenched so he won't break his fingers and keeps his arms above his head so he won't break his wrists, he won't get hurt a bit. Some of those donkeys don't do it my way, though. That's when they get twisted up."

A well-executed Death Dive looks, in the Laughead photograph, as if the player is making a racing dive where there is, unfortunately, no pool. The camera catches him in the air, surrounded by sky and with the foreboding of a hard fall reflected in his face. In truth, the player merely assumes a three-point stance and at Laughead's command launches himself a couple of feet off the ground. The low camera angle gives the illusion of height.

"It used to be different," Laughead said. "I would take Ki Aldrich [All-America center at Texas Christian University in 1938] down behind the stadium where his coach, Dutch Meyer, couldn't see him. Ki would run 30 yards and dive as high as a six-foot ladder.

He'd land on his nose and skid through the dirt and come up grinning, with blood all over his face, and yell, 'How was that, Jim? Want me to try it again?' He loved proving how tough he was. Why, it wasn't even human."

The Aldrich style is no longer popular, but football players still do get hurt occasionally in the Death Dive. And so does Laughead. Two years in a row a lineman at South Carolina smashed Laughead's camera by coming down on it, and Laughead had to pick pieces of glass out of his own chest with tweezers. A lineman at Clemson hurled himself in an enthusiastic Death Dive and hit his head on one of the steel bars that Laughead uses to stake out his shooting area. "Took 11 stitches in him," Laughead said. "I sure hated that."

Not everyone is eager to do the Death Dive. Three years ago in the early camp of the Buffalo Bills of the American Football League, an end watched Laughead put some players through the Death Dive and clearly did not approve. When it came his turn, the end shook his head. "Naw, Tex, I ain't gonna do that," he said. "You do what I tell you," said Laughead, who drags bluntly with insouciance. "Buster Ramsey ain't the coach today. I am." The end shrugged. "O.K., Tex," he said. "But I reserve the right to dislike it."

"We used to use a football as a prop in the Death Dive," Laughead said, as a car stopped in the gravel driveway at Alabama and Coach Bear Bryant got out. "But we don't anymore. A kid at SMU came down on the ball and deflated himself. When they rolled him over, he had turned purple." Laughead lowered his voice as if afraid Bryant might hear. "They had to use mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, or whatever you call it, to bring him so."

Scraping noses or bending wrists in the Death Dive is not as serious a matter to Laughead as breaking a camera. Among the 1,500 pounds of equipment that Laughead and Bradley load into their station wagon for their 9,000-mile spring-training journey are duplicates of everything. But still Laughead is careful. Caution has been drilled into him painfully.

"The only guy I ever trusted to throw a football at the camera was Sam Baugh," Laughead said. "Sam would warn me not to move my head an inch. Then he would throw a bullet pass from 10 feet,

continued

and the ball would curve and zip right past my ear. But in the picture it would look like it was coming straight into the lens. A few years after Baugh left TCU they had a quarterback at Texas A&M that the coach said was better than Baugh. The coach wanted the same kind of picture. The kid didn't want to do it, and I sure didn't want to do it, but the coach insisted. I woke up in the infirmary. From 10 feet that kid threw a bullet pass, hit me between the eyes and knocked me cold."

More considerate of Laughhead's good health and head was Bulldog Turner, who possibly owes his All-Pro career as a Chicago Bear to a Laughhead photograph. Laughhead met Turner in 1938 when he photographed the Hardin-Simmons Cowboys. Laughhead decided to take advantage of the nickname of the small west Texas school. He shot pictures of players in cowboy hats and chaps, riding and roping. Then the Hardin-Simmons publicity man produced a 350-pound calf, and Laughhead asked if anyone on the squad was strong enough to pick it up.

pings of it from newspapers. The clips cost a penny apiece and nearly busted the school's budget. They couldn't kick Turner off the team after that."

Kyle Rote, former Southern Methodist All-America who has now retired after a brilliant career with the New York Giants, was the most photogenic athlete Laughhead ever shot. "He showed speed and power," Laughhead said, "and when you can do that in a picture you've got something. I like them to blaze, blow, blast and burn. Usually the best athletes are the best in pictures, too. Doak Walker was an exception. He took little mining steps that looked terrible in pictures. But Walker was the most popular athlete I ever shot. When he was a freshman at SMU I promised him free publicity pictures. Before he graduated I had to furnish 39,000 pictures that I would have sold for \$1 each. We're good friends, but I was glad to see him go."

Many of the 40,000-odd negatives Laughhead and Bradley shoot of athletes each year are done during their spring tour. The two are on the road for more than six weeks and drive as much as 500

wagon, with Bradley at the wheel and Laughhead pulling a cigar and holding a thermos of ice water between his knees, arrives on the campus about noon. At Alabama, Laughhead and Bradley tumbled out of the wagon and worked for an hour to set up their equipment. Both men were staggeringly tired. The night before, driving over from Atlanta, they had run out of gas near Irondale, Ala. Bradley had coasted up to a very tough-looking beer joint and pool hall on the highway. The drinkers and pool players were already at the glazed-eyes plateau, and their voices swooped above the country music on the juke box. "I don't know if I'd go in there, I either," said Bradley.

"Don't worry, son," Laughhead said. "I could talk an Eskimo out of his underwear."

Laughhead put on his Snuffy Smith hat and took a gas can out of the rear of the station wagon. Wearing his red vest, he opened the screen door of the beer joint and walked in and set the gas can on the bar. The drinkers and pool players froze as they stared at the red vest and



WHIZZER WHITE, CHUCK BEDNARIK AND ERIC HART, VMI END, FLY THROUGH THE AIR IN THREE OF JIM LAUGHHEAD'S FAVORITE POSES

"A kid named Clyde Turner, who was about to be kicked off the team for disciplinary reasons, junked that calf up off the ground and took off running around the field with it," said Laughhead. "He must have lapped the field six times with that calf on his back. I went back to Dallas and wrote about how Bulldog Turner was a Little All-America. I made that up, of course. Nobody had ever heard of him. But the picture got on the wires, and Hardin-Simmons got 6,000 clip-

pings overnight in an effort to shoot one school per day. Rain occasionally knocks them off that schedule, but they move fast—shooting the average football squad in three hours (some photographers take two or three days for the same job), breaking for lunch, then shooting the basketball team, loading the wagon and driving on to a motel and a dinner of greasy food that would gag Atala the Hun.

The routine seldom varies. The station

the hat and the man who had the audacity to wear them. Laughhead turned on his big Texas smile.

"Friend," he said to the bartender, "me and my partner have run into a desperate."

"Take that can off the bar and get the hell out of here," the bartender said, and Laughhead hastily retreated. "It doesn't always work," said Laughhead.

Neither did a quart of gas that Laughhead borrowed from the motor that



the man's mixer

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operates his photographic lights. The gas sent the station wagon over the hill to a gas station, but the station was closed tight. At 1 a.m. Laughhead was standing on the highway with his gas can, thumbing a ride into Leeds, Ala.

The next afternoon, as the Alabama players came onto the field, Laughhead buttoned his embroidered vest (the vest is reversible; names of the professional teams Laughhead shoots in July are embroidered on the other side) and pulled down the brim of his crumpled hat that prompts some people to call him "The Mad Hatter."

"I paid \$1.95 for this hat when I moved to Texas from Ohio as a wire-service photographer in 1936," he said. "I was making a lousy \$42.50 a week then. But it wasn't so bad for a kid who had grown up in Detroit cleaning Ty Cobb's dog kennels for free tickets to Tiger games and who made a D in photography at Ohio State. Somebody told me I had to have a hat like this if I was going to live in Texas. Now I'm afraid to have it cleaned and blocked or it will fall apart. Once I left it in a restaurant in North Carolina and drove back 65 miles to get it. I never wear a hat in normal human life, but the players expect me to wear it when I take their pictures. I tried to give it up one year. When I got to Ole Miss the players went on

strike until I got it again. You should have heard them give that Rebel Yell when I got the hat out of the car."

Laughhead looked at the Alabama players who were posing for Bradley's still pictures and were eying Laughhead as if wondering what anguish he would put them through this time. "The jammers and sensors are my best friends," Laughhead said. "For weeks before I get here they tell the younger guys about me, about how crazy I am and how I knock them around, and get them so mad and so scared that they really put out for the pictures. Most of them, anyway. Some of these donkeys just can't do it. I take a few shots so as not to hurt their feelings, but I know I ain't making any money out of anybody except the first three teams, and not all of them." Laughhead sells his pictures to the schools and the pros by the print and receives neither guarantee nor expenses.

"Huckin' and buckin'!" a player yelled at Laughhead, who laughed.

"They all know that," said Laughhead. "A few years ago we were shooting at a southern college, and I couldn't get the guy to do what I wanted. One of his pals told him all I wanted him to do was the old Huckle-Buck. I'd never heard of that dance, but the kid caught on right away. I told the rest of them I wanted them huckin' and huckin', because I thought

continued



CROUCHED UNDER HIS TENT, LAUGHHEAD PUTS ALABAMA PLAYER THROUGH THE DRILL

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that's what the guy had said. Didn't find out until just awhile ago that what he had said was Huck'n-Buck, and it's too late now to change it."

Laughhead introduced himself to the first Alabama player, who had a scab on his nose. "Who's been walking on your face, son?" asked Laughhead. "A little bit of everybody," the player said. Laughhead asked if the player were a running back, and the player said he guessed he was. "Well, we'll try to make you look like one, son, no matter what Coach Bryant thinks you are," said Laughhead, grabbing a football and starting his insane dance, weaving and hopping, with his red vest flapping and his hat falling off. "A-huckin' and a-huckin', son, a-huckin' and a-huckin'!"

In less than a minute, Laughhead had shot enough pictures of the halfback to satisfy himself. Laughhead shoots from a camera stand that he calls a "ground pod." He built the stand 20 years ago from 3/8" worth of aluminum. "The idea is to get them against the sky and not get any trees growing out of their ears," he explained as the next player chalked his name on a blackboard for identification. "The most important thing about an athlete is his legs. That's why we shoot from this angle—to emphasize the legs. With a great passer we'll also shoot to emphasize his arm, but when a quarterback is a terrific scrambler, like Fran Tarkenton of the Vikings, we stick with the legs. The photographer of one of the pro teams I don't shoot tries to get this same legs angle, but he does it by digging a trench and standing in it. I'm waiting to see what happens the first time a player falls in that trench and breaks a leg."

As he talked, Laughhead kept jumping up to demonstrate, to implore, to flatter, to offend—using whatever tactic he thought would produce the result he wanted. His camera was anchored on its ground pod. The film was in a metal drum from which Laughhead can shoot 185 pictures in a single roll and then detach the drum and mail it back to his Dallas lab. Fifteen years ago, in the formative days of his mass football business, Laughhead shot with old-fashioned film holders and had to spend the nights kneeling on a towel in motel shower stalls loading 300 holders for the next morning.

Alabama Coach Bear Bryant walked out and asked if it would be necessary





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to call the trainer yet. Bryant was smiling, but that is a subject about which Laughhead is rather sensitive. "Not yet, I ain't hurt anybody yet," Laughhead said. "But you know, I almost killed a guy once at the University of Texas. Halfback named Gib Dawson. He was the star of the team, but he didn't show up for the picture session. We searched all over for him. Shooting the Texas team without shooting Dawson was like shooting a movie about Lindbergh and never mentioning that he flew the Atlantic. But we finally had to give up on Dawson. I got in my car, started the motor and paused to light a cigar. I heard the most God-awful yowling from underneath the car. It was Dawson. He'd gone to sleep under there. If I hadn't stopped to light that cigar, I'd have killed him."

Laughhead, sweating heavily, trotted over to urge a tackle into the Death Dive. "Remember," Laughhead said, "keep your arms over your head, close your fists, keep your tongue in your mouth and land on your nose manly chest. We won't hurt him, Coach Bryant. You can't hurt an Alabama boy, anyhow. They're too tough." The tackle did a belly whopper that shook the earth, but his tongue was out. Laughhead rushed out and gave the tackle a lecture on acting that Director Elia Kazan would have been proud of. Bryant and the players laughed. The tackle jarred the earth again. "Great, son!" shouted Laughhead. "If I was paying big salaries, you'd get one. Especially for them ears."

The shooting over and the Alabama football team immortalized for another year, a weary Laughhead sat down on the fender of the station wagon and wiped his face with his sleeve. It had been weeks since he and Bradley had stopped anywhere long enough even to get laundry done. And now they had to load up their equipment, drive to the gym, unload their equipment, shoot the basketball team, load up their equipment again and drive to Memphis—260 miles away—and shoot Memphis State the next day.

"Huckin' and buckin'!" a player yelled.

"That's right, son, a-huckin' and a-buckin'!" Laughhead shouted, jumping off the fender and dancing around like a maddened Navaho. After all, there were only 30 or 40 more teams left to shoot. Then he would be finished—for this season.

END



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Dow Corning

Riding out the threat of Hurricane Dora in Gloucester Harbor, outboard motorman **Ralph Evinrude** sipped a dry martini, gazed fondly at one of the two loves of his life—ex-Movie Star **Frances Langford Evinrude**—and talked about the other: his graceful 118-foot diesel yacht *Chauvener*. "There's no question but that her great liking for boats was one of the reasons I married Frances," he said of the former. And of the latter, "I'd say she has more engineering features than any other boat in the country. I've been around boats ever since I was so high." Evinrude went on, while the gentle lady, who once screamed like a fishwife at Don Ameche as a part of radio's bickering Bickersons, murmured an assent. "I've been interested in boats ever since I was old enough to know what one was," she said.

His and Her were still reigning supreme at the White House pulling their master around—but not by the ears. Candidate **Barry Goldwater's** big bulldog, *Cyclone*, was licking his gold front tooth out in Arizona and, presumably, wondering what it would be like to bury a bone in that famous rose garden. But

after eight years of trying, a third prominent political pooch at last relinquished all hope of succeeding to famed *Fala's* position as the first dog of the land. Full of years and dignity, Lawyer **Richard M. Nixon's** cocker spaniel *Checkers* died quietly in New York at the age of 12.

Nobody can accuse Rhode Island's staunchly Democratic Senator **Claiborne Pell** of being a Goldwater man, but he does have a way of contemplating the happy past. Last week, after painting through his regular morning routine of 60 push-ups, some neck-braces, toe-toesches, body-stretches and a 10-lap jog around a quarter-mile track, Claiborne picked up a mass of ancient worded and waved it at a reporter. "Don't forget to mention my sweater," ghosted the 45-year-old ex-Princeton man. "It's 65 years old, and my father won it playing soccer at Harvard."

"This is worse than being red-dogged," gasped former San Francisco Quartermaster **Frankie Albert** after his daughter **Janie**, the nation's 11th-best woman tennis player, missed an easy shot at the U.S. championships in Forest Hills, N.Y. "If this goes on all week I'll be dead." "Watching me play takes a lot out of him," his understanding daughter said after the match was done. "I only wish I could win more easily for his sake."

Up to now the biggest lawman anywhere around has been TV's **Matt Dillon** (as played by 6-foot 6-inch **James Arness**), but all that may change if the Republican candidate for sheriff of Jefferson County, Mo. gets elected. He is **Clyde Lovell**, a 6-foot 9-inch basketball player whose hobby is practicing the fist draw (left). After 11 years as the bad boy of the NBA (2,287 personal fouls) Clyde has decided to reform and join the good guys even though sheriffs nowadays don't get a chance to shoot as often as they used to.

Matt Dillon may not be a lawman for long anyway, now that **Chester** isn't around to brew up that terrible coffee. Actor **Dennis Weaver**, who was once a decathlon star at the University of Oklahoma and owns three race horses, has given up the law-enforcement business (and his limp) to set up TV shop as a horse trainer turned veterinarian.

There was the threat of another Tony scandal in London last week. Education Secretary **Quintin Hogg**, so the rumor ran, was not really riding his bike to work—he was just riding it around the corner and out of sight, and there loading it into his Austin Princess. Why else, asked the scandalmongers, would he start off on a bike ride wearing a bowler and high boots? But Mr. Hogg, the ex-Lord Hailsham, had, as always, a ready answer. "I wear a bowler because it keeps my head warm," he said, "and boots because I have weak ankles." And with that, in full sight of press and public (below), he took off to pedal the full six miles from his home in Putney to Whitehall. "My doctor tells me it's good for me," explained the plump parliamentarian.

While Chase Manhattan's friendly bank president, **David Rockefeller**, cruised on the family yawl, his 23-year-old son, **David, Jr.**, was sailing an International One-Design to a first-place finish in a Labor Day race off Bar Harbor, Maine. Victory was sweet to young Rockefeller, who spent his summer on the losing side as a crewman aboard the rejected would-be America's Cup defender *Neferiti*.

"There's football players who sing and basketball players who sing, but they don't know how," said Outfielder **Lee Maye** of the Milwaukee Braves. "I do know how." And with that the chirping slugger whose recording of *Halfway Out of Love* has sold nearly half a million records went on to explain how he combines music with a .298 batting average. "When I go home I take my tape recorder and sing into it. That's how I write my songs. Of course, all I'm concentrating on now is hitting .300, but when the season's over I'm going on a tour of Europe with the Lionel Hampton orchestra." And write a new hit? Maybe: *Halfway Out of Love* and 12 Games Out of First Place.





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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The judge commits larceny

Even the most honorable and law-abiding citizen takes pleasure in committing grand larceny at the bridge table, and Walter Avarelli of the Italian World Olympiad team is no exception. Avarelli, 52, the oldest of the Italian players, is a magistrate by profession and in bridge circles he is known as "the judge." At the bridge table he plays a more orthodox game than his swashbuckling partner, the brilliant Giorgio Belladonna, and perhaps he tends to be slightly overshadowed by him in the minds of many observers. However, I have always recognized Avarelli as one of the strongest and steadiest players in the world.

As befits a legal luminary, his integrity is of course beyond question—except when he is playing bridge. Then look out. He is likely to steal the cards right out of your hand. The following Avarelli swindle took place against the Republic of China during the Olympiad last May.

*Both sides vulnerable
North dealer*

NORTH (John Wong)	EAST (Charles)	SOUTH (C. Y. Hui)	WEST (Al Baker)
1♥	DOUBLE	1♠	PASS
2♥	PASS	2♠	PASS
3♥	PASS	3♠	PASS

Opening lead: spade 2

Some players would open the North hand with one club, others would bid one spade. A few—John Wong being one—prefer to open the lower-ranking major—a system that operates soundly only if the responder is duty-bound to bid any four-card spade suit, however mangy. In this deal there was no disadvantage to opening one heart except that it left North's diamond holding naked to inspection and Wu vulnerable to Avarelli's diabolical plot.

Wu won Belladonna's opening trump lead and immediately led the 10 of hearts with the object of establishing a heart trick in time to avoid a club finesse. Avarelli won the trick with the queen and shifted to the diamond suit. After cashing the ace, his obvious continuation was the queen, since this card would smother dummy's jack no matter which player held the missing king. Avarelli, however, made the "impossible" play of the diamond 10.

Declarer won the trick with the king of diamonds, took another round of trumps and led another heart. Dummy's jack forced East's ace and established the king as a prospective parking place for one of declarer's clubs. However, on the second heart lead, Belladonna, who can find ways to be busy even with a bad hand, got into the act by fulminating. He played the 9 on this second lead of hearts. Consequently, when Avarelli led back a third round of hearts, declarer took no chances on a ruff. He trumped high, serenely confident that he could be sure of winning the rest of the tricks.

True, in order to cash the king of hearts he would have to extract West's last trump. And if he did that, he would have only one trump in dummy to ruff diamonds. But that did not bother Wu. Remember Avarelli's earlier lead of the 10 of diamonds? Obviously he could not have the diamond queen. All South need do was lead the 9 through West and take a raffish finesse for the queen, establishing the 8 if West covered or letting the 9 ride if he did not. South was so sure of his conclusion that he did not even bother to draw the last trump before playing the diamond.

I wish I had been there to see Wu's face when Avarelli produced the "impossible" diamond queen to win the selling trick. Moreover, Avarelli's heart return killed dummy's king, for South had to ruff high and take the club finesse. When that lost, too, declarer went down two tricks on a hand where making four spades was out-and-out routine at the other table.

END



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Weren't they proud of this year's?



It was entirely expected that an Australian—Roy Emerson—would win the U.S. national singles title at Forest Hills last week, and this Emerson dad, with ease. What was not expected was that a second Australian would join Emerson in the finals. Not that all-Australian finals are new. There have been seven of them at Forest Hills in the last nine years; 15 of the last 18 finalists have come from down under. But as most of those players—Rosewall, Hoad, Laver—turned pro, there was reason to believe that the Aussie stranglehold had been broken. Last year, for instance, there was an all non-Australian final—man bites dog. But this year's tournament restored the too-familiar pattern. To go with Emerson, the No. 1 amateur player in the world, the Australians have another who may well be No. 2.

His name is Fred Stolle. "You pronounce it Stolly. Like hello Dolly, good-by Stolle," says Emerson, laughing. Stolle is a tall, lean, blond-haired man of 25. Seeded fifth at Forest Hills, he moved carelessly through the early rounds, dropping two sets to Giordano Masoli of Italy in the first round and nearly getting beaten by Cliff Drysdale of South Africa in the fourth round. Then Stolle picked up his game. He played magnificently as he beat Dennis Ralston in the quarter-finals in a titanic five-set, two-day match, one of the best in the long history of the tournament. Still hot, Stolle whipped through last year's champion, Rafael Osuna, with no trouble, setting up the all-Australian final. In doing so, Stolle made it quite clear that the Australian Davis Cup team is somewhat more than Roy Emerson and friend and that when the Challenge Round is played in Cleveland next week the U.S. team will be the underdog.

Fred Stolle has hardly burst upon the scene like Athena full-grown from the brow of Zeus. However, he has been regarded primarily as a doubles player, despite a good grass-court record in the U.S. in 1962 and his showing at Wimbledon in 1963, where he lost to Chuck McKinley in the finals.

Last December it seemed he would go waltzing-Matilda right back to obscurity when he was passed over by Davis Cup Captain Harry Hopman for the Challenge Round. Hopman chose young John Newcombe, and the word went around that Stolle could not concentrate

Another long chorus of 'Waltzing Matilda'

In Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle (below), who finished one-two at Forest Hills this week, Australia has the world's best amateurs and a grip on the forthcoming Davis Cup



continued



TENNIS continued

sufficiently. Whether it was the Davis Cup snub or not, Stolle's concentration has improved since then, and he has had a great year in a period when being second best to Roy Emerson is a pretty reasonable pursuit. Stolle gained the Wimbledon finals again this year—only the fourth player since the war to repeat there in successive years. Emerson beat him, as he had done in the Australian and Canadian finals.

This might be considered enough to give a man a vice-presidential complex, but Stolle is a witty, relaxed type who seems to have come through with an unscathed psyche—plus a better forehand and an improved serve. A skinny 6 feet 3, Stolle walks like a) his feet hurt or b) his feet and legs hurt or c) he just plain hurts all over. But in action he is a graceful player with picture strokes. Even when his ground game is not as strong as it was at Forest Hills, his heavy and well-directed serves make him a threat. "His second serve was like a menace," Defending Champion Rafael Osuna said after Stolle knocked him out in the semis. "But then, the way he is getting the first serve in, I don't see much of the second."

Stolle never served better than he did in his match against Dennis Ralston. He hit the ball so hard and so accurately that Ralston and the partisan American crowd were stunned in equal measure. Stolle reeled off a 6-2, 3-0 lead before Ralston breezed himself. It was too late to salvage the second set, but as Ralston's game came around and Stolle's fell off to only excellent, the American evened the match at two sets apiece.

Then came the thrilling fifth set. Service was held to 2-3 and 30-love, Ralston serving. Ralston lunged for a forehand down the line, hit the ball, but slipped—and screamed sickeningly as he did so. He got up slowly, limping on his right ankle, which had been injured earlier in the summer. After a minute, play continued, but Ralston, unable to move normally, lost three more points and the game. "I snapped the tendons in the ankle again," Ralston explained afterward. "I had taken a shower after the third set, and when I came out I put on my shoes and socks and forgot all about wrapping the ankle. It didn't really bother me, but I kept thinking about the ankle instead of concentrating on the game."

The lapse put Stolle ahead 4-2, and then 5-3 after they split service games,

In what then certainly appeared to be match game, Stolle won the first two points with ease. Suddenly, though, in the fading light of late afternoon, Ralston came alive with a display of passing shots that brought the crowd to a very unenthusiastic frenzy. Suddenly it was 30-40. Ralston, Stolle settled down, making it deuce and then match point. He served one of his best—hard and deep—but Ralston caught it somehow and came back with a forehand winner inches off the sideline. On the next point he followed with a backhand cross-court that looked even better, hitting the chalk. When Ralston hit the next serve back at Stolle's feet, the match was even. Both players then held serve to 7-7, when darkness forced a postponement till the next morning.

The rest was anticlimactic. Stolle fell behind 15-40 before he pulled out his serve on Ralston's mistakes. Ralston could not hold his, and the match ended at 9-7. "A quick thing like that. It's just who gets lucky," Stolle admitted.

Ralston the man

A word about Dennis Ralston. This was the most important match of his tempestuous tennis career. For in his gallant comeback—or near comeback—he showed guts and a cool head that had the gallery behind him as never before. There was certainly an element of élan in him for the native son—Stolle stopped once to applaud facetiously along with the crowd that was cheering the Australian's double fault—but mostly the stands were roaring for Dennis Ralston, tennis player. His temper—and it has always really been less temper and more anguished annoyance at his own mistakes—has been considerably harnessed of late. The Dennis the Menace phase is passe. True, he did smash a racket on a net post after Stolle beat him, but it was a man's fury, not a boy's petulance. It is a measure of Ralston's more controlled personality that a few minutes later he dropped by Stolle's locker to offer the most gracious of congratulations. "Good luck, Fred," said the disappointed Ralston. "Win and make me look good."

But between Stolle and winning the tournament was Emerson, friend and countryman. Emerson had glided to the final, losing only two sets, one to 42-year-old Jiroslav Drobny in the first round. In the semifinals Emerson beat Chuck McKinley in straight sets, all

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Circle 1

well fought but nonetheless straight.

Stolle played well in the final, but Emerson was superb, winning 6-4, 6-1, 6-4. He served powerfully and returned shots like a machine, so unnerving Stolle that he cracked his serve five straight times. "It's been a long time since anyone did that," Stolle said later. "I got behind and then tried to do too much with my serve." Only once was Stolle in the lead, breaking Emerson's serve early in the first set, but Emerson rattled off 11 out of 12 games and was gone.

Emerson's victory, though easy, was not nearly as decisive as that of Maria Bueno in the women's division. Miss Bueno, in taking her third U.S. title, and her second in a row, never lost a set. In the final she devastated a jittery Carole Caldwell Graebner 6-1, 6-0, taking only 25 minutes to do so. Attacking with every shot, Miss Bueno lost only 18 points, a mere five of them in the second set. Her game was simply too strong and complete for the other girls in the tournament. She provided the most interest when she displayed a new over-the-shoulder shot off a lob. What other excitement there was with the girls came from these Americans, each of whom is in a different stage of matrimony.

First, there was The Mother, Karen Hantze Susman, the 1962 Wimbledon winner, who is making her last complete tennis circuit before retiring to domesticity. Karen upset Australia's Margaret Smith but was then beaten by The Bride, Carole Graebner, who was married in July. Mrs. Graebner, playing with a painful sunburn, reached the finals by defeating Nancy Richey. Finally, there was The Affair, Carol Hanks, who is getting married this Saturday. Miss Hanks, unseeded, used her superb ground game to upset both fourth-seeded Leslie Turner and sixth-seeded Mrs. Ann Haydon Jones before bowing gamely to Miss Bueno in the semifinals.

Mrs. Susman and her husband, Rod, went to the World's Fair. Mrs. Graebner and her husband, Clark, went to *Fanny Girl*. Mrs. Hanks's fiancé, Don Aucamp, surprised her by flying in from St. Louis on Saturday morning. When you are getting married—Robert Moses, Barbara Streisand and Maria Bueno notwithstanding—it is quite enough.

And incidentally, Patricia Stolle could not make it. She is back home in Sydney expecting the birth of her first child in November. Hello Stolle.

END

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MOTORS / Bob Ottum



Chevy's Corsa: A European flair with a U.S. feeling

Stylishly redesigned and steered in a new sales direction, Corvair will come back fast in 1965 as a sprightly—and all-American—sports car

When General Motors first moved to produce the Chevrolet Corvair, the idea was to catch the eye of people on their way to buy Volkswagens. It seemed like a sound sales theory at the time, but the company found, as did other U.S. car-makers, that VW customers are not really a market group but more of a religious cult. In the years since, the car and the theory were completely reworked—and when the 1965 Corvair Corsa appears this week there is every prospect that this time Chevrolet is going to catch the right eyes. This is the sports car set in general and, in particular, people who might be on their way to buy Ford Mustangs.

"The theory behind this new car," said GM Vice-president S. E. Knudsen, "is to combine European flair with a feeling of American prestige. There is a marked difference between a sports car and a sporty car. The Corsa is a sports car."

In calling this new creation a sports car, GM's Knudsen is no further off base than Ford's Mustang people. Both camps, in fact, may be prescient. Their

automobiles are different—which is not surprising in an era that has seen the lines around "pure" sports cars become fogged. And if the Corsa does not come close enough to satisfy some sports car purists (it seats four people, for one thing), it will clearly come close enough to please those near purists who want speed, stick shifts, bucket seats and status.

Chevrolet's Corsa will appear in two models at the top of the Corvair line—there are five other Corvairs, sporty but not sports—in soft and hard top. Technically, it will replace the Monza Spyder ("The name Spyder," sighed Knudsen, "somehow never caught on with the American public"), and there is only a reflection of last year's car in the new one. The Corsa is longer, lower, wider than the Spyder, center pillars have been removed from the middle of the car for a cleaner line and side windows and windshield are now rakishly curved. In the right light the Corsa looks like a preshrunk 1964 Buick Riviera, but the styling tends more to what makers have come to call Detroit International. "That



is," confided one GM official, "a touch of Ferrari, a dash of Pinin Farina, a bit of Karmann Ghia. . . ."

The Corvair chassis has been stiffened and the suspension comes from the successful Corvette Sting Ray. Thus the new cars will hang from fully independent rear-axle suspension, a factor which will delight road-rallyists and those who drive cars fast and hard. On test runs at GM's Michigan proving grounds the Corsas cornered and stopped with no dipping, and it cornered—even at wild speeds—with smooth intent and no sign of sway. To fire it along, Chevrolet has stuffed the rear-engine compartment with a four-cylinder engine rated at 140 horsepower as standard, and offers a turbo-charged model kicked up to 180 hp.

Inside the Corsa cockpit, instruments have been regrouped and recessed. The bucket seats are well molded, and the back-seat area, while small, will do nicely for short trips. Everything is functional—there are no false louvers and the air scoops really scoop air.

The result of all this is a new American sports car that will be eminently acceptable at rallies but that can, in the American manner, double as church picnics. Now a model-cycle behind Mustang in introduction, Corsas will seek to catch up fast at a competitive price and production pace. It is certain, says Knudsen, to be "a terrific showroom traffic-getter."

"And we are like Ford in one respect," he adds. "Once we get them in, should they decide a sports car is too much, well, we'll sell them a bigger car."

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Futile surge amid the shuffle

While heads roll and a former owner chastises current management, the Cardinals have been winning steadily but going virtually nowhere.

Most of the genuine excitement in last year's National League pennant race was created by the late charge of the St. Louis Cardinals, who won 19 of 20 games and closed to within a game of the Los Angeles Dodgers in the middle of September. The Cardinals could never get any closer and they quietly slid away to finish a distant second. Last week they were putting on another impressive and belated rush. This time it was the Phillies that the Cards were trying to overhaul, but their cause seemed as hopeless and frustrating as skimming on sand.

Since July 25, St. Louis has moved from eighth place to second by playing the best ball (33-15) in the majors. Timely and consistent hitting by Ken Boyer, Lou Brock, Bill White and Curt Flood.

plus some muscular floods by the bench have enabled the team to win 13 of those games from the seventh inning on. Bob Gibson, the overpowering right-hander, has strung together five complete games, and the once humbling bullpen has been reasonably effective.

Unhappily, this late-season surge has not southered these Cardinal fans who became disenchanting in April and May when Bill White failed to hit. Gibson floundered and the bullpen was downright disgraceful. The fan who suffered most was August (Grisette) Busch, the president of Anheuser-Busch and also the president of the board of directors of the Cardinals.

On August 16, Busch fired General Manager Bing Devine, who had been



PATRICK RICEY IS THE CONTROVERSIAL MAN BEHIND THRONE OF OWNER BUSCH

with the Cardinal organization for 25 years. He also fired Business Manager Art Routzong, and the talk around St. Louis was that Branch Rickey, the 82-year-old philosopher who had been hired as a consultant in 1962, had won out over Devine in a palace revolution that started on the very day Rickey arrived.

Three days after Devine's firing, a four-page letter was hand-delivered to Gusie Busch at his brewery office. It came from Fred Saigh, a wheeler-dealer and former Cardinal owner who had sold the team to Anheuser-Busch in 1953 for \$3,600,000. With the letter, Saigh sent along a check for \$25,000 as down payment on a \$4,500,000 offer to buy the Cardinals. Busch promptly declined. The letter itself was a scorcher and, though Saigh made it available to the press, only sketchy references to its vitriolic contents have been made in the St. Louis papers.

The letter ran, in part: "The events of this week prompt me now to try to right the wrong I was forced to inflict on the fans of the Cardinal organization by selling at a sacrifice to a corporation headed by you . . . The Cardinal organization has been so demoralized by an unprecedented military chain of command in front office management that those in positions responsible for a competing team were hog-tied to indecisions, debate and fear for their jobs which are held in accord with the temper of your whims. You have said that Devine had seven years in which to produce; you have had 11. . .

"You have caused the authority you hold to be divided into a maze through which the club's operating personnel have never been able to find their way. This is roughly how you disburse your authority: from you to 1) Richard Meyer, vice-president of Anheuser-Busch and the St. Louis National Baseball Club, who has enough to do operating the breweries, so baseball is incidental; to 2) Stanley Musial, vice-president, no particular authority; to 3) your son, August Busch III, who interferes in matters about which he does not have the slightest knowledge; to 4) Al Fleischman, your public relations counsel with veto or influence power; via 5) personnel of the D'Arcy Advertising Company, 6) personnel of the Gardner Advertising Co.; to 7) Eddie Stanky; with the advice of 8) the head of scouting; 9) and overriding all as a ghost from the outdated past, an 82-year-old mesmerizer, Branch Rickey,

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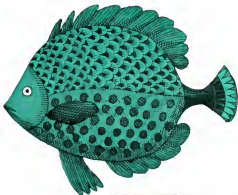


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BASEBALL

and his retiring; then comes 10) your general manager, Bing Devine (fired); and 11) your business manager, Art Routzong (fired); and at last 12) your new Rickey man, Bob Howson, whose only qualification for a top management job is his friendship with Branch Rickey and some minor league management experience dating back some time. . . .

"Bing Devine and Art Routzong could have worked well in the tradition of the Cardinals if you, because of your impulsive pursuit of your public image, did not override them by hiring at \$62,500 a year a man once great but who has long since outlived his usefulness, whose plan is to work his will over yours and install his men on the Cardinals' payroll. After undermining your present staff he has brought in the first of his followers. Next would be a replacement for [Manager] John Kane, Stanky and he only knows who."

Much of Sagh's comment is, at least, debatable. Devine's successor, Bob Howson, for example, was named baseball's best minor league executive during two of his years at Denver. Busch also insists that firing Devine was his own idea. "Rickey had nothing to do with it," he says. "I did not consult him until I had made up my mind."

Busch will not talk about Johnny Kane, perhaps understandably. If the Cardinals finish second, it would be difficult to find reasons for getting rid of Kane. All Busch will say about other firings is, "There certainly could be more." Perhaps, too, the firing of Bing Devine has kicked up enough fuss.

When he dismissed Devine, Busch complained about the Cardinal farm system and also declared that no team could win a pennant by trading Devine, however, had almost done the latter. His first major trade was with the Cincinnati Reds. He gave up Marty Kutyna, Wilford Schmidt and Ted Wreand for Joe Taylor and Curt Flood. Flood struggled through two bad seasons, but now is in his third year as a .300 hitter and is an excellent center fielder. In quick succession Devine acquired First Baseman White from the Giants for Don Chouteau and Sam Jones, Second Baseman Julian Javier from the Pirates for Vinegar Bend Mizell and Dick Gray, and Shortstop Dick Groat and Pitcher Diomedes Oliva for Don Cardwell and Julio Gotay. His last trade brought Outfielder Lou Brock, Jack Spring and Paul Toth to the Car-

dinals for Ernie Broglio, Bobby Shantz and Doug Clemens. Brock has hit .344 as a Cardinal while Broglio has won only four games for the Cubs. Although Brock still has a tendency to double-dribble ground balls in the outfield, there are mighty few .300 hitters who can steal 40 bases in any farm system.

There is no doubt that Saigh has a few valid points, even though they were discourteously stated. Certainly there have been puzzling performances from some players. One of them, however, has been superb. Ken Boyer, the captain and \$45,000-a-year third baseman. Strong arguments are certain to be made for both rookie Richie Allen and John Callison of the Phils as the National League's Most Valuable Player, but Boyer deserves the honor. Allen will finish the season hitting well over .300, will have 200 hits and may lead the league in scoring. While Callison does not have as high an average, his run production has been outstanding and his fielding excellent. Boyer's case, however, is still the strongest. Unlike last year's Cardinal drive, this one seems far too late, but that is not Boyer's fault. He has been magnificent all year. Back on July 25, when the Cardinal drive began, Boyer hit two home runs to account for half his team's 10 runs as St. Louis beat Philadelphia. During the month of September he has hit five homers and driven in 16 runs in 13 games. He leads the major leagues in runs batted in and he is having a brilliant year in the field.

Although Boyer has been an extraordinary player throughout his 10 years with the Cards, he always seemed to live in the shadow cast by Stan Musial. He is not as spectacular a fielder as his brother Clete of the Yankees, who dives and scrambles after balls and piles one sensational play atop another—or so it seems. But Ken, unlike Clete, is a complete player. Too many other Cardinals have been considerably less in 1964. Shortstop Dick Groat may have cost the Cards almost as many games with his glove as he won with his bat in 1963. Julian Javier hardly appears the player he gave promise of being two years ago, and Pitcher Ray Washburn was again injured.

If Fred Saigh is dead right about one thing, it is the fact that Branch Rickey is now in charge in St. Louis. But no hocus-pocus—or even mesmerizing—will bring the Cardinals a pennant. The old man has his work cut out.

END

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SAD DAY (continued from page 76)

teams to defy the Yankees. More important, an abstention by Baltimore on approval of the sale meant that the deal would be rejected. The reason is that on the sale issue, by league rules, the Yankees needed approval of three-quarters of the entire membership of the league, not just those voting. With Baltimore abstaining, the Yankees would have only seven votes approving the sale, and they needed eight. "So an abstention," says Arthur Allyn, "was as good as a 'no' vote."

As the afternoon waned, the tyranny of these statistics so oppressed the Yankees that Dan Topping was forced into action. At 4:15 p.m. he suddenly called for a short recess and bolted from the meeting room like a man looking for a manhole, not a fight. With his attorneys trailing behind him, Topping rushed upstairs, presumably for a conference with Frank Stanton, president of CBS. The network already had taken the precaution of getting independent legal advice on whether the purchase of the Yankees might attract an antitrust action ("All in the world I asked," says Allyn, "was

that the league protect itself in the same way. But they refused to do it.") When Topping returned to the meeting rooms he insisted that the American League could not and should not seek such legal advice. The matter went to a vote, and the American League obediently disapproved Allyn's resolution 7-3, a simple majority vote being all that was required to carry or defeat Allyn's motion. Baltimore voted with Chicago and Kansas City and against the Yankees.

Now Allyn brought up the matter of conflict of interest—and the league reacted to it like quail to the sound of buckshot. The American League rules clearly and expressly forbid any member of the league—or a stockholder or employee of any club—from holding stock or a financial interest in any other club, directly or indirectly. If the sale were approved, anyone owning CBS stock would have a financial interest in the Yankees. Allyn owns CBS stock, so does Joseph A. W. Iglehart, chairman of the Baltimore Orioles, and so, presumably, do other owners in baseball. Allyn stated that he was ready to sell his CBS stock,



White Sox Owner Arthur Allyn (left) and Athletics Owner Charles Finley will oversee the fight.

but he was wondering what precautions CBS was taking to avoid conflicts of interest. The only definite answer Allyn got to his inquiries was an assertion by Stanton that CBS would not turn over a list of stockholders—though this also is required by league rules—so that the extent of conflict of interest could be determined. Joe Cronin, president of the league, who had been conferring with his lawyers, abruptly declared Allyn out of order, thus cutting off further discussion or a vote on this vital issue. It was an almost brutal assassination of rules instituted to keep the league free from any possible taint of corruption. "Absolutely unconscionable," said Allyn.

It was early evening now, and the rush-hour traffic was rumbling by on Commonwealth Avenue, just outside the meeting room. Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox, spoke up with a compromise that shattered the Yankees and CBS: he moved that the league okay the deal pending approval by the Department of Justice. ("That was a resolution I could have voted for in good conscience," says Allyn.) Yawkey's motion invited rigorous examination of the anti-trust aspects of the deal by the Federal Government—something that CBS and the Yankee supporters want like they want a prefrontal lobotomy. So another recess was hastily called. Its purpose: to allow attorneys to write a bland clause that would satisfy Yawkey on the anti-trust issue.

But other more important business was to be transacted during the recess. Various members of the league were working on Baltimore to abandon its abstention and vote with the Yankees. Baltimore had sent a four-man delegation to the meeting. One of the members, Iglehart, was disqualified from voting on instruction of Baltimore's board of directors. He had been an officer of CBS as well as of the Orioles and, though he resigned as director of CBS, he still held significant stock in both enterprises. Another member of the delegation was the president of the club, Lee MacPhail, whose brother, Bill, is director of sports for CBS; MacPhail already had voted for the deal in the inner councils of the ball club. Delegate Jack Dunn, an administrative assistant, stockholder and descendant of the family that owned and operated the Orioles in the past, also had voted for the sale in the inner councils. The other delegate was Zanvy!

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SAD DAY *continued*

Krieger, Orioles treasurer, who had voted against the sale at a meeting of the Orioles' board.

The levers available for politicking—though nobody knows quite how many and varied they were—could have ranged from a consideration of who would get the stock if Iglehart were forced to sell his Baltimore holdings (to avoid a conflict of interest) to how rich the national TV revenues to Baltimore might be, should it vote with the Yankees, as compared to what they might be after a vote against the Yankees. While the maneuvering was going on, Allyn hardly stirred from his command post behind a fortress of notebooks at one corner of the table. "I will not politick on these matters," he said. "I believe we should decide whether they are good or bad on their merits. This may be naive as hell, but this is what I believe."

Not until Baltimore agreed to switch back to a pro-Yankee vote was the meeting resumed. Then, in moments, the resolution approving the sale was read and rushed through on an 8-2 vote, with only Chicago and Kansas City in opposition. The rush was so great that nobody really had moved to adopt the revision when Cronin called for a second to it.

Most of the members of the league left the meeting looking as if they were hot on the spur of money. For if nothing else happened, perhaps the other networks might have to bid for American League ball clubs simply to reduce the edge that CBS now enjoys by sitting in the executive council meetings of the league. (In fact, Dan Topping, who will run the Yankees for CBS, also sits on the joint executive council meetings of the major leagues.)

By the end of the week, Arthur Allyn was calling for yet another meeting of the league to rescind the vote approving the sale. His grounds were that the members had not been allowed to weigh the advice of baseball's attorneys in Washington that there was "inherent danger" of antitrust action in the sale. Moreover, Allyn wanted the meeting to be held before September 30, because after that date, the league accepts changes in the rules that would permit the Yankees to claim they need only a majority vote to approve the sale. Thus, in the Byzantine maneuverings to force baseball into the entertainment business, there might be a third act—if somebody could get Joe Cronin's foot off the curtain. **END**

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Florida over SMU.* Florida may find the improved Mustangs too bothersome for comfort, but Larry Dupree's running will be good enough to win for the Gators.

Mississippi State over Texas Tech. But Mississippi State will have to find a way to stop Tech's slasher, Donny Anderson. A firm, hard defense should do it.

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Missouri over Califorme. Missouri's speed, power and precision will be too much for a Cal team that is still learning Coach Ray Wilsey's tough defensive ways.

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BY JOHN O'HARA

THE TACKLE



Hugo Rainsford's name became prominent in the East, back in the Twenties, when he was so often referred to as the giant Harvard tackle, although he was actually only 6 feet 2 and his playing weight was never more than 220. But he looked big, and he was big against Yale and Princeton, especially in one Yale game in which he blocked a punt and scored a touchdown which won for Harvard; and in a Princeton game in which he tore the ball out of Eddie Gramatan's grasp and literally stole a touchdown from Princeton. You had to be strong and alert to do that. Hugo did not make Walter Camp's First All-America, because there was a tackle at Illinois and another at Wisconsin who were getting the benefit of Camp's fairly recent discovery that Western Conference football was superior to the brand played in the Big Three. Teams like Colby and Tufts were always trying to knock off Harvard, but the Big Ten schedules were really tough—and in addition to the conference teams there was always Notre Dame. Nevertheless Hugo Rainsford as a Second All-America tackle made a bigger and more lasting reputation than the men who played his position in the Western Conference. The eastern sportswriters had a way of forgetting about those Westerners and remembering anecdotes about Ramsford of Harvard, and he was called the giant tackle by reporters who had never seen him play. Moreover, he got a certain amount of publicity in the news columns, in which his football reputation was a secondary consideration. He was sued for breach of promise by a dancer in *George White's Scandals* (an action which was settled out of court); and he was arrested for punching a policeman outside a cabaret called the Pre Catelan on West 39th Street. Hugo's father, who was one of the Republican friends of Alfred E. Smith, managed to have the matter taken care of. Hugo was sent off to a ranch near Sheridan, Wyoming, where he fell in love with Gladys Tompkins, of Tompkins Iron & Steel (Pittsburgh, Sandusky, and Birmingham, Alabama). They were married that fall, in Sewickley, attended by 10 bridesmaids and 14 ushers, and to the music of Mike Markel. To the utter amazement of those who knew him—and thousands who did not—Hugo immediately settled down and vanished from the public prints. If you looked on the financial pages you would see his name and a one-column photograph of Hugo, wearing a starched collar and Spitalfields tie, and the briefest of announcements to the effect that H. B. Rainsford had been admitted to this partnership or elected to that directorate. He was, of course, the same Hugo Rainsford who by coincidence might be mentioned that same day in that same paper as the giant Harvard tackle, but he could not control the sportswriters' reminiscences. Once a year he would go to New Haven or to Boston for the Yale game, and he made his private contributions to the funds for the education of thick-calved high school boys from Brockton and Medford who might otherwise have turned up at Holy Cross. But he was not so im-

patient to learn the results of the Brown and Dartmouth games that he could not wait for the Sunday papers. Politeness to his friends rather than postgraduate enthusiasm of his own sustained Hugo's interest in football. Downtown in the daytime and at dinner parties in the evening, through the months of October and November, he was expected to comment as an expert, but all he really knew he got from George Trevor and Harry Cross, *The Sun* and the *Herald Tribune*. One afternoon on the fifth tee at Piping Rock a man in a suede windbreaker, playing in a foursome behind him, said, "Hugo Rainsford? What the hell are you doing here? Why aren't you at Princeton?"

"Oh, for Christ's sake lay off," said Hugo. The man was older, and Hugo did not know his name, but whoever he was he achieved the discretion of being the first football nut who irritated Hugo to the point of rudeness.

Gladys Rainsford stepped in. "Why don't you people go through?" she said. "I'm a terribly slow player."

The rebuffed suede windbreaker and his companions thanked her and hit their tee shots in silence. They tipped their caps to Gladys and left the tee.

"Well, you know what they're thinking," said Hugo.

"What?" said Gladys.

"They're sure you and I had a fight and that's why I'm so disagreeable."

"Do you know who he is? I think he's the father of that boy that plays for Yale. I'll think of his name in a minute."

"I suppose I ought to apologize to him later, but my heart won't be in it."

"Then don't say anything," she said.

"Oh, I'll tell him I took a nine on the fourth or something. No use antagonizing him unnecessarily. But suddenly I finally got fed up."

"Oh, I know. I'm on your side," she said. "Don't forget, they bore me too, and I don't even know anything about football."

"You know a damned sight more than most of them do. I only thank God I'm not Red Grange or Bronko Nagurski. I hate to think what they must have to put up with. Backfield men, and those western colleges. Oh, boy. I probably could have made the crew, but I didn't like rowing and I did like football. And with my marks I couldn't do both and hope to stay in college. Tough enough as it was."

"Well, Grant, the price of fame," she said.

"Now you cut that out," said Hugo.

"Go on, hit one out and show them how good you are," she said. "Anyway, the season'll be over in a week or two."

But the end of the season did not mean the inauguration of an annual moratorium on football talk. Since he had become—for a lineman—only a little less legendary than Tack Hardwick and Frank Hinkey, Jim Thorpe and Eddie Mahan, who played the end or the backfield, he had to accustom himself to surprise recognition, not so surprising to him as to the delighted individuals who were meeting him for the first time; and with the passing of the years

they seemed to grow more astonished at his durability. It was hard to reconcile their points of view, held simultaneously, that he had been built of marble and iron, indestructibly, and that he was not only alive but playing golf, swimming, and engaged in the daily transactions of financial business. They seemed to believe he had accomplished prodigious feats of agility and strength while existing as a piece of statuary, heroic size. There were times when he wanted to remove his two front teeth, to pull up his pants and let them see a 10-inch scar, to show how vulnerable he had been to the taped fists and the pointed cleats of the gods who had played against him. But by the time he was in his thirties he had learned that the easiest way to handle a football nut was to let him do all the talking.

Hugo and Gladys had two daughters. "If you had a son would you want him to play football?" was a question that people felt compelled to ask him from time to time. His usual answer was that if the boy wanted to play, that would be all right. But on a trip to Bermuda, in the ship's bar, a woman who almost certainly had been a sociology major at her college asked him the same old question, and Hugo told her that he was bringing up his daughters to play football. "You're not serious," said the woman.

"Well, I should say I am," said Hugo. He thereupon got carried away with his fantasy and for the better part of an hour, as the Daiquiris came and went, Hugo described the weekends at his house in Locust Valley, the half-size football field on his place, the regulation goal posts, the tackling dummy, the eagerness with which his two Chapin School daughters were learning to place-kick, forward pass, and do the body-building calisthenics that he himself had learned at St. Bartholomew's and Harvard. "It's character building as well as body building," he told the woman. "Naturally I never expect them to really play football, but it's very good for them to learn to protect themselves. The give and take of life, you might say."

"You're not afraid they might hurt themselves?" said the woman.

"A few bruises," said Hugo. "Actually no more dangerous than if they went fox hunting, when you stop to think of it."

"I suppose so," said the woman. "And there's just the two of them."

"Oh, no. I wouldn't go to all that trouble just for my two. They have two teams. The girls from Miss Chapin's on one team, and the other team consists of girls from Spence and Green Vale and the Brearley. There're the Greens—they're the girls from Miss Chapin's—and the Blues, from the other schools."

"Is that so?" said the woman.

"It's really lots of fun," said Hugo. He looked at his

watch. "Lord, I hate to break this up, but I've got to change. And so have you. My wife'll give me hell."

He had no further conversation with the woman, although she made some effort to get some more information. "I think you've made a conquest," said Gladys Rainsford. "That woman from Cleveland."

"Keep her away from me," said Hugo.

"Don't worry, I will," said Gladys.

It was about six months later that Gladys placed a clipping before him and said, "What the hell is this?"

The clipping was from a magazine published in Cleveland for local consumption. There was an old photograph of Hugo Rainsford in his football uniform, and a more recent picture of him in business clothes. "Where did this come from?" said Hugo.

"Lydia Williamson sent it to me. Read it," said Gladys.

The article was a reasonably accurate report of the conversation that had taken place in the bar of the Furness liner *Bermuda*, and was signed by Edith Trapnell McGaver. The title of the article was *Football for Girls*, and the sub-head was "Ex-Harvard Star Tells N.Y. Society Girls in Grid Tactics."

Hugo read the article with horrified fascination. Mrs. McGaver had had to use her imagination to depict the Rainsfords' Locust Valley football field, and she did so. She had expanded Hugo's remark as to the comparative safety of football and fox hunting, and had inserted a few observations of her own on the character-building aspects of contact sport. But in general the interview, as she called it, stuck to Hugo's statements.

"I never should have left you alone with her," said Gladys. "You're going to have a fine time living this down."

"Well—Cleveland," said Hugo. "Nobody around here'll see it."

"You hope," said Gladys.

But a Yale man in the Cleveland branch of a stock brokerage sent a dozen copies of the interview to New York friends, and in no time at all Hugo was being greeted as "Coach" Rainsford. Wherever he went—The Lunch Club, the Down Town Association, The Reccey—some wisecracker had something to say about the article. They rang all the changes, from the evils of proselytizing young athletes to the fun Hugo must have in the girls' locker room. Inevitably, the Rainsfords' daughters saw the article. Marjorie, the firstborn, was fearful. "Daddy, how could you?" she said. The younger one, Mary, said, "Well, I guess there goes the Junior Assembly." So many of Hugo and Gladys's contemporaries asked to be shown the football field at Locust Valley that Gladys had to warn them beforehand that it was a touchy subject. Hugo put an end to the use of the "coach" nickname by his friends. "Do you want me to swat you?" he would say. The word got around that Hugo had swatted an unidentified friend, and as no one wanted to be swatted by those ham hands, the joke got to be unfunny. "Hereafter, you'll know better than to get tight with strange women," said Gladys.

continued

THE TACKLE continued

"She was strange, all right," said Hugo.

More or less indirectly the episode of the Cleveland interview caused his friends to avoid the whole topic of football. They stifled the impulse to make humorous mention of the interview, and having become overconscious of that restriction they hesitated to speak of football in any connection. Except for rare and casual references to the Yale



game and Harvard's prospects they finally had begun to relegate his football exertions to his youth—and he was already in his thirties. The sportswriters continued to celebrate his exploits; he was, after all, a kind of brand name. It was practically a tradition among the writers to compose at least one column a year in which the Golden Age of Sport was recalled, and the basic cast of characters was always the same: Babe Ruth, Walter Hagen, Bill Tilden, Tommy Hitchcock, Earl Sande, Jack Dempsey, and Red Grange. (No matter how plainly the writers stated that they were writing about the Twenties, they got angry letters from fans of Bobby Jones, who forgot that Jones's Grand Slam was in 1930, and from admirers of John L. Sullivan, who died in 1918.) Hugo Rainsford was an added starter, but he was legitimately of the glamorous decade, and his was a name that broke the monotony of the traditional list. "I saw your name in Grantland Rice's column the other day," someone would say.

"That's nothing," Hugo would say. "I saw Grantland Rice at the National the other day." He was in his thirties, and he was free.

He was not a very complicated man, and he was married to a woman who did not search for complexities in him. They lived, moreover, in a time when the headshrinker was a South American Indian who had mastered the art of reducing the size of a human skull, posthumously. Gladys Tompkins Rainsford was the well-educated granddaughter of an English immigrant who had established one of the great American fortunes. Her father had gone to Prince-

ton, taken a degree, and was easily persuaded to stay out of the way while Tompkins Iron & Steel was operated by an efficient regency, headed by an uncle. Tommy Tompkins sent his daughter to Foxcroft, and she chose to go on to Bryn Mawr and then chose to resign in the summer before her senior year, when she met Hugo Rainsford. Her mother was a lumpy little woman who traveled to Palm Beach and Bar Harbor by private car, was seldom without her parasol, and paid considerable sums in a hopeless effort to improve her negligible skill at auction bridge. She said that champagne made her acid, but she drank it anyhow. Gladys loved her ineffectual father and from a distance could pity her vulgar, lonely mother; but her feeling for the positive young man with the football reputation and the hinted-at notoriety was never in doubt. He was to be hers on any terms that were necessary, and it happened that he wanted her too. They were very nearly asked to leave the dude ranch where they met, and all parties were greatly relieved when Gladys, on the last night of a pack trip, announced their engagement.

Through the early years of their marriage Gladys frequently observed Hugo's indifferent attitude toward football, which she put down to boredom. He had played it well, but since he could no longer play it, he had lost interest: he was the victim of bores who wanted to talk about something he had graduated from; he wanted to get away from football and make a career for himself in the financial district. But she was not convinced that she had come upon the true reason for his increasingly perfunctory attention to the devotees of the game and the game itself. After his first show of petulance on the Piping Rock golf course she commenced to wonder how important his unpathy to the game had become. His subsequent experience with the Cleveland interview revealed—or so Gladys believed—a sardonic and deep disgust with the game or some aspect of it.

It took patience, but she finally got the story, and like everything else about him, it was simple enough. "You're wrong about my not liking the game," he said. "I loved it, and I still do. If I had to do over again I wouldn't take back a minute of the playing, or the business of learning the plays, or getting hurt. I didn't like getting my teeth knocked out, but I honestly didn't feel that till the half was over. You don't, very much. You should have seen my leg when that son of a bitch jumped on me. The skin damn near came off with my stocking. But don't forget, I was dishing it out, not just taking it. A lot of fellows will tell you that they get the lump before the game starts, and they're all right after the first scrimmage. I don't think I ever did. The only thing I was afraid of was doing something stupid, made to look silly by the opposing end, for instance. And that happened more than once. But the physical part didn't bother me, because I figured I was pretty strong and at least an even match for most of the fellows on the opposing teams. Also, generally speaking, a tackle is more out in the open than the guards and the centers, and he's usually pretty big, so he's easier to keep an eye on. That means he can't get away with as much dirty stuff as some of the

others, and I never liked to play dirty. Oh, a little holding, maybe, but that wasn't dirty. If you get away with it, fine. If not, 15 yards. And if you got away with it too often the other team'd run a couple of plays at you to keep you honest. That was how I lost my front teeth. "Let's get Ramsford," they said. And they did. Their end, their tackle, and their fullback hit me all at once. Two straight plays. I must have been pretty groggy, but I can remember that referee looking at me. O'Ryan, his name was, and he was a dentist. Little fellow with a mustache, from Tufts. I realized later that he was looking at me professionally. My mouth. Oh, it was a lot of fun, and some of the guys I know through football will be friends of mine for the rest of my life.

"But not all.

"A name you never heard me mention was George Carr. I only mention his name now because I have to. Otherwise you wouldn't be able to understand how I feel about football. I haven't mentioned George Carr's name since the



year you and I were married. He was a classmate of mine, both at St. Bartholomew's and Harvard. He came from Philadelphia. His father was and probably still is a corporation lawyer, one of those Philadelphia Club-Fish House-Rabbit Club types, and a Harvard man himself. He was very anxious to have George become a good football player, but George never quite made it. He played in prep school, but at Harvard he didn't get his freshman number, and in sophomore year he was dropped from the squad before the first game. I suppose that was a great disappointment to his old man, and George took it out on all athletes, but particularly football players and most of all, me. I didn't sweat over that. He bothered me about as much as a gnat, a flea. Athletes were guys with strong backs and weak minds, and I was the prime example. Well, after we were married and I went to work downtown someone repeated a remark that George made. He told somebody that I'd do very well in Wall Street as long as I wore my sweater with the H on it. But that if I had to depend on my brains, I'd soon be like your father—sponging off Tompkins Iron & Steel.

"Now you know how I've always felt about your father. A very sweet man, who couldn't possibly duplicate what

your grandfather'd done. In a way, your father was licked from the start. If he went out and made a pile of money on his own, people would still say he *hadn't* made it on his own. That he had fifty million to begin with. On the other hand, if he made a botch of it, he'd be blamed worse than a man that started with nothing. So your father did what he did and let your uncle take over, and I've never known a nicer man than your father. Therefore, when George Carr made that crack I called him up and told him I wanted to see him. He suggested having lunch, but I said I preferred to call on him at his apartment, which I did. Much to my surprise he had another fellow with him. His lawyer, he said, but if he was a lawyer he must have earned his way through law school by prizefighting, judging by his appearance. He looked plenty tough. His name was Sherman. I said I didn't think it was necessary to have Sherman hear what I had to say, but George insisted that it was. So I asked him if the cracks I heard were accurately quoted, and he said they were. He repeated them, and included what he'd said about your father. "All right," I said. "I just wanted to make sure. Now do I take on Mr. Sherman first, or both of you two at a time?" Sherman said I'd better not start anything, and while he was still saying it I hit him. I went at him as hard as I ever hit anybody. He was used to getting punched, not to being tackled. I drove him against the wall, so he got it both ways. The impact of the tackle, and the impact of the wall. Then I did hit him with my fist and he went down, all the fight was out of him. Then I went to work on George, with my fists, and I said "See how your brains get you out of this." You know, I'd been used to that kind of mixing it. Sixty minutes a game, and this wasn't Marquis of Queensberry rules. We wrecked some furniture, but I came through practically unscathed, and when I saw that the game was over for that day, I put on my hat and coat and went down to the Harvard Club and had a shower and a rubdown and a few drinks. Nothing ever came of it. Obviously George Carr wasn't going to go around town and tell people that I'd beaten up him and his bodyguard singlehanded. And I didn't tell anybody either."

"That must have been the first time you didn't show up for dinner," said Gladys.

"It was. I don't remember what excuse I gave, but you accepted it," said Hugo.

"But why did it turn you against football? I don't quite see that," said Gladys.

"I never did turn against football," he said. "But I wanted to get away from football, and people wouldn't let me. In other words, I didn't want George Carr to be right. You know I've never worn my sweaters."

"Oh, yes you have," said Gladys. "On the pack trip in Wyoming."

"Oh, did I? I guess I did," said Hugo.

"I know you did," said Gladys.

"Yes, it got quite cold at night, as I remember," said Hugo.

"Uh-huh," she said.

END



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Pilot with Feet on the Ground

Stunt-flying Champion Robert Gialdini does precision aerobatics—with a model plane attached to two 65-foot lines by HAL HIGDON

Robert Charles Gialdini is a champion stunt flier who never gets off the ground. He does daredevil tricks with model planes and was on the U.S. team at the recent world championships in model aviation in Budapest, Hungary. The contests were sponsored by the Federation Aéronautique Internationale and included racing and stunt flying for teams as well as individuals. The American stunt-flying team won first place, with Russia second and Hungary third. In solo stunt flying Gialdini (in his first international competition) took third place, with the Russian and Finnish contestants ahead of him in that order.

At 32 Gialdini is a well-proportioned six-footer with an outgoing disposition and Italian good looks. He began flying models competitively at 15 at a club in Milwaukee. What had been child's play with fragile balsa models turned into a grown-up's avocation of designing and building intricate craft and taking part in the demanding sport of competitive flying. The stunt flying of model planes, also called precision aerobatics, requires a tremendous amount of skill. In competition, the pilot must send his

model through a series of 14 prescribed maneuvers within a time limit of eight minutes. The stunts include wingovers, inverted flight, inside and outside loops (with round, square and triangular corners) and figure eights. These are executed at the end of two 65-foot control lines at speeds of 60 mph, with the planes swooping to within five feet of the ground. A wrong flip of the wrist or an errant wind current can bring disaster to a plane that took half a year and cost several hundred dollars to build. The judges in a contest watch each maneuver from takeoff to landing, scoring on a point system worked out by the Academy of Model Aeronautics. The A.M.A. is the official association for American competitive model airplaning.

Gialdini designs and builds his planes in a workshop in the basement of his Milwaukee home. One corner of the nation-finished basement is a sort of shrine to Gialdini models—a section decorated with trophies he has won at meets and with photographs of various planes, including the model he now uses, which he calls the *Sting Ray*. Tools, parts, and plans clutter the work table, and his now retired models are crammed into corners



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Model Print

or hang on the walls like bat-shaped
scuffs.

Modelers pamper their airplanes like fussy mothers. When they travel to meets in various parts of the country they pad and pack their models into trunks and special trailers with the care that might be afforded a Ming vase. "The planes travel in comfort," says Gaidini's wife, Joyce. "My clothes get tossed into the back seat." On the one or two occasions when Gaidini has traveled by air to a competition, he has ridden with his plane on his lap rather than trust it to the baggage compartment. Ordinarily, however, Gaidini will drive rather than go by plane. "Flying makes me nervous," he says.

Competitive model airplanes deserve the delicate treatment they receive. They are exquisitely engineered craft. Like racing cars, the tethed planes always go around in circles, and the inboard wing is longer by several centimeters than the outboard one. Their jewel-like, two-cycle engines, which operate on powerful nitromethane fuel, probably develop more horsepower per pound than any other engine built. A stunt plane weighs a mere three pounds but must display enormous strength. "We want our airplane to fly smoothly at 58 mph like it was tied to a rail," says Gledhill. "But we want it to turn 90° within seven feet. You generate a fantastic amount of lift going around such a corner—something like 300 pounds. It's like turning a flat plate in the wind."

Guidici brings to his sport something of the same intensity that Miler Tom O'Hara brings to his. Beginning in February, prior to the start of the summer competitive season, he swears off hard liquor in favor of beer to protect his reflexes, which must be razor-sharp. "We're working on hundredths of seconds," he explains. On the road as a salesman for General Motors' Diesel Engine Division, he packs his model in his car trunk. At the end of the day's appointments he heads for the nearest open field. Last year, in averaging 40 to 50 flights a week, he burned up 36 gallons of model-airplane fuel.

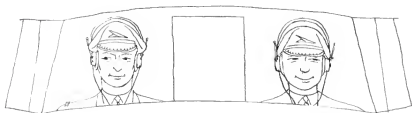
Modeling made a good Depression hobby. For a couple of pennies a boy could buy wood and a few sticks and build himself an airplane. In 1939, when Bob Gualdini was 7 and living in Portsmouth, Ohio, he acquired his first airplane engine. He and his two brothers

2. *Journal of Management Education* 24(1): 10-12.

MILLIKEN, J. 1939. *Proc. Roy. Soc. London, Ser. A*, 167, 213-218. (The author's theory of the electron spin, based on the assumption that the electron is a rigid sphere, is shown to be inconsistent with the experimental results of the Stern-Gerlach experiment. The author's theory is shown to be inconsistent with the experimental results of the Stern-Gerlach experiment. The author's theory is shown to be inconsistent with the experimental results of the Stern-Gerlach experiment.)



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used to fly model planes on the mud flats near the Ohio River until—in the interests of national security—they had to stop. When World War II arrived, air wardens began to scan the skies for enemy planes. A model airplane a few hundred feet overhead looked much the same as a real plane several thousand feet up, so free-flight flying was restricted. The sport might temporarily have died. Instead it received an unexpected boost when, in 1939, Jim Walker invented the present U-control line, which happily allowed modelers to keep their planes from flying off into the countryside.

In 1958 Guldini entered for the first time the National Model Airplane Championships—held conveniently that year in Chicago. Admittedly green, he stood first in line to have his plane judged for appearance. The judges granted him 19 points out of a maximum of 40. Then the judges were switched. A second set of judges rerated his plane at 29 points, but it was too late. His score had been carded: he placed fourth by 9½ points.

He skipped the 1959 championships, held in California, but in Dallas the following year he made the highest score in the qualifying rounds. Five men each from two qualifying circles on Thursday made the Friday finals. Guldini remembers those finals with pain: "I was so shook up that in my morning flight I did two inside loops instead of three. That cost me 26 pattern points. In the afternoon flight I did four outside loops instead of three. The judges didn't catch it, but my wife did, so when I turned in my score I told them they had made a mistake." A plaque now gracing the Guldini basement wall proclaims him the best sportsman of the show, but someone else took home the first-place trophy.

In Philadelphia the next year Bob's luck seemingly had improved. He drew the last flying position, ordinarily the one he covets. In addition to the last spot's obvious competitive advantage, he figures that if the judges are going to loosen up they will do so toward the end of the day. In addition, wind conditions become more stable toward sundown. The U.S. Navy hosts championships each year on one of its stations and supplies judges—usually flying officers. For the most part, they make up an objectivity what they may lack in contest experience. But in 1961 the station

continued



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

It was a wild week for pitchers, Boston's Bill Monbouquette and Kansas City's Bob Meyer both threw one-hitters last week and lost. In all, there were 17 shutouts in the big leagues, with an assortment of 33 low-hit (five-hitters or better) games—and they always seemed to come in pairs. Six times the pitching was so good for both sides that there were 10 hits or less in the game and, as Monbou and Meyer found out, somebody had to lose. The best match came between rookies Meyer and Frank Bertina of Baltimore who threw twin one-hitters, but neither had the week's top individual performance. That came from another rookie, the A's just-turned-18 John (Blue Moon) Odom, who beat the Orioles with a two-hitter, both hits coming on infield plays so debatable that the whole A's organization was fuming mad at Baltimore Official Scorer Lou Hatter. A's Owner Charlie Finley was so sure Hatter was wrong he decided to give Odom the usual \$1,000 no-hit bonus.

NATIONAL LEAGUE The smart guys in Las Vegas blew the whistle on the National League pennant race last week; they stopped taking bets on the PHILADELPHIA Phillies (4-5). It looks like the bookies have called this one correctly. While the Phils suffered through their third straight subpar week, none of the other contenders took advantage of the slump and the Phillies stayed six games up. The Phils look tough for the final drive, particularly with the return to form of Dennis Bennett, who won twice after eight victoryless weeks. The St. Louis Cardinals (5-3) jumped into a tie for second with two wins each from streaking Bob Gibson and reliever Bob Humphreys, but the Cards lost a pair of key games, which prevented them from moving even closer to the top. SAN FRANCISCO (5-3) also had a chance to put the heat on the Phils, but

could only split four games with the league leaders. In one game the Giants wasted four-hitter pitching when Willie Mays struck out looking three times with the winning run on base. By scoring just seven runs in five losses, the light-hitting CLEVELAND Reds (3-5) dropped to fourth and just about out of sight of the pennant. Even with Henry Aaron sidelined, the WINNIPEG Braves (6-2) played well. They hit hard (2.87 team average) and had pitching to match, particularly from Denny Lemaster, who threw a one-hit, 1-0 shutout. The frustrated LOS ANGELES Dodgers (6-3) still managed to show some life on two wins from Pete Richert and tight relief work from Ron Perranoski. The SEATTLE Colts (1-7) parlayed mediocre hitting (.232 team BA) and pitching (3.41 staff ERA) into an eight-game losing streak before Don Larsen righted them with a win over PITTSBURGH (4-4). The Pirates had little to cheer about except Vern Law's pitching (two shutouts, including a two-hitter). The NEW YORK Mets (3-5) continued to mistreat Houston with a doubleheader sweep, but still have not found out how to beat the Dodgers and lost three of four. The CHICAGO Cubs' (4-4) hitters were hard to stop (.290 BA) and so was Larry Jackson, who won his 18th and 19th games.

AMERICAN LEAGUE For years the WASHINGTON Senators' (3-6) Manager Gil Hodges has been considered just about the meanest guy around baseball. But after last week, the CHICAGO White Sox (4-5) Al Lopez may not agree. All Hodges did was pick two of his most disappointing pitchers, Benjie Daniels and Dave Stenhouse, to go in a Labor Day doubleheader. To Lopez it was the nastiest thing Hodges could have done, because Daniels and Stenhouse allowed just two runs over 18 innings and beat the Sox twice, knocking them out of first. And Lo-

pez' team found the losing habit hard to shake; they lost two more after that and dropped 1½ games out in a second-place tie with the onrushing NEW YORK Yankees (6-2). The Yanks looked like the Bombers of old, with power issue homers, pitching (including two more wins from rookie Mel Stottlemyre) and clutch hitting from Roger Maris and Bobby Richardson, who won games with last-inning RBIs. The BALTIMORE Orioles (6-4), who moved back up to first despite the Sox stumble, were not conceding anything to the Yanks. With Milt Pappas and Wally Bunker Teich (a two-time winner) apparently stronger than ever, the Birds have every reason to be confident, particularly with Boog Powall back with his home run swing (three for the week) intact despite a tender wrist. With Mickey Lolich pitching (two shutouts) and Don Wert (.462) hitting, DETROIT (5-2) looked like a sure fourth-place finisher. CLEVELAND (4-4) continued to play well, but most of the Indians' best fans were too busy to watch; they were out hustling 1965 tickets in order to keep the pauper-poor Tribe in town next year. Even Meyer's and Odom's pitching and Rocky Colavito's 300th career homer were not enough to prevent KANSAS CITY (2-5) Owner Charlie Finley's spitting hot team up for sale as promised after the league again okayed CBS' purchase of the Yanks. Except when they were shut out twice, the LOS ANGELES Angels' (4-2) pitching was good enough to beat anyone, as the staff never allowed more than three runs. Even though Zoilo Versalles (2 HRs) became the sixth Tm to hit 20 homers this year, MINNESOTA again proved power alone is not enough and just split eight games. The SEATTLE Red Sox (2-6) wasted an unusual supply of good pitching in six games and, for the second week, a regular—this time Carl Yastrzemski—was benched for not hustling.



LOU BROCK: THE DEAL WAS A STEAL

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

At Chicago's Wrigley Field, where Outfielder Lou Brock played for the Cubs before he was traded to the Cardinals in June, the fans used to get on him. Brock belted poorly, hit only in the mid-200s and was not often allowed to show off his strongest baseball talent—base stealing. Overall, it was a situation that did not bring cheers for Lou. It was more likely to provoke barbs like "Brock, as in Roel" from the bleachers. But when Bing Devane, former Cardinal general manager, traded away two shagging pitchers, Eric Broglio and Bobby Shantz, to get Brock, he did it with one thing in mind—to jazz up the St. Louis base running. So when Brock arrived, Cardinal Man-

ager Johnny Keane let him run on his own and the speedster did the rest. Opening up at full throttle, he has stolen 31 bases since joining the team. He also opened up at the plate—his stance, that is—and has begun hitting his old bugaroo, inside pitches, hitting .344 since June. Brock has drawn many a boo in St. Lou, where the fans are so pleased by his daring base running and his hitting, including nine home runs, that they are cheering loudly. Last week, as the Cards corrected their late run at the pennant, Lou was showing the way with a .412 average (he is now the league's seventh best batter with .310 for the year), three homers, 10 RBIs and three stolen bases—a performance that has Cards' fans agreeing that the name is Brock, as in Sock.



WINNING PLAY

Norm Snead (16), former Redskins quarterback, gets off 30-yard pass to Elroy Haskett over Andy Robustelli (81) of N.Y. Giants. Snead completed four touchdown passes, looked for another in game at Yankee Stadium October 26, 1962.

WINNING LOOK



Norm Snead looks great off the field, too. He uses Vitalis. He knows greasy creams and oils plaster down his hair, pile up on his comb. But Vitalis keeps his hair neat all day without grease. Only Vitalis has 100% greaseless V-7. You can't see Vitalis. But what a job it does!



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VITALIS KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY WITHOUT GREASE

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MAULE IN THE FALL

Sirs:

Tex Maule has done it again. Boy—he must hate the Chicago Bears. Last championship game he picked the Giants to beat the Bears. Now he has the audacity to pick the Bears fourth. Did the Bears ever cut Tex Maule from their squad because he wasn't good enough?

CHIT SMITH JR.
DON PUE

Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sirs:

You should do away with Maule's predictions so he can devote more time to his novels. They're all fiction, anyway.

DANNY MATAROFF

Vineland, N.J.

Sirs:

Does Tex Maule really sleep in the Giants' locker room?

BENJAMIN S. WARREN III

Chicago

Sirs:

In Tex Maule, SI has a good sportswriter with one drawback: he's still a Texan, and pro-Cowboy—even though he has dropped the Cowboys down a notch from last year.

TERRY CASEY

Coshocton, Ohio

Sirs:

As Mr. George Plimpton, the ephemeral quarterback, said during his brief tour with the Detroit Lions, "The linebackers were all closeupshouting. Jumbo! Jumbo! Jumbo!" The rest of the league will be hearing this all year. When the chips are down, defense wins, and the Lions will be the winners.

MALCOLM BACCUS

Flint, Mich.

PRO PLIMPTON

Sirs:

As a devoted fan of professional football, I would like to thank George Plimpton, the Detroit Lions and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (*Zero of the Lard*, Sept. 7) for a real insight into the everyday training routines of a professional team.

Once again we armchair quarterbacks have been trenced to an article that will make us appreciate the game even more.

TIM GARNER

Chagrin Falls, Ohio

YOO-HOO, PROS!

Sirs:

Your pro football issue was extremely interesting, especially the beginning article (*A*

Year of Change, Problems and Prosperity, Sept. 7). Why do New Orleans and Atlanta race so high as future pro cities? Why not try the football capital of the nation, Columbus? Everyone knows how popular Ohio State is here. The Cleveland Browns and local high school football are just as popular. Here little league football is probably more popular than Little League baseball. Face it, the pros can't overlook one of the nation's fastest-growing cities for long, so I hereby place Columbus in line for affiliation in either the NFL or AFL.

MIKE SCHNEIDER

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Your references to New Orleans as a city with tremendous pro football potential are deeply appreciated and very accurate. Our city has demonstrated overwhelmingly its readiness for franchise. And we will accept whichever league makes the first offer beneficial to the people of New Orleans.

DALE DIXON

New Orleans

RELUCTANT ROOKIE

Sirs:

I would like to take issue with your report on Richie Allen and his comments on the Rookie of the Year award (*SCORECARD*, Sept. 7). Your article gives the impression that Allen seems the award as of no value at all—which is false. In effect, he actually stated that while being made Rookie is a great honor, he is more interested in helping his team win a pennant, adding that the Rookie of the Year would be a greater prize to work for if some money were included.

MICHAEL P. KUROCKO

King of Prussia, Pa.

Sirs:

What Richie said was that he is only interested in helping the Phillies win the pennant. He also explained that the rookie award, without any cash benefits, would not help him to support his family—which is his primary intention.

Let me caution your writers to abstain from such remarks when they come to the City of Brotherly Love in October. They may find that knocking a Phillie in Philadelphia can be more dangerous than scrawling "I like Lyndon" on the Kremlin wall.

LOWELL MILLER

Wynnewood, Pa.

RAPID RYAN

Sirs:

Grand story on Jim Ryan (*A Kanner Boy with a Mom-size Tool*, Sept. 14). It makes

me realize how tough it is to be a winner, especially against guys like Burleson, O'Hara and Greife.

JIM WATSON

Miami Beach

Sirs:

May I congratulate Mr. O'Leary on an excellent article. Not only does the story point out Ryan's great incentive, but it also shows Coach Bob Timmons' strategy and technique in attempting to mold Ryan for this year's Olympic Games.

GREG HARE

Roseland, N.J.

SINKING FEELING

Sirs:

While reading your article (*Sail It Now*, *Sail It Later*, Aug. 24), I found myself recalling a summer seven years ago when I was 12 years old and we had finally talked Dad into buying a boat. The first time out of the harbor I virtually took two other boats and a mechanic with me. Doesn't it seem stupid to jeopardize the life and property of others by allowing inexperienced 12-year-olds—or even inexperienced 40-year-olds, for that matter—to handle such a lethal toy?

Now, having mastered, somewhat, the art of powerboating, I am most happy to assist those in trouble. But of late I find myself wanting to wave gently back at those who frantically signal with broken skis (no paddle) rather than bother to help them. A number of times after I towed a rental in from trouble—occasionally breaking my towline in the process—the ungrateful greenhorn would nod and be on his way as if saving him were my duty.

I agree that something must be done about boat operators. Too often have I seen small, low-horsepowered runabouts far offshore when a storm was approaching, or even more often seen large boats—with skiers—cutting inside shallow-water markers.

ED MALLEY JR.

Crystal Bay, Nev.

FOLLOWING JOE

Sirs:

SI's comments in "Arrivederci DiMaggio" (*SCORECARD*, Aug. 24) sickened me. I think it's great that Italian youngsters will be told how much money DiMaggio made, thus serving as an inspiration for prospective baseball superstars of the future. However, I'm wondering what can be done in this country to create an interest in amateur sports like track and field where professionalism is almost unheard of.

(continued)



Where are the Maureen Connollys of tomorrow?

At the ripe old age of 16 Maureen Connolly won the U.S. tennis championship—youngest player ever to do it. Two years later she swept the world's four top tournaments—and became the first grand-slammer among women. Twice named Woman Athlete of the Year, "Little Mo" ranks high on the list of all-time tennis greats.

Not every youngster can be a Maureen Connolly. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today.

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18TH HOLE

Just the other day I was talking with a 15-year-old boy from my home town. This boy was coached by me as an 11-year-old and again at 12 with sights set on possible world records in track and field. During our conversation he stated that he was more interested in baseball and football, since those sports had money as a draw while this did not exist in track and field.

I not only lost a fine long-distance running prospect but I also lost a little of my love for professional sports like baseball, basketball, football, etc.

I think professional sports are great, but there's still a place for the amateur athlete in this nation. I only hope that professionalism doesn't kill off too many potential world record-breakers. After all, not every athlete can be a Mickey Mantle or a Bob Cousy.

TOM JOWAN

Nazareth, Pa.

ROBERT IN RUNYONLAND

Sirs:

Re: "To Fight or Not to Fight" (Sept. 7). "Nothing is simple in boxing," says Robert H. Boyle. Nothing but the hoods who run it.

JAMES LANNES

Los Angeles

Sirs:

James Beatrice may be the new hope for heavyweight boxing (*The Pride of Kid Gaddan*, for, Aug. 31), but if he has to contend with those Darned Runyon types featured in your story on the WBA meeting, my hope for him is that he gets out right now.

JANE McLELLIN

Chicago

Sirs:

All right, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. You took a pretty firm stand on the Yankee-CBS fiasco. How about something definite on boxing?

It seems to me your problem should be how to write or not to write about boxing. Is it ludicrous or serious? In the Boyle story the approach to writing is that it is a ridiculously funny sport with all sorts of laughable characters like those at the WBA convention, running around Norfolk trying to decide to pledge allegiance to the flag, boxing or "roasting."

Don't get me wrong. I think it was a hilarious story, and I laughed as hard as anyone else. But if this is how you feel about the subject (and your previous fun with *Cassius* on a camel wasn't exactly solid news reporting), why not give the same type of coverage to the next heavyweight championship fight? After the first Clay-Liston walk, certainly the second (WBA-sanctioned or not) can't be much more than a funny fox trot.

C. J. DAVIS

New York City

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